The All America Football Team

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December 21, 1935

Collier's

THE NATIONAL W LY

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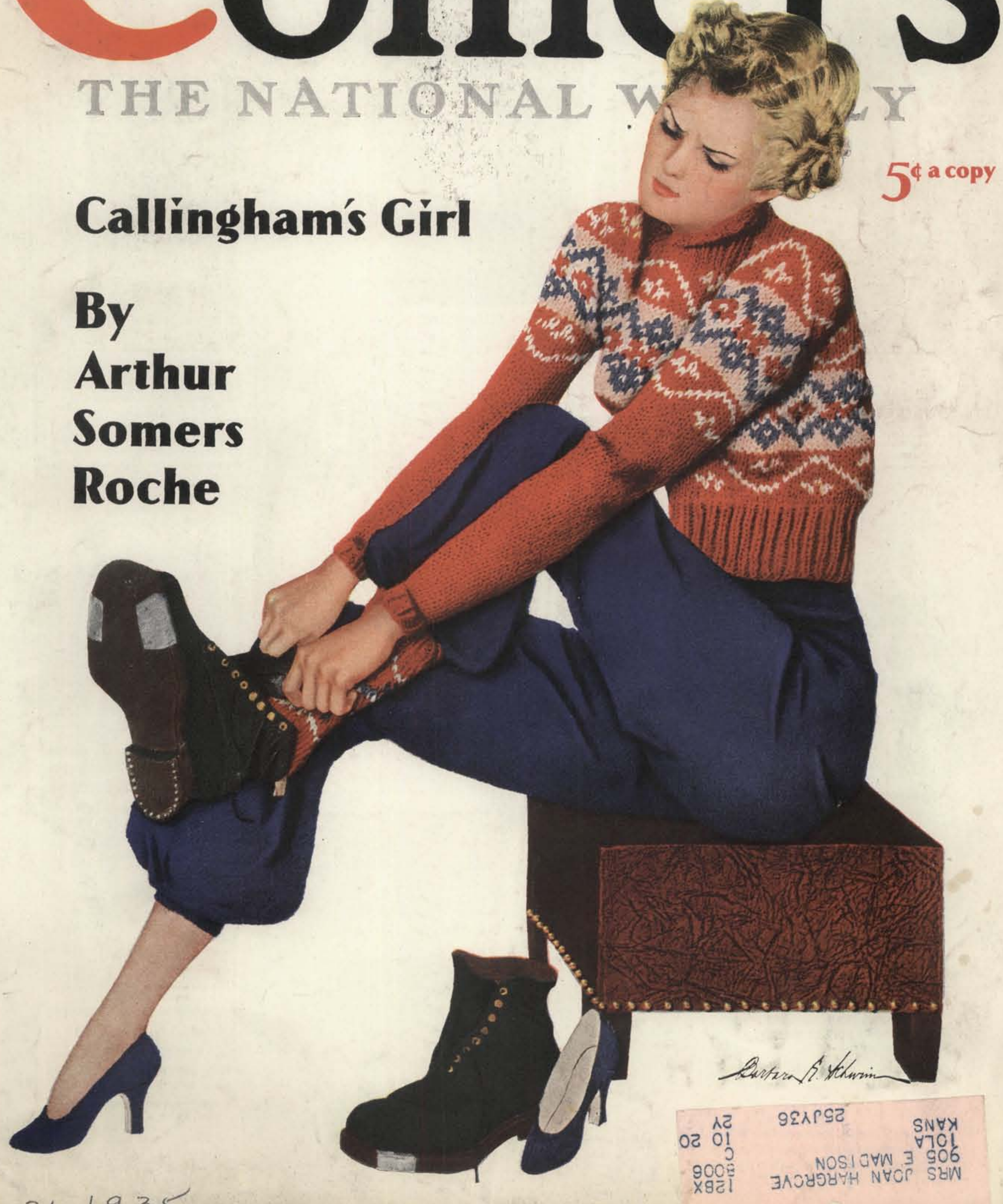
Callingham's Girl

By
Arthur
Somers
Roche



Barbara E. Schwinn

DEC. 21, 1935

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To all reasonable people we suggest this modern method for the home care of teeth and gums—a method favored by your dentist, urged by your schools, approved by your common sense—Ipana Tooth Paste plus massage.

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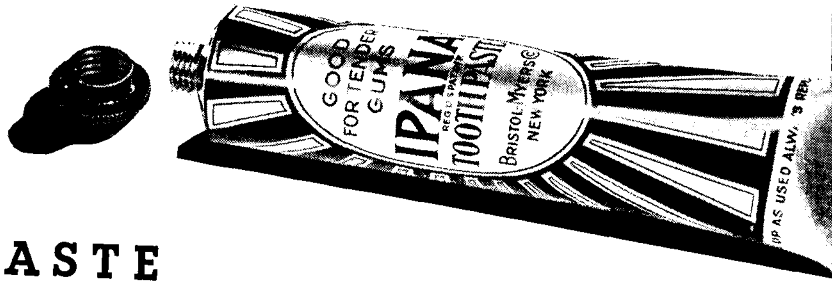

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TOOTH PASTE

Collier's
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Associate Editors

Next Week

SEPTRONELLA was a high-spirited filly, so high-spirited as to be practically hysterical. That was before she met young Dr. Sipple. The doctor knew nothing about fillies, high-spirited or otherwise, but he had a professional interest in hysteria and a more than professional interest in Septronella's owner.

In the most extraordinary horse story you have ever read, Samuel Hopkins Adams tells you the doctor's prescription and shows you how to win on a loser. Our money's "On the Nose."

FOR years we haven't been able to get into an argument about war debts without someone saying brightly, "There's Always Finland." It got to a point where we had to find out why there was always Finland or bust. So, a short time ago, Collier's Staff Writer W. B. Courtney voyaged to the land of smörgåsbord and Paavo Nurmi and brought back a complete report. You will learn about a great many things besides the war debts—Finnish baths, for instance, and moral rectitude.

JUST for a change of scene, we hurry you off to Palm Beach to attend the piano debut of Francesca Devriot. We warn you that she will be playing Beethoven and Brahms, but you can look at her while she plays, and that will help. You will be interested, too, in her patron, Tim Millard, aged twenty-four. But if you think he is headed for the depressing career of husband to a prima donna, you're wrong. In fact, any advance guesses about Laura Z. Hobson's story are likely to be wrong. Just "Play Something Simple."

BILL CARDLE was a first-rate mariner, as anyone who sailed a ketch winter and summer in the stormy waters of Crucifixion Bay had to be. Bill was a minister, his ketch was a floating chapel and his ambition was to become bishop. In "The Bishop of the Sea" Michael Foster tells how his ambition abruptly ended one Christmas Day.

THE Washoe Indians had no objection either to working or fighting, provided someone else did it. For themselves, they liked to relax in the Nevada sun. And they set the style for present-day Nevada, where an ingenious legislature has found out how to make relaxation pay taxes. Quentin Reynolds presents a picture of the state and of Reno.

SIDNEY HERSCHEL SMALL, Winston Churchill, Ernest Haycox, Shepard Barclay, Arthur Somers Roche, Avery Strakosch, Freling Foster and others are handsomely represented. Come and see.

This Week

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December 21, 1935

Cover by Barbara Schwinn

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ROLAND PERTWEE
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He Makes Anything Go. Victor Moore, sober comedian. Page 44

EDITORIAL
The Road to Riches. Page 70

●

Any Week

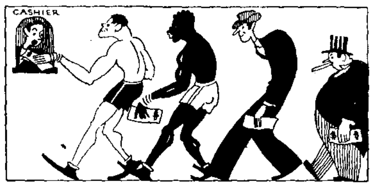
JUST why we stopped at Resplendent in the Canadian Rockies we're not sure. We don't particularly care. It's a microscopic settlement in British Columbia. But then, in that setting, so would New York, London, Paris and even that colossus, Benito Mussolini, be microscopic. A ring of towering mountains in mantles of snow and ice looked down with vast tolerance upon us and all Resplendent. The late afternoon sun was bidding them goodby and telling us how the place got its name. There was so much glory that it hurt to look. But we, stunted soul, just had to make some banal remark to the lumberman on the platform. We observed that the place had quite a name. "Yeah," he agreed, "it has. But it don't mean anything. Folks want it changed to Segerville—after John J. Seger, the first white settler in these parts. He was a fine man and ought to have the credit."

AND a little farther on, a gentleman named McNamara, sensing somehow that we might like a souvenir, offered us a dog. It was a malemute, a completely untamable animal which, he explained, was mostly wolf. We explained that we had a dog at home. Also we said we had scarcely room for two dogs. "Oh," he said, "that's all right. Take the malemute home and in five minutes you'll only have one dog."

BUT we managed to change the subject and arrived on schedule in Seattle in time for lunch. We ordered ripe figs. The waitress, who was trying to make us believe she was Miss Gracie Allen, assured us cheerfully that they had no ripe figs. But we pointed to it on the menu. "Oh, yes," she scoffed brightly, "it's on the menu all right but we haven't any. That's that printer. He's always putting in something we ain't got. He eats here and is always putting down something he especially likes, hoping we'll get some in. Day before yesterday he put in lentil soup but we didn't have any."

NEVERTHELESS, they had Bekkus Puddy and we asked her whether that, too, was a printer's dream—and, anyway, what was Bekkus Puddy. "Oh," she said. "We have that but you wouldn't want any. It's for breakfast—for the kiddies. It's awful hard to get some kiddies to eat their cereal when it's just cereal, but they love Bekkus Puddy."

SO, HAVING lost our appetite, we wandered out and presently became pretty much involved with politicians and a hugely bewhiskered Cap'n Nodley, who is sixty-eight years old and has skippered barks, schooners, full-rigged ships and smoke-belching steamers the length and breadth of the Pacific since he was a lad of twenty-four. The cap'n hasn't bothered much about passenger carriers, freighters being his line. But usually he carries a few passengers from remote heres to distant theres—five or six are all he has room for. And he says he's met quite a number of fine people that way. Says they don't generally know much but sometimes learn quickly. We asked him whether he thought the new transpacific air line was going to cut into the ship passenger traffic much. "Don't know," said Cap'n Nodley, "but I wouldn't make any change. I been in airplanes and it was all right. But they don't smell right. Fact is, they don't smell at all. You can sit in them all day and you don't get no smell. I like traveling smells. Like on ships. After you travel around on ships a few years you get to know just where you are by the smells. Besides, a good ship always smells homelike. What's the use traveling if you can't smell anything?"



ANYWAY, we got to Boise, Idaho, just in time to find Mr. Charlie Allen in the throes of solving this nation's financial problems. "See here," said Mr. Allen, "I've been hearing about the patriotism of my fellow citizens for a great many years and I am going to find out how much there is in it. Times are getting better in Idaho, like everywhere else. Pretty soon we'll be battling with prosperity if we aren't careful. And that will be the time to find out how much we love our country. Unless all I've heard is bunk we are going to see long lines of citizens, from governors and bankers down to humble folks like you and me, waiting to pay back the bonuses, relief dough and million-dollar loans they got when they were broke and cried down the government's neck. The example has been set by those two outstanding Americans—James J. Braddock, world's heavyweight champion, and Joe Louis, Mr. Braddock's successor."

ANYWAY, we like Mr. Allen.

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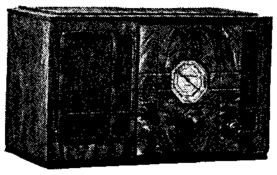
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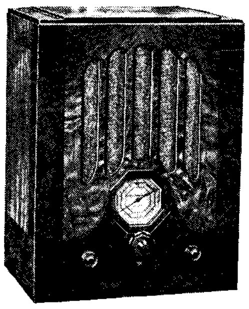
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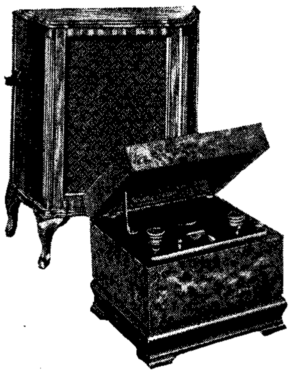
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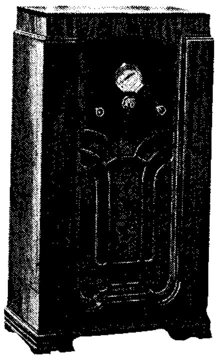
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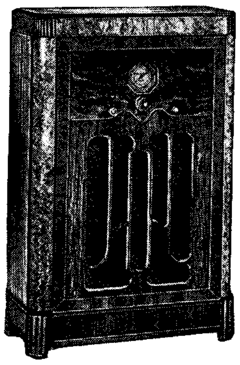
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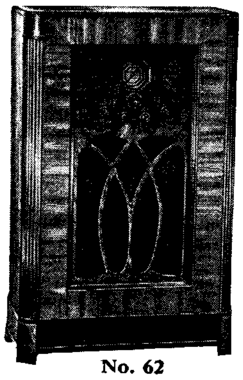
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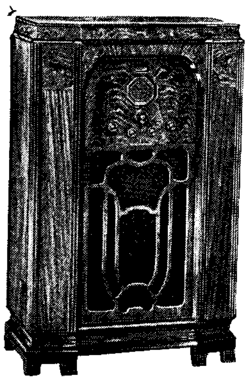
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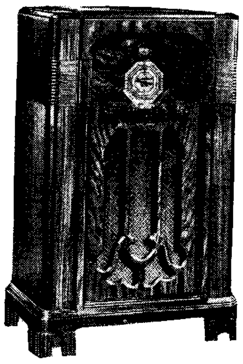
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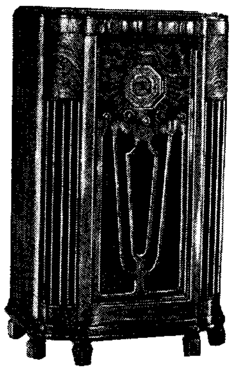
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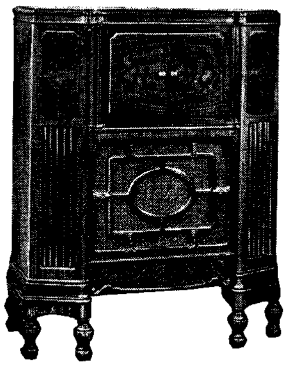
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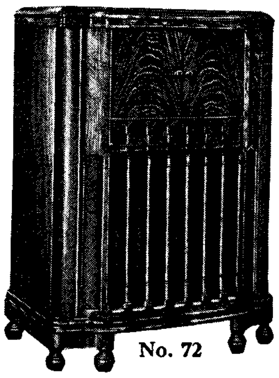
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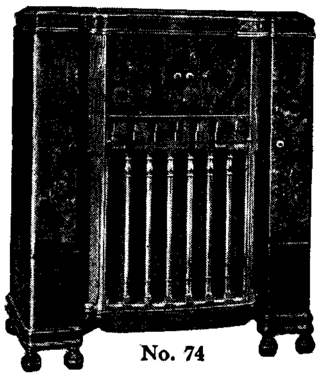
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Collier's The National Weekly for December 21, 1935

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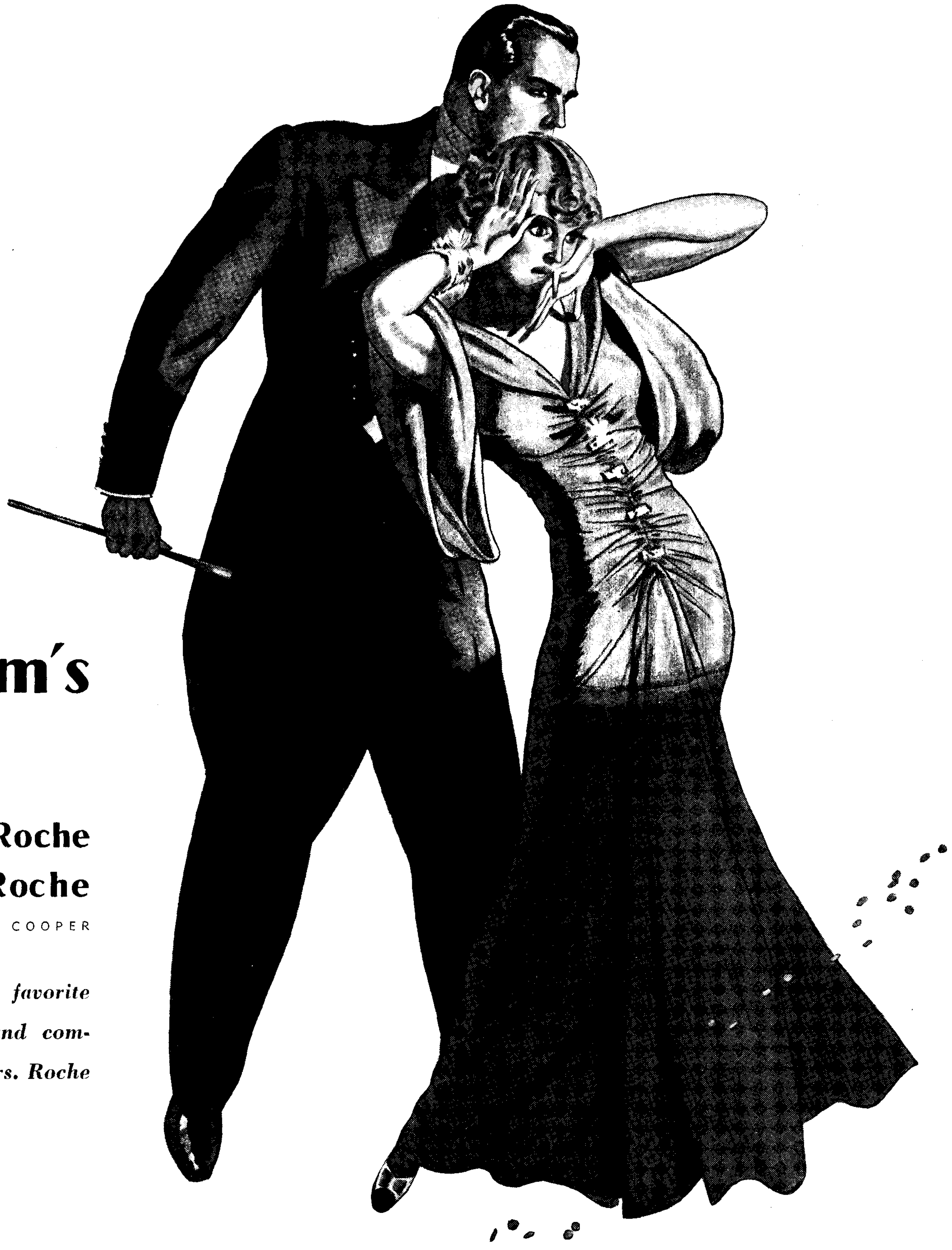
Callingham's Girl

By Arthur Somers Roche and Ethel Pettit Roche

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

A new novel begun by your favorite writer of thrilling serials and completed, after his death, by Mrs. Roche



A shower of pennies clattered at the girl's feet

"THE house is packed," whispered Graham.

Cantavo's smile, as he acknowledged the applause of the audience, was beaming. Out of the corner of his mouth, without disturbing the appreciation in the smile, he whispered:

"So is Sing Sing."

"Willy Jernegan's here," said Graham.

"Where's Capone?" asked Cantavo. He bowed thrice from the waist as gracefully, despite his huge bulk, as a dancer. He turned back to his orchestra and, as his right hand lifted, twenty-eight men went into their incomparable rendition of the St. Louis Blues.

Graham, Cantavo's agent, manager and friend, sidled closer to the leader.

"Maestro," he began.

Cantavo's blue eyes glittered balefully.

"What do you want now? That 'Maestro' always means something."

"Willy Jernegan wants to know if you'll bring half a dozen of the boys and Rosie and Rita up to his house later."

"Will he dive off his terrace for me?" asked the leader.

"Oh, don't be that way, Maestro," pleaded the manager. "Jernegan is one of our best customers. He'll pay a thousand."

"I've been at his place. He doesn't have draught beer."

"Bottled beer is pretty good," said Graham.

"Not good enough to wash the taste of Jernegan away. Tell him no."

Graham raised protesting hands.

"It will only be for an hour. A thousand dollars is a thousand dollars."

"And it's ten thousand dimes and a hundred thousand pennies. Tell him I'm not interested. I have a date with some friends at the Garnet and I'm not going to break it for anyone."

"A date? You didn't tell me," said Graham.

"I couldn't be sorrier," said Cantavo. "It's my age. I'm slipping. I forgot to tell you, too, that I forgot to get my hair cut this morning. Say, what do you think you are? My nurse?"

As he whispered his eyes watched the movements of every man in the orchestra. His great hands wielded the tiny baton with the sureness of a painter applying his brush. His mind might be on his whispered conversation with his manager, but his whole soul was with his band. The saxophones moaned and the horns wailed and five hundred people at the tables around the dance floor sat in spellbound silence.

"Then you won't play for Jernegan? I thought maybe you would. His uncle wants you to have a talk with him. He thinks you might steer him away from a little girl that thinks Mrs. Willy Jernegan would be a swell name."

"I know. The Martin kid. Listen, Graham! Who's Jernegan and who's his uncle? Who are all the Jernegans? Take away their money and what have they left? Take a look at him sitting at that table. No chin, no brains. Nothing but an animated bank roll, and not so very animated at that. The little rat was fired out of every school he ever went to. If he hadn't inherited ten millions he'd be lucky if he ate. And his uncle thinks he's something precious and ought to be protected from designing chorus girls. That little Martin girl is a square-shooting, hard-working little doll. Of course she must have fat in her skull or she wouldn't look at Willy Jernegan. But she's a lot too good for him. She's as good as any one of the débutantes that his uncle, the rotten snob, would like to see him marry. I won't play *for* the boy and I won't play *with* his uncle."

"Okay," sighed Graham. "The Hospital Nurses' Association wants to know if you'll play at their dance tomorrow night. No dough."

"Nine-thirty to eleven. I'll be there."

"You're nuts," said Graham disgustedly.

Into Cantavo's blue eyes came gayety.

"No, I'm not. I'm just a nice lad that's going to the Garnet in about an hour and keep a date."

Graham frowned.

"Who is she?"

"Miss Stein. Ever meet her? What a girl! And she told me she'd bring all her sisters."

"All of them? How many?"

"Maybe ten, maybe twenty. How do I know? After the first six steins I don't see so very well. Want to come?"

"OF COURSE I don't want to come. I don't mind staying up on business, but watching you pretending you're a keg doesn't come under the head of anything except agony. I'll be there."

"I knew you would. And you listen to me, Graham. These Steins are swell people and I don't want you sending any of them home until I'm finished with them."

"You'll have a nice head in the morning," prophesied Graham.

"I'll love every ache in it," grinned Cantavo. His big face creased in a thousand wrinkles of gayety. He looked extraordinarily like a mischievous small boy. Graham, staring at him, realized that a hard night was ahead of him. Cantavo seldom broke loose, but when he did it was with complete deliberation, and before dawn the Garnet would be crowded. Every broken-down musician in Manhattan would be at the tiny night club. The police would wink at violation of the closing law. Bill Cantavo, who played a benefit for the police fund as often as he was asked, was entitled to a good time when he wanted it. Detectives, keeping an eye on the night life district, would burst into the Garnet, prepared to arrest everyone in the place because it was open after hours.

"Bill Cantavo's giving a party," the proprietor would say.

"Is that so?" the detective would ask. "Where is old Bill? Maybe he'd like it if I knocked over one with him."

Newsboys, beggars, musicians of every sort who had come upon bad times, would benefit tonight by the largesse of Cantavo.

"You'll die in the poorhouse," said Graham.

"But I'll live in the Ritz," chuckled Cantavo.

With another sigh the manager walked from the platform. Not a soul in the audience knew that Graham and Cantavo had been talking together. Years of practice had enabled them to whisper to each other without moving a muscle of their lips. There were critics of the more dignified school who had reluctantly come to concede that the master of jazz was also a master of music. But these, who had discovered Cantavo ten years after the public of America and Europe had clasped him to its collective bosom, looked upon the man as a strange, new kind of genius. Perhaps the wiser of them would have been confirmed in this idea had they been aware that Cantavo could conduct even a symphony while his mind wandered off to golf courses or to the Garnet. One part of him, the soul, was completely music. Another part, the mind, was an apparently playful boy. Hardly anyone knew that behind the musician and behind the boy lurked a third individuality, that of the keen observer of his times and the people of those times.

HE SMILED as Graham walked from the platform, resignation in his attitude. He whispered to the piano player:

"Frank is sore. Turned down some easy dough. Garnet later."

He turned and faced the audience as the last notes of the Blues died away. Again and again he bowed from the waist as the after-theater crowd pounded their palms in appreciation.

He beckoned to Rosie Reardon, one of the singers, and the girl came demurely forward. Cantavo took her hand.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said loudly, "Rosie has been begging me for a long time to let her sing a song that she wrote herself. We all know how well she can sing. But only the boys in the orchestra know how well she can compose. She hasn't let me hear the song. I don't know why, because I know—and you know—that anything that Rosie does has to be good. It's a sort of surprise for me. Let's hope it's a pleasant surprise for all of us. And I can't lead, because, as I say, I don't know the song. Ladies and gentlemen, Miss Rosie Reardon, singing her own composition, Breakfast in Bed."

He bowed to the girl and walked from the platform.

"Bill!"

"Mr. Cantavo!"

A score of voices called to him and twice as many hands tried to detain him. But the big man smiled his way through entanglements. He walked along one side of the dance floor, pushed through tables at the far end, and took up a place by the great double doors, opened, at the far end of the room. He wanted to judge Rosie's song by himself.

The first violin directed. The sweet soprano of the girl floated to him. He nodded appreciatively. Rosie certainly could sing. His mouth curled in a smile as the gay and naughty words came to him. Good lyric and pretty good music. A hot number. Clever kid, Rosie. As she finished the song he raised his hands high above his head and beat them together. The audience roared for an encore. As the girl finished the song for the second time Cantavo reached the platform. He kissed her enthusiastically and the audience burst into further applause. From a table close to the musicians' stand a man as huge as Cantavo fumbled in his pocket. A shower of pennies clattered at the girl's feet.

AS SWIFTLY as a featherweight boxer, Cantavo strode to the table.

"Miss Reardon gets four hundred a week from me, Mr. Callingham," he said icily. His blue eyes, made smaller in appearance by his fleshy cheeks, glittered angrily.

"I spend more than four hundred a week in this place," said Callingham. "So what?"

"Four thousand a week wouldn't entitle you to insult one of my artists," said Cantavo.

"You're telling me how to behave?" asked Callingham.

Cantavo's face was suddenly and deceptively genial. His blue eyes were incredibly gay.

"I wouldn't waste my time. I could tell you, but you'd never learn. On your way, Mr. Callingham."

"You'll put me out?" asked Callingham.

Cantavo looked at him a full ten seconds. Then his right hand swooped forward; it caught Callingham's right wrist. The motion with which it forced that wrist upward and backward also lifted Callingham from his chair. Almost before those present realized that a fracas was in progress Cantavo was hurrying the man to the doors at the far end of the room. There he released his captive.

"I *have* put you out," he said.

Callingham eyed him. Big as the musician was, the other stood an inch taller. There was no fat upon the burly frame of Callingham, whereas the musician seemed grossly overweight. Nevertheless, the dark eyes of Callingham lowered beneath the light eyes of Cantavo. He turned on his heel and walked away.

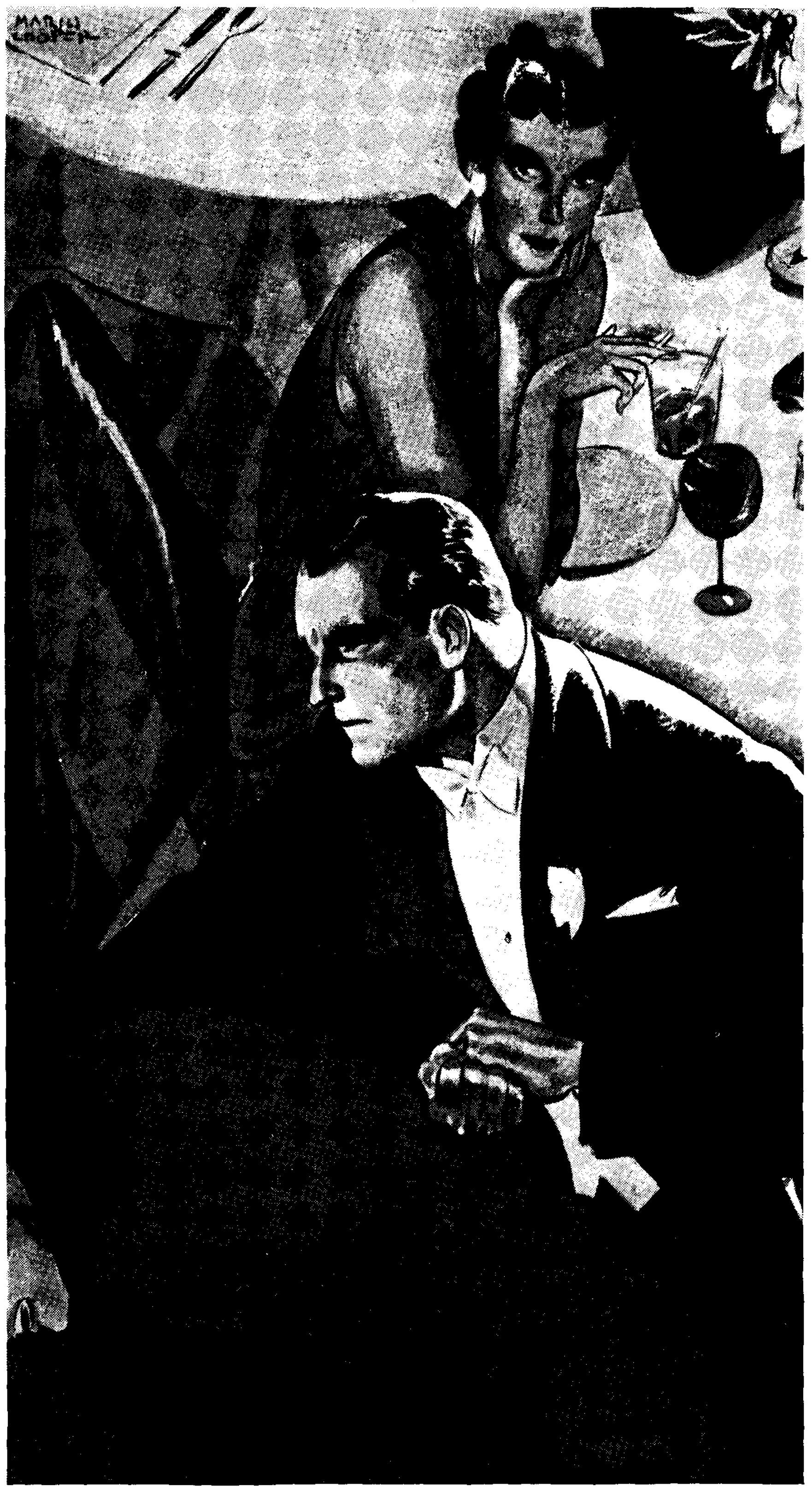
"YOU shouldn't do things like that, Bill," said the pretty Reardon girl as he returned to the stand.

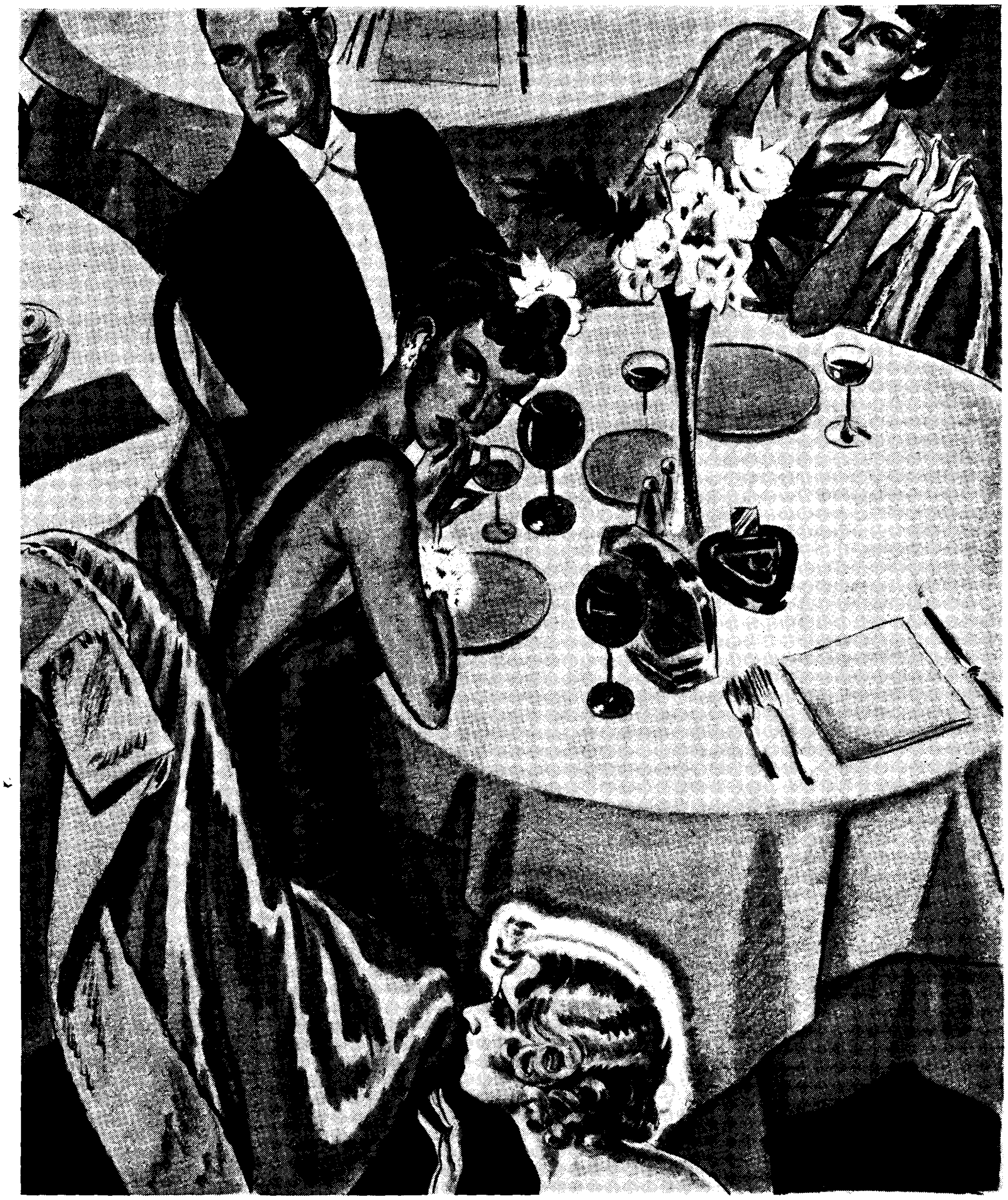
"I won't when they throw jewels, Rosie. Don't mind him. Your song is swell. If the radio people will stand for the lyrics—naughty, naughty Rosie—we'll put it on the air next Monday."

He picked up his baton from the piano and the orchestra broke into a number. Then, as Cantavo spied a young man coming through the doors, he halted the number.

"Marsten," he said to his band, "the wedding march and make it plenty slow."

He waved his hand to the young man now coming toward him. Color flooded the youth's cheeks as he recognized the music. He dropped into the chair va-





Cantavo was hurrying the man to the doors at the far end of the room

cated by Callingham and grinned amiably at his tormentor.

As the wedding march died away, Graham came upon the stand.

"Alpert wants to see you."

"That ought to be easy," said Cantavo. "Five hundred people are doing it right now."

"He's in a terrible state. There he is, in the doorway. I've given him the oil. You salve him."

"Callingham?" asked Cantavo.

"Sure. Big spender, big swell. You ought not do things like that, Bill."

"*Of course* I shouldn't. I *should never* have led him out. I should have slugged him and dragged him out."

"Maybe you're right," conceded Graham, "this once."

Cantavo nodded to the first violin and proceeded toward the door. He stopped a second to shake hands with Marsten.

"Back in a second, bridegroom."

He walked to the door where Alpert, managing director of the Monroe, most luxurious and—since Cantavo's band had been installed there—most fashionable of New York's hotels, awaited him.

"Walter Callingham has just made a complaint about you, Mr. Cantavo," said the director. "He spends a lot of money in this hotel."

"Well?" said Cantavo.

"This sort of thing can't be permitted," said Alpert.

"I'll say it can't," agreed Cantavo. "Imagine anyone daring to insult one of my artists. Tossing pennies at her as if she were a beggar. I'm mighty glad you agree with me, Mr. Alpert."

"I DON'T *agree with you, and you* know I don't. I want your promise that nothing like this will occur again in my hotel where you are concerned."

"It won't," said Cantavo. "Next time I'll break his neck and I hope you'll tell him so. Only there won't be any next time. Because I'm giving orders to the headwaiter not to let him in."

"You can't do that. If you do, Mr. Cantavo—"

"You'll break our contract—is that it? You're paying me sixty-five hundred a week. The Inferno offers me nine. I just turned down fourteen a week to go on the road for three months. What were you saying about Mr. Callingham?" He grinned pleasantly at the managing director. "He spends a lot of money, eh? Well, I draw in a lot of money. Anything else? No? Good evening, Mr. Alpert."

He walked across the dance floor, waving his hands in response to importunate greetings, but didn't stop until he reached Marsten's table. There he sat down.

"How's my pal?" *he asked.* "Getting nervous as the fatal moment nears?"

Tim Marsten blushed. A good-looking young man, in the late twenties, not all his outdoor exercise could do more than slightly burn his fair skin.

"Blushing, eh? Ah, to be young and in love! The only way I can raise a flush is with alcohol. Where is the lovely Miss Byran tonight?"

"Mary to you, Bill," said Marsten. "She thinks you're swell."

"Wait until I try to take you to the Garnet some night. Then we'll know what she thinks of me. A hell-raising musician."

"Not Mary," said Marsten.

"The bridegroom's confidence," chuckled Cantavo. "Why, I'll bet that if she knew you were going to the Garnet with me tonight to meet all the big Steins and the little Steins—"

"But I'm not going to the Garnet with you," said Marsten.

Cantavo gestured with his hands.

"That's the point I'm making. I'm a swell guy only you mustn't go out with me late at night."

"Hang it all, I'm getting married in the morning. If I go out with you—I just can't. But you mustn't blame Mary."

Cantavo smiled.

"Don't be silly, pal. Just ragging you. Me, it's different. I'm just going to be an usher. And an usher ought to get himself cockeyed the night before the switch is turned on his best pal."

"NOT too cockeyed," protested Marsten.

"Pretty cockeyed," said Cantavo. "But I won't disgrace you at the wedding. If you can sneak a glance at me you'll be proud of me. I remember once, I was broke in Frisco. I couldn't get a job tickling the old fiddle anywhere. And a man must eat. So I got myself rid of my youthful pride and took a job as bouncer in a saloon. You watch me tomorrow morning. I'll take those old dowagers by the scruff of their necks and the—well, I'll grab them, and I'll get ten of them into pews that never held eight before. Boy, will I be efficient, and it will be all due to the mellow and kindly influence of Miss Stein and her sisters. They give a man heart when his best pal gets tangled up in those holy bonds.

"Say, the papers can't print anything else except your approaching wedding. Since Marina and George said 'I do' last November there hasn't been such a hubbub about a marriage. You're a pretty important guy, aren't you? And the little girl seems to be the icing on the cake. But you'll both be proud of me. From the spats to the topper I'll just glisten. Boy, if it was a funeral I wouldn't dress up more. That scarf pin you gave me is the nuts. We ushers will look like a dozen Peggy Joyces wearing your gifts."

"Mary's out of her mind about the bracelet you sent her. She's written you, but she wants to thank you."

"She'll see me tomorrow," laughed Cantavo. "You explain to her that the bear that grabbed her just after the bishop finished his routine was old Bill Cantavo. Kid, you'll have a lot to live up to after I've kissed the bride."

Marsten chuckled.

"Remember she's the only wife I'll have and don't break her. I hear you had a row with Walter Callingham a few minutes ago."

Over Cantavo's blue eyes came a film.

"Yes? Where did you hear that?"

"The girl who took my hat and coat."

INTO Cantavo's voice came a trace of caution.

"Mind?"

"Why should I? I don't know him."

"Don't you?" Cantavo's voice was still *cautious.*

"Oh, I've met him, if you call that knowing a man. You can't help meeting him. He gets around. Ugly beggar. I would think he would be almost too tough for you to handle."

"They don't come too tough," said Cantavo quietly. "Can we bust open a bottle of grape in honor of tomorrow?"

Marsten shook his head.

"Not for me, Bill. I'm running along and getting some sleep."

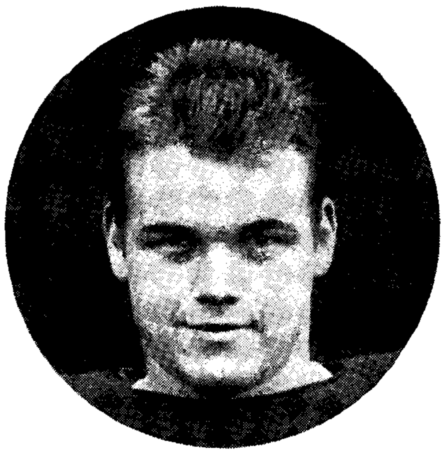
(Continued on page 46)

The All America Football Team

By Grantland Rice

Gaynell Tinsley, end, Louisiana State University. Height, 6 feet. Weight, 185. Home, Haynesville, La.

Richard Smith, tackle, University of Minnesota. Height, 6:2. Weight, 218. Home, Rockford, Ill.



John A. C. Weller, guard, Princeton University. Height, 6 feet. Weight, 195. Home, Jacksonville, Fla.

Darrell Lester, center, Texas Christian University. Height, 6:4. Weight, 210. Home, Jacksboro, Tex.

THE first giant firecracker of football for 1935 exploded late in September when Louisiana State fell before Rice Institute in one of the big games of the year.

From that opening blast the season rolled along through more flaming color and more rapid-fire action than had been seen in any past campaign. It piled up a nation-wide interest beyond the grip of any other sport, packing the stands with old grads and undergrads, clerks, bankers, taxi drivers, lawyers, doctors, elevator boys, the gray-haired and the kids. More than ever before in all the years of its history football became the autumn game for all the people.

In many sections it turned into an emotional tidal wave. Millions sat watching the fireworks as rockets rose, blazed and came back to earth.

One hundred and sixty thousand spectators saw Notre Dame score three touchdowns in three minutes against Ohio State and Army to win and tie, pinning forlorn hopes to the final second hand of the timer's watch. This was only a brief part of the story written by nearly two thousand games.

From more than four hundred starters only a scattered few survived each Saturday's casualty list. Even strong teams could only be keyed up so long. Accidents and injuries took their toll.

There were entire sections where not a single team remained unbeaten or untied. This occurred in the South from Chapel Hill to Baton Rouge, from New Orleans to Nashville, where football in late years has come along like a Caribbean hurricane.

The same thing took place on the Pacific Coast, where not a team came through unscarred. Stanford and California each lost a single start, while U. C. L. A., beaten by California, was completely smothered by Southern Methodist in an outside conference. A fast, powerful Minnesota team was the only unbeaten entry in the Middle West, although Ohio State slipped safely by in the Western Conference.

Nebraska, beaten by Minnesota and Pittsburgh, took charge of the Missouri Valley trail.

North Carolina had a long lead in the Southeast until Duke, beaten by Georgia Tech and Auburn, crushed the Tar Heels by one of the most decisive scores of the year. In the realm of the Deep South, Alabama and Louisiana State were the two outstanding teams, up to the highest standards of the year. Texas Christian and Southern Methodist took charge of the Southwest with two brilliant squads, able to match the pick of the country. Texas was the football stronghold of 1935.

The best football team in the East belonged to Princeton. With the aid of a big, powerful line and one of the best backfields that football has known for many years, the Tigers smothered such old rivals as Cornell, Navy, Harvard and Dartmouth under 141 points. Princeton was unquestionably stronger than Ohio State or Notre Dame on the days when I saw these teams in action. It was equipped with everything a fine team requires except the type of competition needed from the outside to prove its worth.

It struck unbeaten Dartmouth in Hanover weather with a snowstorm smearing out the landscape, and still ran away with one of the big games of the East.

On that same late November day California's clean record was wrecked by Stanford with Grayson and Moscrip once more riding the crest.

The strength of so many teams was due to the increase of coaching knowledge, not only in the major universities but in the minor colleges and the high schools. There is no longer any small, select group of coaches who know it all. There are now hundreds of coaches who know at least most of what the masters know. There is no longer any dominating "Warner System," or "Notre Dame System," or "Michigan System," or any other superior system.

As Bob Zuppke of Illinois says, "Devising plays now is something that belongs to school children." It is material, man power, personnel, that tell most of the story.

This material is no longer gathered in a few select places. In the last few years it has come to the Southwest in increasing numbers—the big, fast, rugged type that loves the game. The East has been hampered by the far larger number of universities that split up material no longer as rugged as those who may go to Minnesota or the Southwest.

Minnesota lost one of the greatest football teams of all time and yet around a depleted and almost unknown nucleus Bierman rushed another set of troopers into action who were just about as good.

Certainly no section drew better football material than the Southwest, where Southern Methodist, Texas Christian, Rice and others all had fast, powerful, well-coached teams that were not only offensively alert and versatile but hard to move against. The state of Texas took charge of a large part of the football map in spite of schedules that offered few vacations or resting spots by the roadside.

One feature of the late season was the downfall of the lateral pass as a dependable scoring thrust from running plays. It became too dangerous, was smeared too often, and cost possession of the ball too many times against fast charging tackles and watchful ends to hold any high place in attack.

The shifting fortunes of contest were never shown any better than on November 16th. On this date North Carolina, Syracuse and Marquette came upon the field unbeaten. But against Duke, Colgate and Temple they were not only stopped but blotted out by an avalanche of 78 points.

Many teams, as usual, varied from 20 to 30 points. Fordham, beaten 20 to 0 by Purdue, tied St. Mary's and Pittsburgh, both much stronger than Purdue down the stretch.

In looking over the list of All America talent, Collier's Advisory Board, representing the leading seven sections of American football, had the busiest season of its career keeping check of leading stars.

Among the points to be considered were the all-around individual and team-play qualities, the number of hard games involved (including the matter of opposing strength) plus the usual recommendations of coaches and officials who made up the nation-wide poll for Collier's forty-sixth All America round-up, dating back to Walter Camp's first nominations in 1889.

It is only fair to state that seniors who had given three years of ability were given the preference over those who had yet to prove they could face a three-year term under the pressure that football carries today.

The magnitude of this assignment can be understood from the list of leading players sent in by Collier's Advisory Board:

EAST

Ends

Sbuler, Army
Kelley, Yale
Winika, Rutgers
Camp, Dartmouth
MacMillan, Princeton
Train, Yale
Lea, Princeton
Hull, Dartmouth
Kelly, Harvard

Tackles

Toll, Princeton
Ritter, Princeton
Ericksen, Army
Moncewicz, Holy Cross
Wasicek, Colgate
Bennett, Dartmouth
Wolf, Army

Centers

Ray, Dartmouth
Clifford, Army
Kliskey, Pittsburgh
Lewis, Williams
Robertshaw, Navy
Hauze, Pennsylvania
Cullinan, Princeton

Guards

Stofko, Pennsylvania
Jontos, Syracuse
Weller, Princeton
Joe Handrahan, Dartmouth
Franco, Fordham
Flanagan, Holy Cross
Montgomery, Princeton

Backs

Smith, N. Y. U.
Barabas, Columbia
John Handrahan, Dartmouth
Monk Meyer, Army
Constable, Princeton
Murray, Pennsylvania
Reckmack, Syracuse
Faust, St. Bonaventure
Randour, Pittsburgh
Salsich, Williams
Kidd, Holy Cross
Nairne, Dartmouth
White, Princeton
C. Kaufman, Princeton
Maniaci, Fordham
Schmidt, Navy
Kurlish, Pennsylvania
Albanese, Syracuse
LeVan, Princeton
Irwin, Colgate
Kern, Colgate
Renzo, Temple
Morris, Holy Cross
Grove, Army
Sandbach, Princeton
Pauk, Princeton

MIDDLE WEST

Ends

Patanelli, Michigan
Nelson, Illinois
Wendt, Ohio State
Millner, Notre Dame

Tackles

Widseth, Minnesota
R. Smith, Minnesota
Harre, Ohio State

Centers

Rennebohm, Minnesota
Jones, Ohio State

Guards

Inwood Smith, Ohio State
Tangora, Northwestern
Wagner, Mich. State
Gryboski, Illinois
Karcher, Ohio State

Backs

Shakespeare, Notre Dame
McGannon, Purdue
Simmons, Iowa
Williams, Ohio State
Heap, Northwestern
Walker, Indiana
Spurgeon, Illinois
Jones, Detroit
Pilney, Notre Dame
Crayne, Iowa
Renner, Michigan
Berwanger, Chicago
Roscoe, Minnesota
Buivid, Marquette
Cruice, Northwestern
Heekin, Ohio State
Warmbein, Michigan State
Guepe, Marquette

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Inwood Smith, guard, Ohio State University. Height, 5:11. Weight, 188. Home, Mansfield, Ohio

Truman Spain, tackle, Southern Methodist University. Height, 6:4. W't, 210. Home, Breckenridge, Tex.

James H. Moscrip, end, Stanford University. Height, 6 feet. Weight, 190. Home, Adena, Ohio

MISSOURI VALLEY

Ends

Churchill, Kansas State
Hayes, Kansas
Scherer, Nebraska
McDonald, Nebraska

Tackles

Brown, Oklahoma
Schafroth, Iowa State
Shirey, Nebraska
Flenthrope, Kansas State

Centers

Phelps, Kansas
McDannald, Oklahoma

Guards

Williams, Nebraska
Sklar, Kansas
McCall, Kansas
Coundiff, Iowa State

Backs

LaNoue, Nebraska
Ayers, Kansas State
Cardwell, Nebraska
Elder, Kansas State
Francis, Nebraska
Breeden, Oklahoma
Peterson, Kansas
Hapgood, Kansas
Hudgens, Washington Univ., St. Louis

WEST COAST

Ends

Brittingham, California
Dutton, Santa Clara
Moscrip, Stanford

Tackles

Reynolds, Stanford
Duvall, Loyola
Belko, So. Cal.
Bley, Washington State
C. Bond, Washington
Dahlitz, Whittier
Blewett, San Francisco
Lutz, California

Centers

Muller, Stanford
Herwig, California
Chavoor, U. C. L. A.
Jorgensen, St. Mary's
Kuhn, Southern California

Guards

Bassi, Santa Clara
Hibbs, Southern Cal.
Rouble, Stanford
Butler, San Diego State

Backs

Davis, Southern Cal.
Logg, Washington
Blaisdell, Redlands
Yaeger, Santa Barbara
Cheshire, U. C. L. A.
Haines, Washington
Grayson, Stanford
Blower, California
Popovich, Montana
Gray, Oregon State
Schreiber, St. Mary's
Peterson, Redlands
Nowogroski, Washington

SOUTHWEST

Ends

Howell, Arkansas
Roach, T. C. U.
Sylvester, Rice
Tinsley, L. S. U.

Tackles

Rukas, L. S. U.
Small, Texas
Orr, S. M. U.
Lindsey, Texas A. & M.
Groseclose, T. C. U.
Spain, S. M. U.

Centers

Lester, T. C. U.
Stewart, L. S. U.

Guards

Wetsel, S. M. U.
Simpson, Baylor
Helveston, L. S. U.

Backs

McCauley, Rice
Shuford, S. M. U.
W. Wallace, Rice
Baugh, T. C. U.
Pitzer, Texas
Lawrence, T. C. U.
Russell, Baylor
Wilson, S. M. U.
Witt, Rice
Seago, L. S. U.
Robbins, Arkansas
Fatherree, L. S. U.
Mickal, L. S. U.

THE ALL AMERICA FOOTBALL TEAM

GAYNELL TINSLEY
End, Louisiana State University

RICHARD SMITH
Tackle, University of Minnesota

JOHN A. C. WELLER
Guard, Princeton University

DARRELL LESTER
Center, Texas Christian University

INWOOD SMITH
Guard, Ohio State University

TRUMAN SPAIN
Tackle, Southern Methodist University

JAMES H. MOSCRIP
End, Stanford University

RILEY SMITH
Quarterback, University of Alabama

JAY BERWANGER
Halfback, University of Chicago

ROBERT WILSON
Halfback, Southern Methodist University

ROBERT H. GRAYSON
Fullback, Stanford University

SOUTH

Ends

Walker, Alabama
Bryant, Alabama
Buck, No. Carolina
Bershak, No. Carolina
Geny, Vanderbilt
Plasman, Vanderbilt
West, Duke
Gelatka, Mississippi State
Rose, Tennessee
Ashford, Georgia

Tackles

Throgmorton, Vanderbilt
Moss, Tulane
Nevers, Kentucky
Eubanks, Georgia Tech.
Whatley, Alabama
Paterson, Auburn

Centers

Francis, Alabama
Gilbert, Auburn
Sabol, North Carolina State

Guards

Gantt, Auburn
Fitzsimons, Ga. Tech.
F. Johnson, Georgia
White, Alabama

Backs

Parker, Duke
Schwerdt, No. Car. State
Treadaway, Georgia
Dixon, Vanderbilt
Smith, Alabama
Montgomery, No. Car.
Alexander, Duke
Riley, Alabama
Hutchins, No. Car.
Kilgrow, Alabama
Snyder, No. Car.
Appleby, Georgia Tech.
Mitchell, Auburn
Konemann, Ga. Tech.
Armstrong, Miss. State
Berry, Clemson
Mintz, Tulane
Pickle, Mississippi State
Davis, Kentucky
Jackson, No. Carolina
Chase, Florida
Bond, Georgia
Johnson, Kentucky

The recommendations from the Advisory Board included the following names:

From Braven Dyer, Los Angeles, and R. L. (Dink) Templeton, Palo Alto. Grayson, back, and Moscrip, end, Stanford.

From George White, Dallas, Texas. Wilson, Southern Methodist, halfback; Lester, Texas Christian, center; Spain, Southern Methodist, tackle; Baugh, Texas Christian, quarterback.

From O. B. Keeler, Atlanta, Georgia. Riley Smith, Alabama, quarterback; Tinsley, L. S. U., end; Gilbert, Auburn, center.

From H. G. Salsinger, Detroit. Berwanger, Chicago, halfback; R. Smith, Minnesota, tackle; Millner, Notre Dame, end; Inwood Smith, Ohio State, guard; Gomer Jones, Ohio State, center.

From Bill Cunningham, Boston. Weller, Princeton, guard.

From C. E. McBride, Kansas City. "Many fine players but no All America recommendations from his sector."

THE CENTERS

Moving down the stretch, there were three outstanding centers who had the call over the field. These three were

Riley Smith, quarterback, University of Alabama. Height, 6:1. Weight, 195. Home, Columbus, Miss.

Jay Berwanger, halfback, University of Chicago. Height, 6:1. Weight, 191. Home, Dubuque, Iowa

Robert Wilson, halfback, Southern Methodist University. Height, 5:10. Weight, 150. Home, Corsicana, Tex.

Robert H. Grayson, fullback, Stanford University. Height, 6 feet. Weight, 190. Home, Portland, Ore.

Lester of Texas Christian, Jones of Ohio State, and Gilbert of Auburn. There were other high-class centers including Cullinan of Princeton, Jorgensen of St. Mary's, Clifford of the Army and Robertshaw of the Navy. It was Darrell Lester, the active giant from Texas Christian, who finally won out. Lester was one of the star centers of the country a year ago. This season his work picked up added pace and his magnificent all-season play was a big factor in T. C. U.'s fine season. He was also an inspiring leader on the field. Both Gilbert of Auburn and Jones of Ohio State were close on Lester's heels but the Texan won the assignment.

THE GUARDS

The season's run of guards was not up to the high standard set in 1934, when such stars as Ormiston and Hartwig of Pittsburgh, Bevan of Minnesota, Barclay of North Carolina and Monahan of Ohio State were up in front. The pick of the 1935 list included Weller and Montgomery of Princeton, both exceptionally good; Inwood Smith of Ohio State, Oech of Minnesota and Wagner of Michigan State. John Weller gave Princeton three years of alert, hard-charging line play. The strength of the Tiger line was one of the season's features, and Weller was one of the stars in this smothering forward wall, with Montgomery only a half stride back.

The race in the Middle West between Inwood Smith of Ohio State and Oech of Minnesota was extremely close. The big Scarlet line and the hard-blocking Gopher forwards had more than a little to say about the disposition of the Western Conference championship. Weller and I. Smith carried through their all-season march.

THE TACKLES

Strong teams demand strong tackles. And the season's tackle play was exceptionally good. In the list there were Spain and Orr of Southern Methodist, Smith and Widseth of Minnesota, Paterson of Auburn, Lutz of California, Toll and Ritter of Princeton, Ericksen of the Army.

The final selections came to Spain of Southern Methodist and Richard Smith of Minnesota. Each had a strong rival from his own squad in Orr and Widseth. S. M. U. and Minnesota had outstanding line play to call on in every game. Both Spain and Smith are veterans who were in the front rank last year as well as this. Spain is rated as the best tackle the Southwest has seen in years. Both Spain and Smith were amazingly fast and alert for big men, earning well deserved places at two of the most important football posts.

THE ENDS

Nominations for leading ends finally narrowed down to Tinsley of Louisiana State, Moscrip of Stanford, Lea of Princeton, Schuler of the Army and Millner of Notre Dame. Wendt of Ohio State, Kelley and Train of Yale and Scherer of Nebraska were among a number of other fine workmen on the two flanks. Tinsley of L. S. U. gave one of the best all-season exhibitions that end play has known in some years. He was the star of one of the country's strongest teams, a star from the first game to the last, a brilliant performer.

Moscrip, Schuler and Millner kept the fireworks going into their closing contests, but Moscrip's all-around ability brought him through. Regarded by Frank Thomas of Alabama as one of the best defensive ends he ever saw, it was Moscrip's foot that played a big part in driving Stanford along through a season that knew but one single point defeat. Moscrip and Grayson were the pair that kept the Cardinal from floundering in a campaign filled with injuries. Both Tinsley and Moscrip played through hard schedules that offered few breathing spells. And the quality of the opposition is always a vital factor in any All America selection.

THE BACKS

The final selection of four backs from this season's rich crop was easily the most difficult assignment the Advisory Board had to face. There were such able players as Grayson of Stanford, Berwanger of Chicago, Riley Smith of Alabama, Bobby Wilson of Southern Methodist, Goddard of Washington State, Cheshire of U. C. L. A., Beise and Roscoe of Minnesota, Pickle of Mississippi State, Meyer of the Army, Baugh of Texas Christian, Buivid of Marquette, the all-around backfield strength of Princeton and Ohio State, Shakespeare and Pilney of Notre Dame—on and on where one could mention a dozen others. Pilney of Notre Dame was the season's outstanding star in two games against Navy and Ohio State. His individual work against Ohio was the season's finest performance. But it is hardly fair to match two games against six, seven or eight. Baugh of Texas Christian was the best forward passer of the year. He was a Dizzy Dean splitting the middle. One hundred-and-forty-pound Monk Meyer of the Army turned on a dazzling display of ball carrying, passing and kicking to earn a high place. But there were only four places and these went to Riley Smith of Alabama at quarter, Berwanger of Chicago and Wilson of Southern Methodist at the halfback posts, and Grayson of Stanford at full.

These four backs were all-season outstanding performers through hard schedules. They played leading roles in battles fought to the finish. Riley Smith of Alabama was the year's finest blocker, who also kicked, passed and carried the ball. In addition to this, generalship and judgment were of the highest order. Bobby Wilson of Southern Methodist was rated the best running back of the year and one of the best of the passers. He was S. M. U.'s spark plug through a tough schedule. Jay Berwanger of Chicago was the ablest all-around back of the entire crop. He could do more things brilliantly and he had little outside help. On Minnesota, Princeton or L. S. U. he would still be running.

Out on the West Coast, with Hamilton and Alustiza injured, it fell to the lot of Bobby Grayson to hook up with Monk Moscrip and carry Stanford along. Grayson has been a star for the last three years, but 1935 was his big season against much greater handicaps. From the run of other fine backs no one else, except possibly Baugh of T. C. U., meant as much to his team as these four meant to Alabama, Chicago, Southern Methodist and Stanford. They have proved their high places through three seasons of heavy pressure. Their records place this quartet among the best that ever found places on the All America team.

This 1935 selection goes much farther back than a single season's test. It is an accumulation of three seasons in most cases, which is always the acid test. As a team it carries speed, spirit, power and versatility. It would be something to beat, anywhere or any time.

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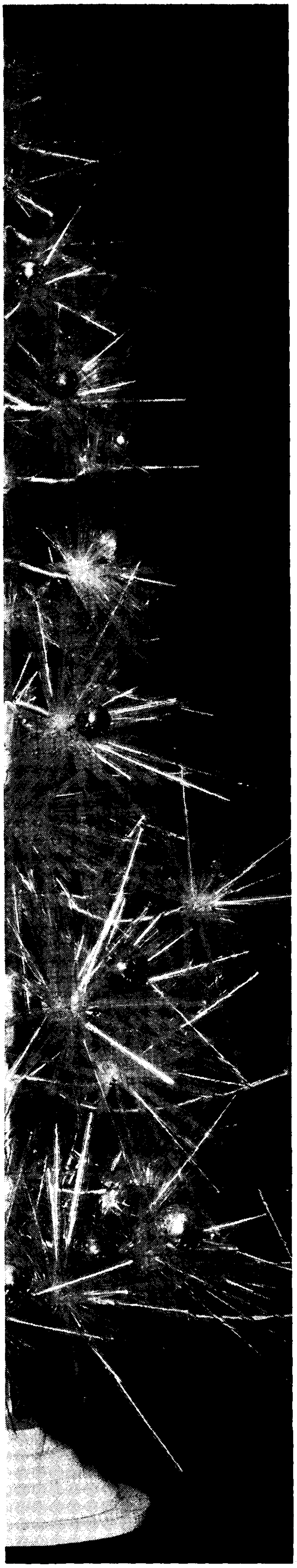


It's a Very Gay Christmas

Some bright, new and different ways of making a merry Christmas gay with color and sparkle and plenty of green

By Helen Sprackling

THEY say this is going to be the gayest Christmas we've had in a number of years.

We have just met a friend who doesn't think so. "Same old Christmas," she snorted when we asked her how it was with her. "Same old necktie, same old holly wreath, same old red bow. There ought to be a law against it."

That started us thinking. If you are one of those who are bursting with Christmas spirit by the time the first Christmas tree appears on the sidewalk in front of the grocer's, then you don't really need to read any farther. If, however, you're a heavy cynic like our friend, or merely longing to spring something new and different this year, then maybe we can be of some help. Our suggestions won't cope with the necktie problem but they will guarantee you a gay Christmas in spite of it. They are full of colorful ideas and there's not a single holly berry in the lot.

What this world needs most is a new Christmas color scheme. Adventurous souls are getting away from red and green into gala harlequin hues which add a zest and glory of their own. They play with it in combinations like purple and gold, cerise and bright blue, citron-yellow, orange and dark green. Often they add a touch of brown. They have discovered the beauty of white; white with gold, white with color, white with *red.* And silver, resplendent, full of a thousand lights when the candles are lit, brilliant with color.

Choose a color scheme that goes best with your house. Let it bring out the good points and subdue the bad ones. Just to illustrate our point: Suppose you have gone in for the new dark walls; here is your chance then to use *white* wreaths and festoonery. Tuck in a few gold stars and bind with white or gold ribbons and the feeling will be quite classic. If you're going to have a tree let it be a white one and have the tree ornaments—balls only—accent the wall with their color contrast. Orange balls on a white tree against a brown wall.

If you prefer the nature school of Christmas decoration there are a dozen old-time things you can hang up and still not be trite. As you know, there is a conservation movement afoot to protect the rarer greens that are in danger of being used up. So when you declare a moratorium on holly wreaths, eschew laurel rope and ground pine as well, and while you're getting a fresh new note into the decorating scheme you'll be helping along a good cause at the same time.

That leaves you as good substitutes to choose from as ever were used. There's mistletoe. It is really a parasite, a "tree thief" they call it, that grows on various hardwood trees and you will be doing no harm whatever if you use it with a lavish hand in your decoration. Understand, however, we assume no responsibility for the after-effects!

Look at the evergreens for beauty in abundance. Let balsam fir, fragrant, shining, dark, be the mainstay of your rope and wreath. Hemlock, just as handsome to look at, will keep you busy sweeping up if you take it indoors where it's warm but it will adorn the outer door of your house with lasting and pungent distinction. And then there are juniper and yew and the long-needled pines with branches of such sweeping grace that they are decorations in themselves.

If it's tradition you want, then deck the hall with ivy. Its Yuletide pedigree is as long as that of holly and mistletoe and that's at least a few thousand years long. Quite apart from all that, its dark waxen leaves make as handsome a wreath as you care to see.

For an added touch there are blue juniper berries, the gray of bay berries and little and big brown cones. Tight, regularly spaced clusters of pure white snowberries interspersed with twigs of box on a balsam foundation will make a wreath that won't greet you at every front door. Throw in color with Chinese lantern pods, bittersweet, sprays of barberry, rose hips and, if you live in California, the fruits of the pepper tree. Cranberries grouped in clusters and then shellacked contribute a deep carmine-red touch that is quite unusual; while nuts, walnuts chiefly, silvered or gilded, will supply the carnival note if that is what you want.

Country dwellers will have no trouble at all in finding all these makin's. And it's a wise gardener who prunes his evergreens and cuts his Christmas decorations at one and the same time. When you cut from the "woods," lop off the branches that won't mar the shape of the tree and take only two or three from each tree. If you live in town and the florist fails you, then we know where you can get all the balsam that you need straight from the hills of New Hampshire.

Now, if after all this, Christmas just can't be Christmas without its wreath of holly or its rope of laurel, then all we have to say is *buy it tagged.* Maybe it will be a state tag, maybe it will be a Garden-Club-of-America tag, but either way it certifies that the green has been properly cut and harvested according to the best principles of conservation. (Of course if you grow your own there is no one to say that you shouldn't use them if you want to.) You may have to look

(Continued on page 43)

Cellophane drinking straws for shining Christmas trees; with two trees instead of one, for balance

Easy Lessons

The story of a Broadway romance that ended, glamorously, just where it began

By Octavus Roy Cohen

ILLUSTRATED BY RONALD McLEOD

TED GRAYSON said, "Gene, I'm in the mood to do something very foolish."

Gene looked up hopefully. "What, for instance?"

"You guess."

"Oh! We're playing games, eh?"

"I'm sick and tired—" started Ted, but Gene interrupted.

"Yeh, I know. You're sick and tired of being the best dancer in the world. You're sick and tired of cocktail parties and night clubs and pretty gals and ten thousand dollars a week. You're sick and tired of a live-wire publicity agent named Gene Vardon. You're sick and tired of New York and want to get back to Hollywood. You're—"

"I'm sick and tired of listening to you exercise your mouth." The slender young man in the immaculate dinner clothes smiled down at his chunky friend. "Anyway, Gene—you've called the turn. I'm bored."

"So what?" inquired the practical Gene.

"You name it. Whatever it is, I'll do it. Tonight."

"Not a bad idea. Get away from it all. Incognito and all that stuff. How about Coney Island?"

"Swell. But Coney closed two weeks ago. I'd give my right eye for three good roller coasters and a couple of hot franks."

"Now it's your turn," said the publicity man. "This is fun."

"Harlem?"

"Same old stuff."

"The Village?"

"Worse." Gene Vardon walked to the window of the lavish hotel suite and looked down on Park Avenue. "It's my kind of evening you're discussing, Ted. Let's make it good."

"And screwy."

"Right. Completely nuts. Something like you taking a dancing lesson." Mr. Vardon, high-pressure publicity agent, paused abruptly. Then he made a gesture. "Suffering cats!" he exclaimed: "Why not?"

"Why not what?"

"Take a dancing lesson? You. Ted Grayson, toast of nineteen continents, barging into a six-bit school for a dancing lesson. It'd be the laugh of the century."

Young Mr. Grayson was interested. "You're not serious?" he said hopefully.

"Never more serious in my life. Not a Broadway dance palace, either; that wouldn't mean a thing. No swank emporium. Just a jernt somewhere in the deep tenements."

"Could we?"

"Who's to stop us?" Gene reached for his hat. "Brother—I'm a genius. Thirty minutes of good, clean fun. Let's go."

They went.

They went gayly to the Acme Dance Studio, selected at random from the classified telephone directory. They walked under the roar of the elevated and up a flight of dark steps. Gene said, "Here's where you become the life of the party in six easy lessons." They entered a dingy room which was equipped as an office. There were photographs on the walls; photographs of movie stars and other celebrities, all autographed—by someone. You pay the postage; the studio sends the photo. High up in one corner was a picture of Ted Grayson.

THEY were greeted with effusive cordiality by Jimmy Troop, who leased and operated the Acme. Mr. Troop was a slender young man, a shade under thirty, whose hair was black and sleek. He was not unaccustomed to visits from slightly inebriated gentlemen in dinner clothes, and he shrewdly reflected that many of them paid well.

Mr. Troop asked for their names and solemnly entered in his little book: Mr. Jones, Mr. Smith. He listened gravely to their statement that they wished to learn to dance.

"Any special kind of dance?" he inquired.

Ted Grayson smiled. "Lindy Hop," he said. "I always thought that would be fun."

Mr. Troop was gratified. These gents were not drunk. Here was the outcropping of suppressed desire, like wanting to learn tap. They always came to a dingy school like Jimmy's for ultra dances, whereas, when they wished to become proficient in such things as waltz, fox trot or tango, they patronized the sort of place that Jimmy Troop wished some day to own.

Mr. Troop talked. He talked swiftly and graphically. He informed them that he was probably the finest dancer in the world. He extolled the virtues of his instructresses. He guaranteed to teach Ted Grayson the intricacies of the Lindy Hop for ten dollars. The careful Gene Vardon stepped in.

"We better start off with a trial lesson. How much will that be?"

"One buck each. But the whole course is cheaper."

"We'll take the trial lessons," insisted Gene. "Then if we think there's a chance of our learning, we might sign up for the course."

"Okay." Jimmy Troop pocketed the two one-dollar bills which were shoved across the ancient desk. "Jevver dance any?"

Gene's eyes sparkled delightedly. "I'm *no good*," he stated. "But Mr. Smith, here—he dances the waltz and fox trot pretty well."

"Lindy Hop is different," stated Jimmy. "You gotta have rhythm." He rose. "Right this way."

They followed him down the hall, where their ears were assailed by the wailings of cheap phonographs playing antique records. Through a partly opened door they could see a faded blond lady conducting an abashed young gentleman about the floor while she patiently intoned: "*One*-two-three; *one*-two-three: *left*-right-left . . . " Gene sidled close to his friend and employer.

"Having fun?"

"Grand."

"Wish I could watch you. You can put on a swell act."

Ted Grayson could put on an act. That was why his contract in pictures called for the payment of ten thousand dollars every week—because he could act as well as he could dance, which is to say that he was superb. He whispered to Gene:

"You grab the blonde. Whatever the other is, she's better."

"Generous, ain't you? Oh, well . . ."

Gene took the blonde. Jimmy Troop, still explaining that he was the best dancer in the world, conducted Ted Grayson into the adjoining cubicle.

"Miss Morgan's the best teacher in New York. She'll learn you the Lindy Hop in no time."

A stout and elderly gentleman eased out of the room where Miss Morgan taught. Jimmy Troop convoyed Ted Grayson inside. "Hey, Miss Morgan, this gent wants to learn the Lindy Hop, and I was telling him you're the one to teach him."

Ted Grayson found himself looking into a pair of cool gray eyes which gazed levelly and impersonally at him from a face which was smooth and pretty. The face of a lady. Different sort of girl from the one Gene had been entrusted to. She was of medium height, and slender. Her hair was the color of honey. Her feet were small, her hands delicate. All of those things Ted Grayson noticed in that first amazed instant. Then he heard her quiet voice:

"Do you dance at all?"

Well-modulated. Impersonal. Gentle. And he had the astounding experience of feeling that she was not conscious of him at all as an individual. He was just another customer: another dollar in the Acme's treasury. They were alone. . . .

"Just a trifle," he said. Inexplicably, he had lost his desire to put on an act. The girl touched him. He found himself wondering what she would be like away from these dingy surroundings. He reflected that she didn't belong here—then laughed at himself for entertaining such sophomoric ideas.

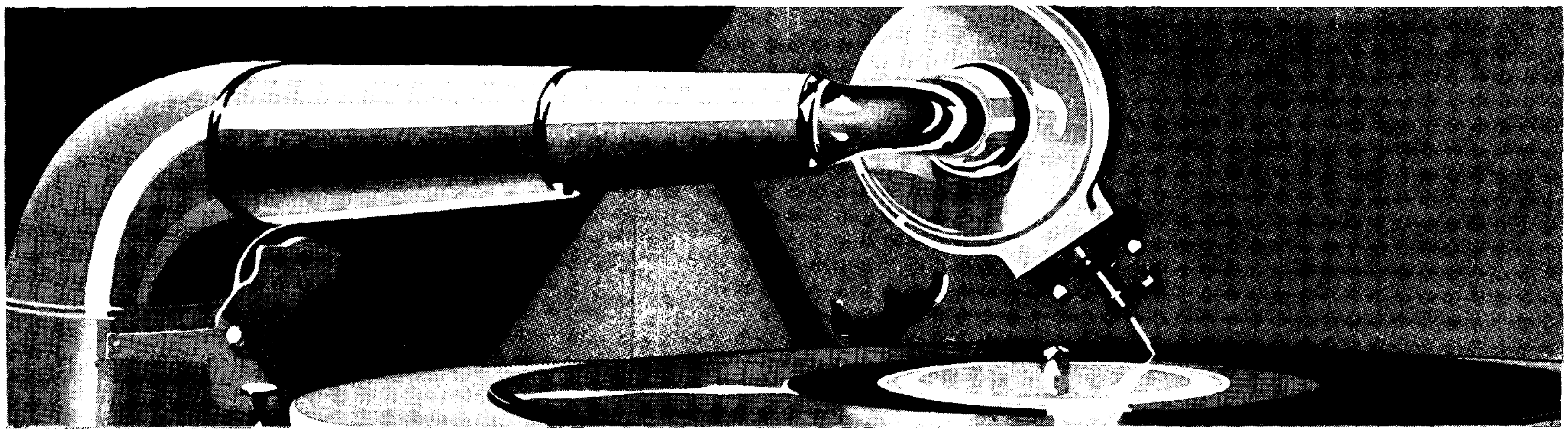
"Better try a rhythm test." She slipped a record on the disk of the wheezy phonograph and jazz spurted into the room. He danced with her then, scrupulously refraining from dancing too well or too badly. Thirty seconds of it, then she detached herself and snapped off the phonograph.

"You've got a good sense of time. Now for the Lindy Hop."

SHE explained with painstaking thoroughness which impressed him. "It's a sort of tap dance, really," she stated. "You step—never slide. Look! Tap with the left toe firmly. Then down with the left heel on the two count. Then right toe, and left toe. One—*two*—three—*four!* That's the basic step. Try it."

It was difficult for Ted to be as awkward as he felt that he should be. Some of the fun was gone. With the ordinary cheap instructress he had expected to find, he could have clowned it. But not with this girl. . . .

He made excellent progress—with his dancing. His efforts at conversation produced slimmer results. She answered his questions, but discouraged conversation. It was an interesting experience, but far from hilarious. They ended the half-hour by dancing the two basic routines which he had learned. He said, "Can I take another half-hour?"



"Not now. Another client is due."

"Tomorrow night?"

"If you wish."

"Do you think I can learn?"

"You do very well."

Just that. He met Gene Vardon in the hall, and it was instantly apparent that Gene had had lots of no fun. His dinner shirt was wilted, and Gene was inclined to be grim about the whole business. He was even more grim when Ted paused at Mr. Troop's desk and asked for a nine-thirty appointment the following night. Mr. Troop entered it in his little book, though not without difficulty since he couldn't remember whether this was Mr. Smith or Mr. Jones, and neither could Ted. Gene declared vehemently that he had had enough. "Too much exercise," he announced. "I'm not the type."

THEY walked downstairs together and Jimmy Troop looked up at Doris Morgan, who entered his office immediately after their departure. Jimmy said, "You're good. The thin one is coming back for more."

She shook her head. "He's not coming back."

"No? Look!" Jimmy designated the book. "Tomorrow night."

"Cross him off," said Doris Morgan. "You'll be wasting a half-hour if you don't."

Jimmy was as nearly annoyed as he could possibly be with Doris. "What makes you so sure?" he inquired.

"Mr. Smith won't be back," said Doris quietly, "because he isn't Mr. Smith. He's Ted Grayson."

Mr. Troop said, "What?"

Doris pointed to one of the pictures on the wall. "Look."

Jimmy looked. He said, "Well, I'll be darned!" He crossed Mr. Smith's name from the appointment book and remarked dazedly, "Some smart guys are pretty crazy."

AT TWENTY-FIVE minutes past nine the following night Jimmy Troop encountered the eyes of Ted Grayson. He blinked—very rapidly—and commenced to talk. He was terribly sorry but there had been a mixup of some sort, and a bird from Brooklyn was down for nine-thirty. Ted was quite pleasant about it. He sat down and said, "Okay. I'll take mine at ten."

"We close at ten."

"Not tonight. You'll have to make a concession."

Jimmy walked in on Doris Morgan and eased her current charge out of the studio. Jimmy said, "You lose."

"I lose what?"

"Am I that wise? Grayson's back."

Doris' gray eyes clouded, and she bit her lip. She said, "Now, listen—" but Jimmy cut her short.

"You listen, sister. And use your head. Ask yourself is Ted Grayson coming here because he wants to learn to dance. Then ask why he is coming. So you get the answer."

"Which is?"

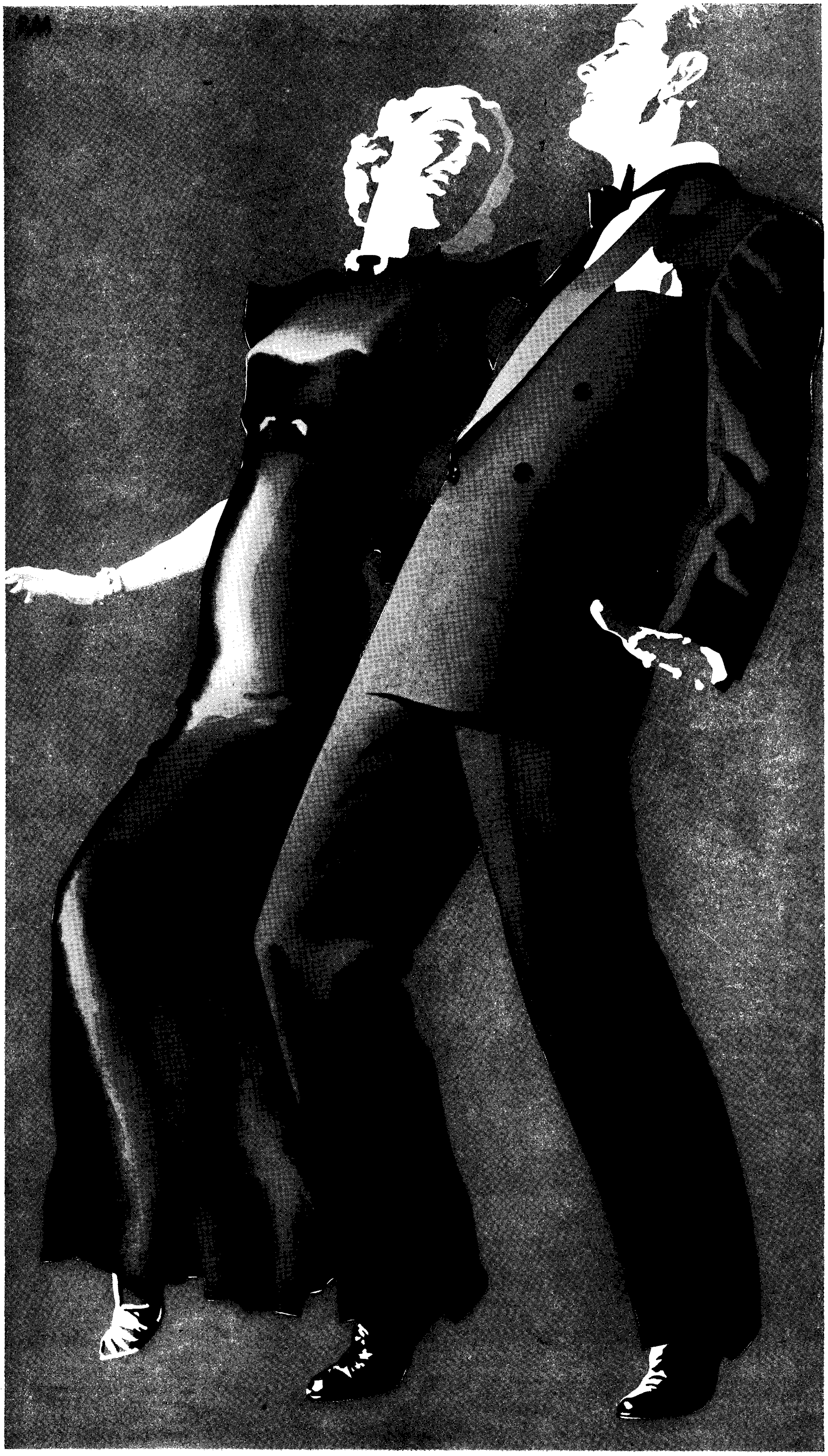
"That he likes your looks—or something. For which I don't blame him. Of course if he gets fresh—"

"He won't." She sighed. "You call the turn, Jimmy. You know how grateful I am for everything you've done for me, and if it'll help you to have me go on with this little game . . ."

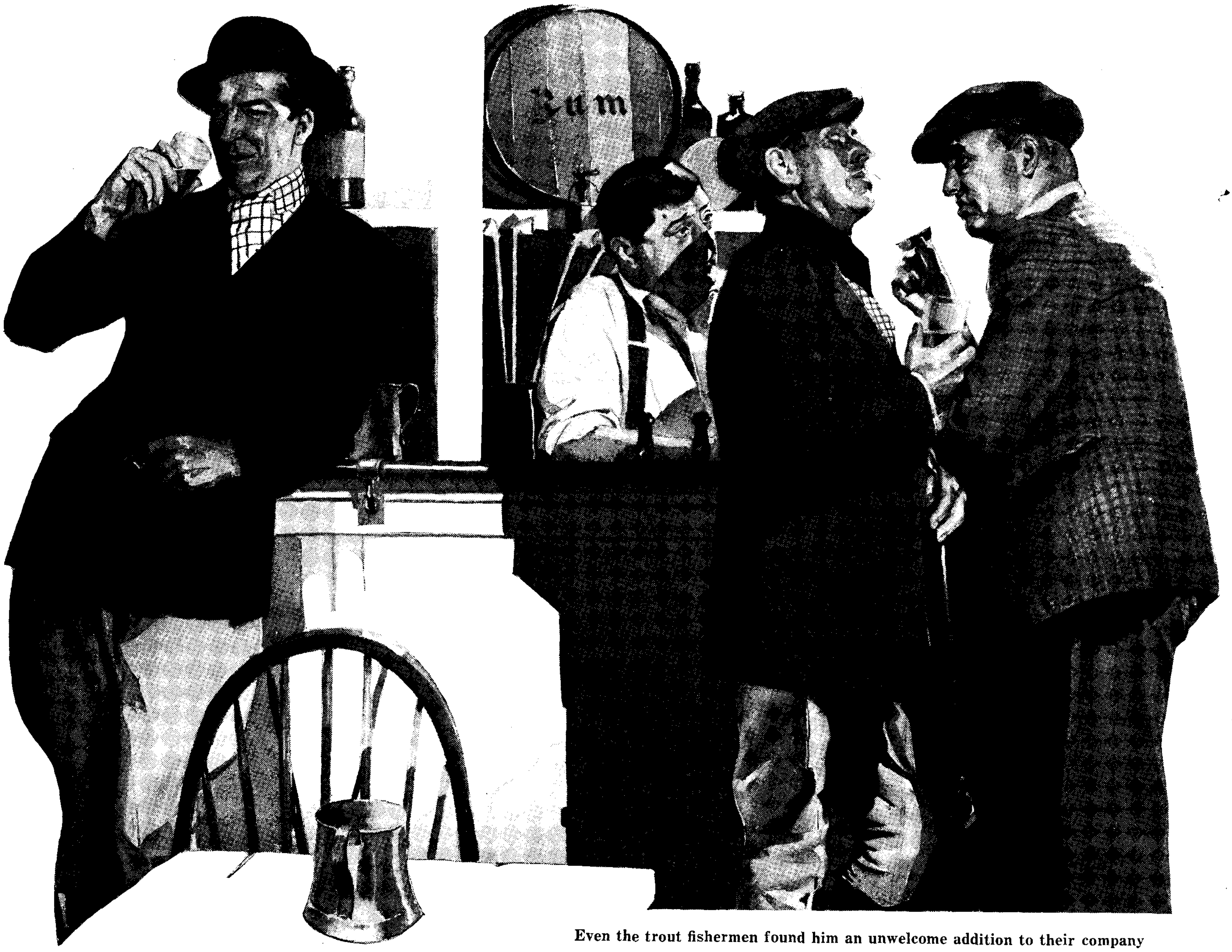
"It will," stated Mr. Troop. "And how."

Ted sat patiently in the dingy office while Miss Morgan instructed the lad from Brooklyn for precisely thirty minutes. During that time he suggested to

(*Continued on page* 56)



"You step," she said. "Never slide. Look." It was difficult for Ted to be as awkward as he felt he should



Even the trout fishermen found him an unwelcome addition to their company

Friend of Man

By Roland Pertwee

The story of Tong, a small dog with a big heart, who helped a girl to understand a lonely man

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL

FOR fifteen years John Ranklin faithfully served the Madruli Oil Company, and did not save himself. He saved money so that, when his period of service had expired, he would be able to return to England and enjoy the fruits of his labors. He wasted neither time nor money on leave, ponies, drink, nor the cultivation of friendships. In the opinion of his fellows he was a highly efficient but unlikable piece of machinery.

Ranklin was quite indifferent to his unpopularity. The social side of his life was in abeyance. There would be plenty of time for the making of friends after he had retired. It never occurred to him that friendship is an art nor that a man can be as friendless in the West as in the East. With leisure, a background of money, and a nice little establishment in which to entertain, the future held warm and rosy prospects.

There were few farewells when John Ranklin drew his bonus, packed his belongings and left the East.

He was not leaning on the rail as the liner steamed out to sea. He was in the smoking room studying the advertisements of small estates which appeared in "The Field" and "Country Life." He occupied himself in this fashion throughout the voyage.

In a pleasant and wooded valley in Devon John Ranklin found just the house and grounds that his imagination had pictured. He bought it after a prolonged haggle with the owner, a master of fox hounds, who took an immediate dislike to him, and was heard to remark that he would rather have had the place empty than hand it over to "a damned unattractive fellar like that."

Now what an M. F. H. says one day many local residents repeat on the morrow. In a neighborhood where sport occupies the mind more readily than thought it is not unusual to accept a ready-made verdict rather than to form your own. In treating a local bigwig as a common huckster, John Ranklin made a bad start. Nor were his continuations an improvement. As an indefatigable worker he found it hard to conceal his contempt for the leisurely, moneyed people into whose company he had intruded himself. That their lives were spent in the fulfillment of a rigid set of ideals in the matter of courage and general behavior meant nothing to Ranklin.

He talked down to them instead of trying to find a common conversational denominator. He would bring his horse alongside some other man's when hounds were drawing covert and make unwelcome comparisons.

"*I've* earned some relaxation—worked for it, but you men who've done nothing but hunt since . . ."

Bertie Denham, to whom the remark was addressed, stopped him with a raised forefinger.

"I say, do stop this jabber. There's a hound speaking. Don't want to hear what you've earned."

Ranklin had no social graces to offset his ignorance of the ways and habits of country gentlemen. For country gentlemen do not discuss their talents and their money, nor the manner in which it has been acquired. They have other things to occupy them, what with stags and foxes to hunt, and the difficulty of rearing pheasant chicks in a wet season, and composing letters to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals urging them not to talk nonsense. They don't want to be bothered with a lot of flatulent stuff about business deals. They want to get on with something that matters.

Ranklin had set himself a difficult task—the task of breaking down the wall of reserve which stands between worker and non-worker. He lacked the only weapon that would have helped him to achieve this object. He lacked the power of making friends. The fifteen years during which he had denied himself every social contact had blunted those finer susceptibilities which allow one man to steal into the heart and the confidence of another.

At the end of a year Ranklin was driven to admit to himself that the West disliked him even more actively than the East. But whereas in the East he had had the comfort of work, in the West he had nothing but a twenty-four-hour day in which to review the magnitude of his failure. Life was an ugly distortion of the picture his imagination had created.

It was useless to deceive himself on the subject of his unpopularity. Parlington, also a newcomer, was already an accepted member of several local cliques. There were always a few cars outside Parlington's place round about cocktail time; but nobody dropped in for a drink with Ranklin. On the occasion when he tried to get up a small dinner party his guests made excuses for being unable to accept. Even when he tried to get a gun in Galway's shooting syndicate his request was politely refused. He offered to pay more than the other members, but the offer was met by a pair of raised eyebrows and a laconic:

"That's hardly the point, is it?"

IT IS no great wonder that bitterness should have made him an impossible master. Servants and grooms rarely remained in his service for more than a few weeks. At length his staff was reduced to an old woman. Not that it mattered, for nobody came to the house.

At the beginning of his second year Ranklin sold his hunters and took to drink. Pride forbade him to drink in private, so every evening he walked to the Charrington Arms and mopped up whiskies and water until closing time.

It is against the law to refuse a man liquor if he observes certain rules of conduct, but the owner of the hotel would have preferred Ranklin's room to his company. The other customers found him sulky and morose and emptied their glasses and made for home earlier than otherwise they would have done. Even the trout fishermen, who came yearly to the hotel and who loved to indulge in esoteric discussions on such matters as translucence in the tying of artificial flies, found Ranklin an unwelcome addition to their company. He seemed to irradiate cynical contempt. He was regarded as a thoroughly disagreeable fellow, nobody concerning himself with the fact that he was about as miserable as a man could be. There was a sigh of relief when he rose and walked unsteadily into the night.

Drink, which neither affected nor soothed him, played unfriendly pranks with his steering gear. Minor mishaps frequently attended his homeward journey; and the old woman who looked after him spent many half-hours cleaning mud from his clothes come by from stumbling into ditches.

He was steering a precarious course one night when, on his own garden path, he tripped over something that went off like a Chinese cracker beneath his feet and fled to the shelter of the porch yelping shrill and insolent protests.

Ranklin, the knees of his trousers torn, switched on the porch light to see what manner of nuisance the thing might be.

The light revealed a Pekingese puppy, smaller than a full-grown rabbit and the color of hay. From the smutty black face gleamed large eyes filled with rage and hatred. Not only the eyes, but ears and mouth and every hair of the quivering body looked as full of venomous points as a prickly pear.

Ranklin had been wanting a row and here was a chance to have it.

"Your own silly fault," said he. "Must have heard me coming."

ANYBODY acquainted with the character of a Peke knows that, of all living creatures, it is, perhaps, the most susceptible to the tones of the human voice. Being of royal descent, it will not tolerate being addressed with anything short of civility. But Ranklin knew as little about Pekes as about men, and a lesson was long overdue. As he spoke his eye was caught by a silver disk hanging from the dog's collar. Stooping, he put out his hand to examine it, but before he had read the device of the Tail Waggers Union and the name Tong, with its owner's address beneath, the little fellow had him by the wrist.

Tong had only his puppy teeth to bite with; and puppy teeth, although needle-sharp, cannot really grind into a bone. He bit as hard as he could, but the result only amounted to a number of tiny breaks in Ranklin's skin and some considerable surprise.

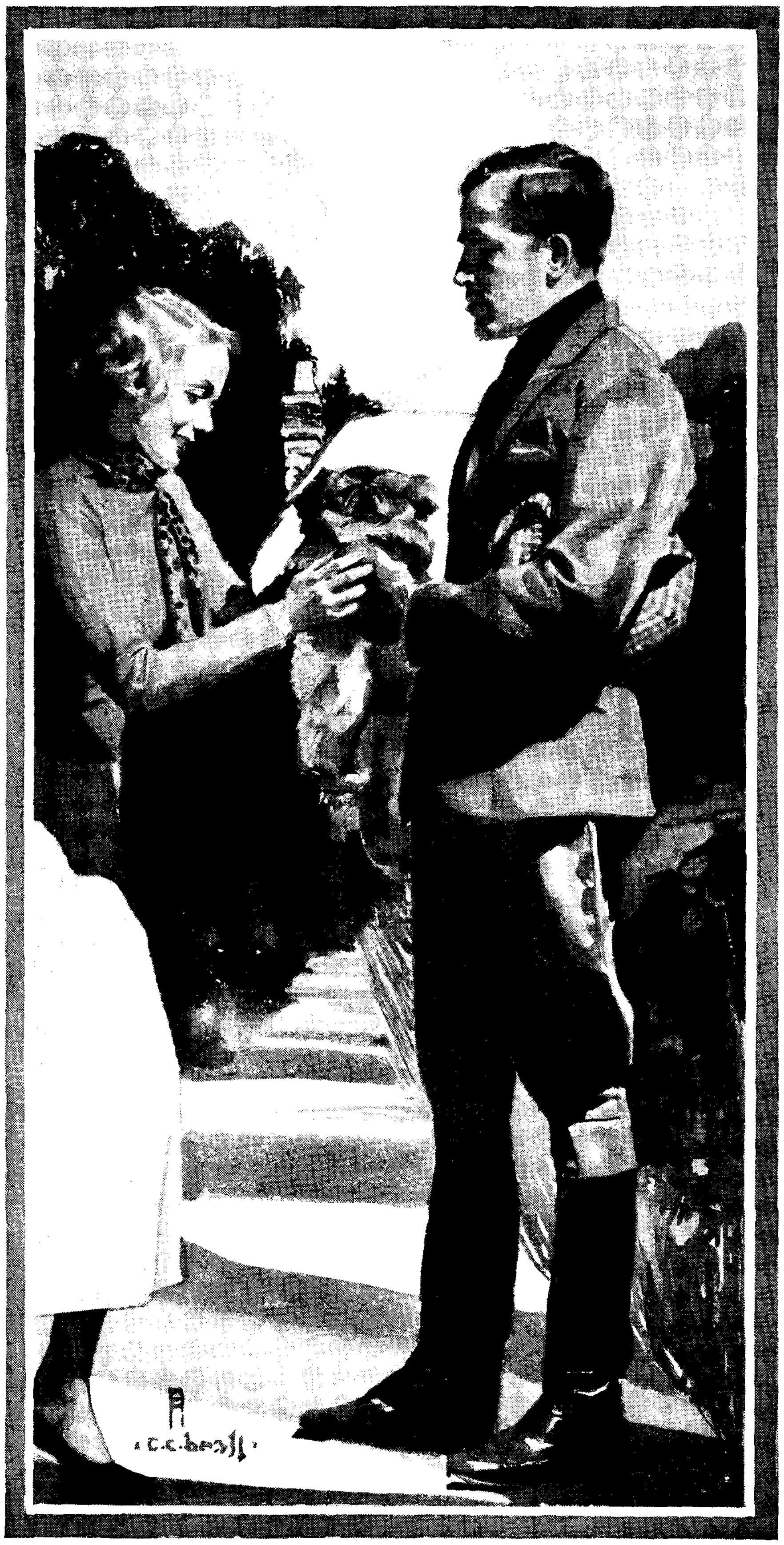
Ranklin whipped away his hand and raised it threateningly.

"Why, you little devil!" he shouted; and then Tong went for him.

No tiger could have had more lethal intentions, but the weights were unequal and he found himself caught up and held prisoner at arm's length. Ranklin laughed.

"You've got spirit, I will say. You're not afraid to come into the open like the other beggars in this part of the world. Here, shut up!"

For while he spoke Tong was gargling furious threats like a volcano which is about to erupt.



Without waiting for explanation, she snatched Tong from his arms

One of Ranklin's better qualities was his respect for courage. He had a reputation for bullying the weak but men who had stood up to him in the East had never been made to suffer for their temerity. The small tabloid of fury which he held made a swift and startling appeal to his admiration.

"Here, here, here! That's enough!" he protested. "I was a bit tight and didn't look where I was going." And drawing Tong into the crook of his arm, he pushed open the front door and entered the hall.

YOUR honest Peke is never one to bear malice, and is always ready to accept an apology. That the apology was clumsy in phrase and tone did not matter. Tong was aware that he suffered from a nasty temper. His owner and mistress, Diana Carne, had reproached him about this failing, telling him that he must, really must learn to control himself and not go off into shrieking rages just because her old housekeeper nurse did not approve of him pulling to pieces a newly laid fire to get himself a piece of stick to kill under the sofa.

To these admonitions Tong gave an attentive ear. He knew that neither Rome nor good manners are built in a day, and that snarlings and snappings are not the best foundation for friendship; and since to be possessed of real friends (not many—one or two would be plenty) was the highest aim of his small life, he accepted Ranklin's apology in the spirit in which it had been offered and, instead of biting the hand, which was making a second excursion towards the silver disk on his collar, he put his mouth over the fingers and embraced them in a yawn.

Ranklin turned the disk towards him and read.

"Humph! So you're Tong?" and since it is always agreeable to be addressed by one's proper name and not referred to as a little devil, Tong assented with a cheerful:

"Yep-yep!"

Ranklin had another look at the disk. He read, "Carne. Down-Under. Dulverton."

It took him a few seconds to recall the house and its owner. Diana Carne, like himself, was new to the neighborhood. He had overheard talk about her in the hotel bar. Her father had done away with himself following a crash on the Stock Exchange. The girl had been what the newspapers call "one of Mayfair's lovelies." With what was salvaged from the wreck she had bought a five-room cottage near Hele Bridge.

RANKLIN recalled a lithe stripling body in a linen jacket and jodhpurs, riding an Exmoor pony worth about a fiver, and the same body in a pullover and khaki shorts splashing through the Barle in an otter hunt. He could not remember much else about her but straight hair the color of corn. He did not know that she was living on less money than she used to spend on finger waves for that crop of straight hair. But he did know that something favorable was always spoken of the girl when her name cropped up among the locals.

Ranklin sat Tong down on the hall chair and rubbed his face with both hands. The high thin orchestra of drink rang in his ears. Then he looked at Tong and Tong, with head on one side, looked back.

"I'll be damned if I'm going all that way with you tonight," he said. "How did you come to lose yourself, little ass?"

For answer Tong sprang to the floor and bounced up and down like a rubber ball.

"I see. Just messing about. Now where are you off to?"

For Tong, scenting food, had headed off down the passage towards the kitchen.

The kitchen lights were out but there was a glow from the fire. Tong went

(Continued on page 32)

Lucky Night

Jerry Carroll changes his luck with a girl—a story which moves as slowly as a streamlined train behind schedule

By Oliver Claxton

JERRY CARROLL rolled two—snake eyes—and he was down to his last fifty cents. He threw it on the carpet and handed the dice to the girl across from him.

"You roll them for me," he said. "I can't seem to make them work."

She tossed seven and ran the bet to a dollar and then tossed another seven and it was two dollars.

"You're wonderful," he said. "Do it again. I dare you."

She rolled eleven and the Carroll capital was four dollars, or one more than he had when he started. It represented his entire wealth. Hard times had been very hard indeed for Jerry Carroll.

The crap game had been started by his Aunt Mabel's guests after dinner. It had just sprung up and Jerry had gone into it because he didn't see how he could stay out. He had consoled himself with the old adage about it being as good to be broke as the way he was.

He crowded his luck and left the four dollars.

"Once more," he said to the girl. She threw five and one and then four and two.

"I like this—let the eight increase and multiply."

The girl rolled eleven and while Jerry was debating with himself whether or not to run the sixteen dollars, Aunt Mabel broke up the game.

"That will do," she said. "I don't like gambling in my house, and particularly gambling for high stakes. This had better stop."

"But," Jerry expostulated, "don't say that. Here I am with the right dice and the right girl, going places fast and you want to break it up. It's cruel."

Aunt Mabel fixed a beady eye on him and he said no more. He couldn't. After his wealth had slipped away and his job had been dissolved he had descended on Aunt Mabel for food and shelter and a touch. She had loaned him five hundred dollars for carfare to look for another job, buy cigarettes and generally keep going.

His three dollars was all that remained in tangible evidence. There was also a five-thousand-dollar gambling bill. He had run this up on the basis of having five hundred dollars cash. The proprietor of the house, one Dusty Carmack, had always known Jerry as a young fellow around with a lot of money and the debt came as quite a shock to him. He was resolved in future to keep closer watch on the financial status of his patrons.

Living with Aunt Mabel was turning Jerry into an ascetic. The night spots knew him no more, nor did his voice ring out in careless song over the better bars. Lack of money slowed him down almost as much as his aunt's constant stream of admonition telling him to watch his step. Jerry didn't want to bite the hand that fed him.

Now he had sixteen dollars. He turned to the girl.

"You ought to go into the business," he told her.

She said, "The Mandels never throw craps. It's a gift. You had better look out for all that money. My dear old grandmother always claimed that gambling money is not happy money."

"Thanks for the warning," he answered. "If you hadn't told me I might have filed it away in a sock. Come along and help me to get rid of it. It's early—only ten o'clock."

"Grand," she said. "I love to spend the wages of sin."

Jerry looked at her. Where had she been until that night? She was just what he would have ordered, only he would have put the order in sooner.

HER name was Alice Mandel. She was brunette with brown eyes that had the depth and shadow he had always hoped to find. Now he'd found it.

"Here," he thought, "is just the girl, and I've got sixteen dollars and my soul would be better for a spree. It's parched."

They promised Aunt Mabel to make it an early evening and went out to Alice's car. When they got in she said:

"And where to?"

"Wherever sixteen dollars will do the most good. It's all I have—there isn't any more."

She raised her hand and ticked off possible places on her fingers.

"There's the Casino de Paris—out. There's the Chez Margot and the Château Diable and the Smoke Shop and so on and so forth and none of them will give that sixteen dollars a fair fight. It would be over with almost at the door."

"You're right," Jerry said. "It's too puny to take on places like those. Think again."

She smiled. "I've got it. The Play Place out on Long Island. It may not be exclusive but it has its attractions. You'll get more noise for the money there than any place."

"That's it. Give me noise and lots of it. I want big bangs and booms. I haven't heard any for months."

During the half-hour ride he told her of his descent to the sixteen dollars. He also told her the evening was a big one.

"Don't you go buying kewpie dolls or anything like that. I won't have my fortune frivoled away. I haven't been stepping with a beautiful girl for a long time. I want to get the most there is."

THE Play Place was crowded. As they sat down to a table the master of ceremonies was making an announcement.

"Tonight's the big night, folks. We draw for that beautiful sedan you saw in the lobby when you came in. It has everything—knee action and cigarette lighters that light, internal combustion, external beauty; the springs have that wonder touch. You'll be proud to take your sweetheart, your wife or your mother out riding in it. The waiters will pass cards around to the tables. Keep yours. The drawing will be held in half an hour."

Jerry laughed. "I've taken chances on everything from ash trays to trips to Bermuda and I have never, never won one. Maybe I will tonight. Maybe you are bringing me luck."

Alice held out her hands with her fingers crossed. "Sure I will. I'm my family's lucky piece. Every morning before Father goes down to business he rubs my head and says 'Abracadabra.' It never fails to work. Watch me."

They received a card and wandered around the place to kill time before the drawing. While they were throwing darts at balloons they heard a great cheer from the restaurant and rushed over to it.

"Number 666 wins the sedan," the master of ceremonies was saying. "Is number 666 in the room? Step up please if you are."

Jerry looked at his card and tossed it to the ground.

"As usual," he said.

Alice looked at it and picked it up. "Can't you read?" she asked. "It's the winning number. You looked at it upside down. A bad habit."

THEY pushed up to the master of ceremonies and gave him the card. The proprietor of the place was standing alongside him. He said:

"Of course if you want the car it's yours to drive away. But if you don't want it we'll give you five hundred dollars cash."

"I'll take the cash," said Jerry. "And as many one-dollar bills as you can stick into the bundle. I want it to look big." He turned to Alice, his face glowing. "Oh boy, oh boy, we're hot tonight. We leave here and go to the Smoke Shop in town—the best there is. Nothing too good for my mascot. Feed her, wine her, keep her happy. Let's go."

"This sort of thing is good fun," said Alice. "Lead the way. I'll bet you could even beat a slot machine tonight."

"Nobody can beat a slot machine, but if you pulled the handle I'd take a chance. We'll try it on the way in. Press the luck is what I say."

They stopped in a roadside lunch parlor and dropped a nickel in the machine.

"Now pull the gadget," Jerry directed.

Alice pulled it, the machine whirred, clanked and stopped on a jack pot. Tokens spouted out.

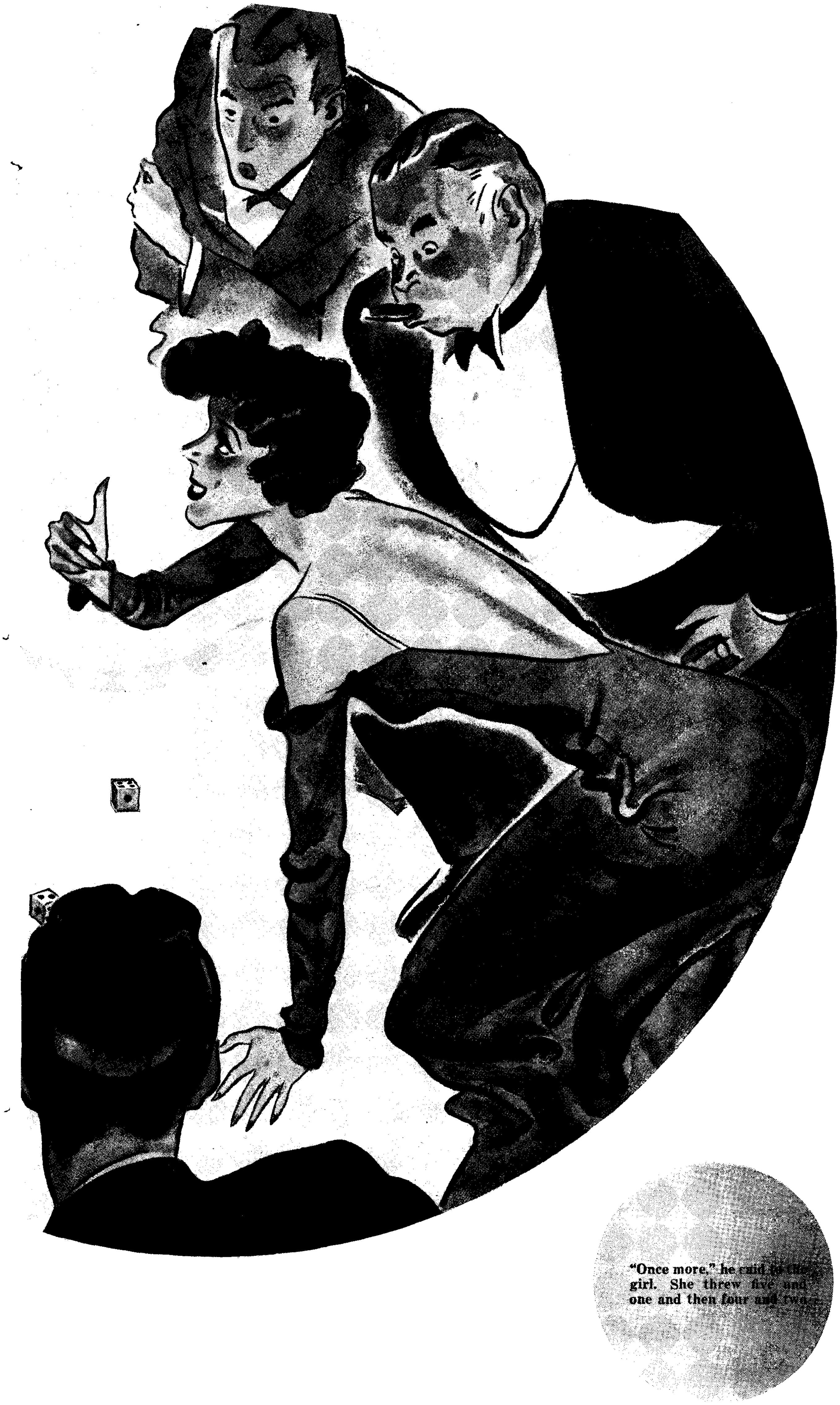
"As I live and breathe," she said, "the touch of the fairies, the pull of the pixies, the very breath of the Goddess Luck. We're a combination that can't be beat."

Jerry bowed and touched the hem of her dress.

"Mrs. Midas herself. Let's go into business together. Let's get on into town. I want a bottle of champagne."

He scooped up the tokens and handed them to the counterman.

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL OLIVER HURST



"Once more," he said to the girl. She threw five and one and then four and two.

"It's too easy," Jerry said. "They are yours, and good luck to you."

The man's eyes bulged out as he watched them march out of the place in lock step while Jerry chanted:

"Jack pot, jack pot."

When they got under way for town Jerry turned to the girl.

"Madame," he said. "I'm in love. You're it. I tag you. You're beautiful, you're lovely and your eyes are aces back to back. Your voice is the beautiful cry of eleven. Your lips are a royal straight flush. Your hair reminds me of the sun shining on a hundred-to-one shot as it gallops home. You have me revolving like a roulette wheel before it comes up double-zero. Wherever you are is the Rock Candy Mountains. The line of your chin is as graceful and satisfying as the curve of an economist plotting prosperity coming around the corner."

"Sir, but you are too kind," said Alice. "You mustn't think of me that way. I'm only human after all. Only yesterday I was short-changed after I had bought a lipstick. The day before I bid three no trump and was set six. Black cats cross my path. I probably have a run in my stocking now. The wave is probably gone from my hair."

JERRY leaned over, struck a match and inspected her legs.

"Wrong," he said. "The stockings are intact."

He examined her hair.

"The wave still waves."

She looked at him and laughed.

They had crossed the bridge and were waiting for a red light to let them cross Lexington Avenue. They heard three shots behind them and then a man with a revolver jumped on the running board of the car alongside Jerry. He reached across and pointed a gun at Alice.

"Step on it, sister," he commanded. She looked at him. The gun seemed very big.

"Get going," the man went on, "or you'll get hurt."

She threw the car into gear and sped away.

"Don't you get funny," the man said to Jerry; "if you do your girl friend will start eating bullets. This isn't a game. Faster, baby, faster."

Behind them they heard the siren of a squad car in pursuit. Alice was afraid to slow down and let the police catch up.

"We'd better cut another piece of that luck," Jerry said.

Finally they outdistanced the other car and the chase seemed to have ended.

"Okay," said the man. "Slow down. I'm jumping off."

WHEN the car had almost stopped he put one foot out to alight on the street. Jerry unlatched the door and kicked it open against his other leg on the running board. The man was thrown down hard on the pavement. His pistol clattered to the gutter. Jerry jumped out and on top of him.

"Get the gun," he called to Alice.

The man struggled, hit Jerry smartly on the chin and was nearly breaking free when Alice poked the gun into his ribs and said:

"You'd better stop wrestling or you'll go on that lead diet yourself."

He got to his feet and stood looking at her. Then he turned to Jerry.

"Smart, aren't you?" he said.

"Oh, I wouldn't say that. You compliment me. Call it luck rather than skill."

They made the man put his arms behind his back and then bound them with Jerry's belt. Then they put him in the car and drove him off to a police station and marched him into it.

Jerry said to the lieutenant at the desk:

"I think you want this man. Anyway, we don't."

(Continued on page 51)

The Captain Wants to Sleep

A dramatic and revealing chapter in the history of the sub-chasers, which never came to the attention of the officials at Washington

By Ray Millholland

CRAKE'S principal grouch sprouted from the news he picked up when he boarded the Splinter Fleet's mothership Leonidas anchored in American Bay behind Corfu. He was trying to get a requisition honored for high explosive shell and depth mine replacements and haul clear again for the Otranto Barrage. He was willing to hunt enemy submarines till the Adriatic froze over solid; but this chatter and gabble on the Leonidas' quarter-deck about the inspector Washington had sent out to examine into the fitness for command of the splinter boat commanding officers gave him a pain.

"Say, Crake." It was Wilkinson, operations officer of the Fleet, who caught his arm as Splinter Boat 3-T-7's skipper started down the companionway to the officers' country—he smelled chicken and dumplings being served for noon mess, and was grimly determined to wangle a place at the table. "Sorry," grinned Wilkinson, shaking his head. "I'll invite you, personally, next time you get in. All the extra places are already filled today. Lieutenant-Commander Borden has invited all Division Two commanders over for lunch."

"Running the eagle eye over 'em, eh?" Crake grunted sourly.

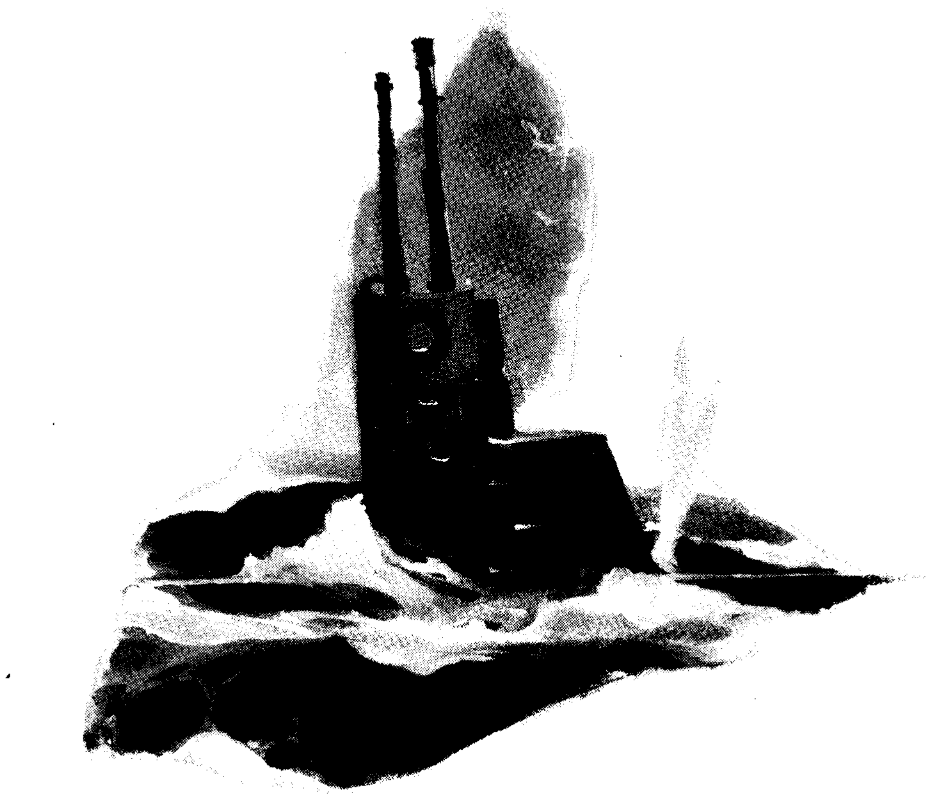
"Something like that," admitted Wilkinson, carefully neutral in his tone. "But what I wanted to see you about is this." He gave Crake a moment to turn his nose from the tempting odors creeping up the companionway before adding, "Borden insists on getting out on the barrage at once, which—ah—sort of elects you for special duty. Everybody else is squawking his engines are torn down and not fit for sea."

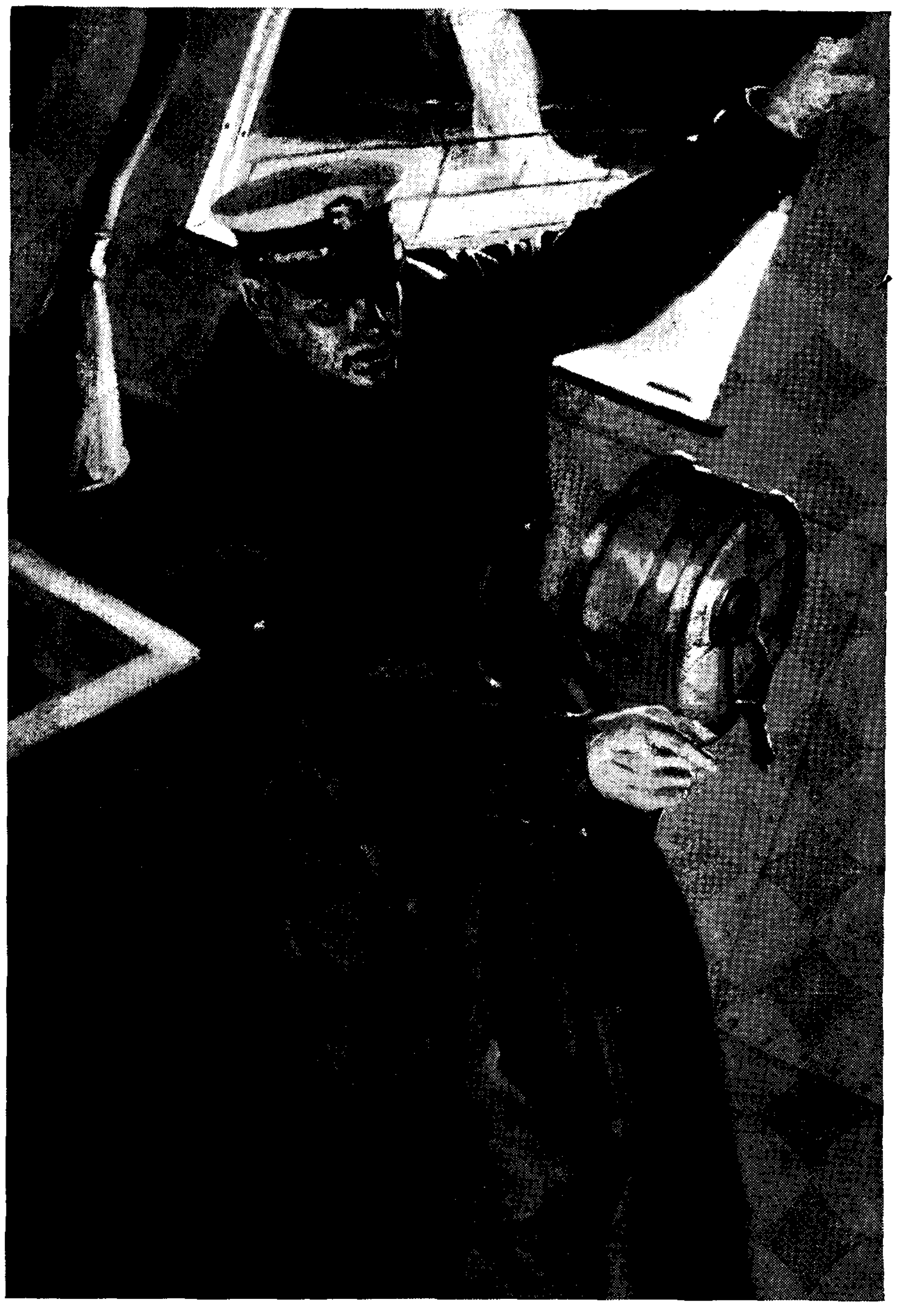
"So you pick on the guard boat," snapped Crake. He shrugged impatiently. "My crew has already stood a double tour of barrage duty—fourteen straight days because our relief caught fire on the way out and had to turn back. Then we draw first detail as guard boat after finally getting in. Don't you think that's laying it on a bit thick?"

"It is," admitted Wilkinson, candidly. "But, dammit, man, can't you see it as a compliment that your command is always ready for unusual emergencies?"

"All my men will be able to understand," objected Crake, "is that they are being deprived of four days' rest they're entitled to. And I feel like saying that a penalty is being placed on my crew's ability to keep the lousy old wreck running."

IT HADN'T done any good to argue with the Fleet operations officer. With sleep-tortured eyes that felt as if a cup and saucer had been pounded up and wedged under his flaming eyelids, Crake sent his submarine chaser through the mine-net gate, outward bound for the Adriatic after just six hours in port. And standing at his elbow was Lieutenant-Commander Borden, who was going to report on his fitness to command a cross between an insane naval architect's nightmare and a carpenter's misalliance with the chaste art of shipbuilding.





"Take command of the gun," Crake snapped. "Smash that sub quick"

Borden had been a senior classman at the Academy the year Crake entered. The plebe of five years ago still remembered the corrosive sarcasm he had endured then from the man at his elbow. It made his flesh crawl to watch Borden's contemptuous eyes sweeping the forward deck where the gun crew sprawled asleep in soiled dungarees around the three-inch gun which was supposed to be useful against both surface craft and airplanes—and was seldom effective against either.

Crake stared ahead at the scuds of rain blurring Fano Island.

"We'll be in dirty weather before long," he announced. "You'll find oilskins and some old clothes below in my quarters if you care to save that nice clean uniform."

But the staff officer from Washington remained officially deaf. He was taking special and uncomplimentary notice of the towing hawser flemished down in a double figure-eight and concealing the air-recognition device painted on the forecastle deck. And the patches of rust on the gun mount seemed to give him an unholy pleasure when he noticed them.

Crake accepted the chilling silence with which his decent suggestion was received and gave his attention to checking Splinter Boat 3-T-7's course through the tortuous channel weaving in and out among the mined areas.

"Your crew," remarked Lieutenant-Commander Borden in a tone that dragged across Crake's raw nerves like a nicked razor, "appears to be recovering from slightly excessive indulgence ashore. Is this the ordinary thing with them, Mister?"

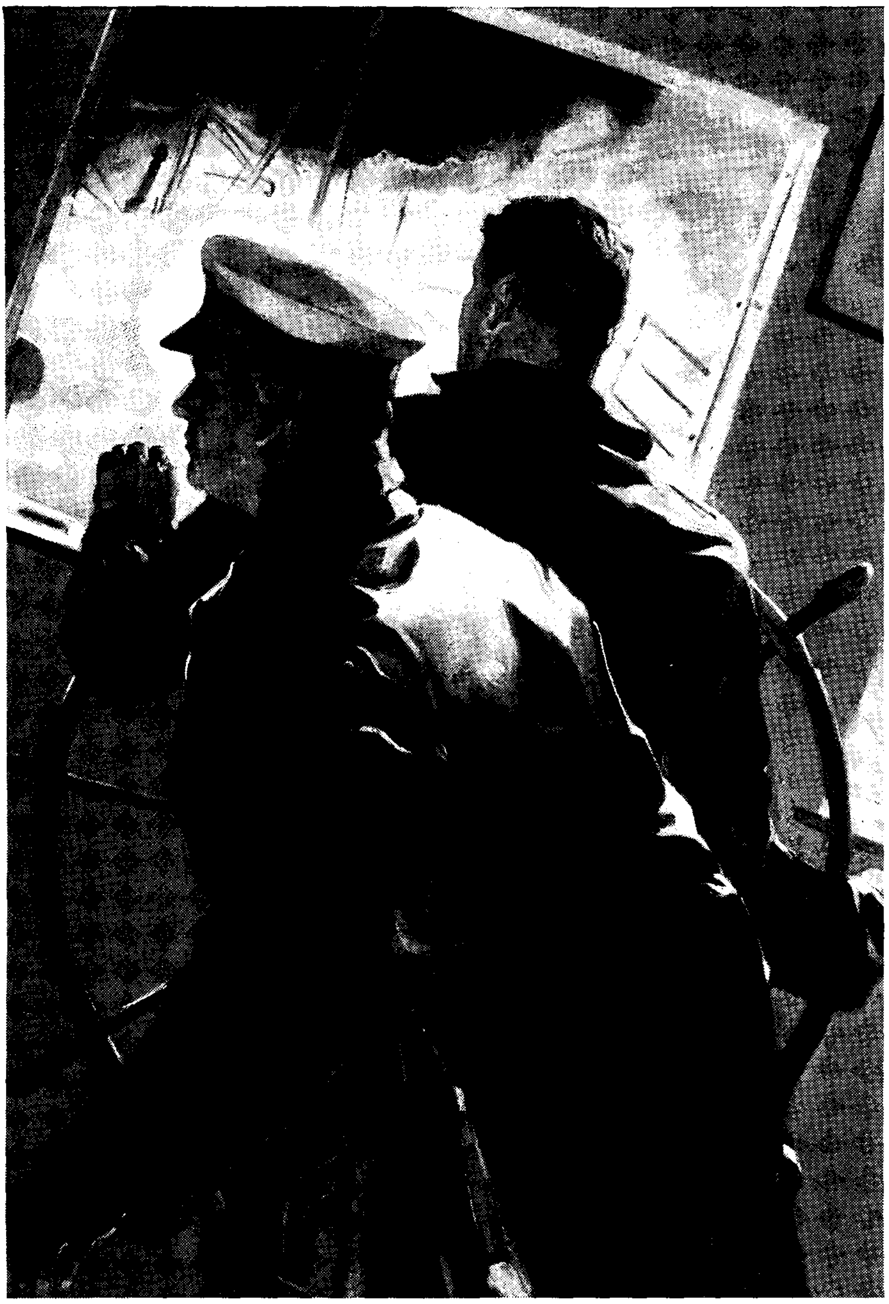
"No, sir." Crake marveled at the restraint he was able to muster. "We came in from a double tour of barrage duty this morning. Shipped water, fuel, and ammunition and shoved off again. This is the first chance they've had to sleep in forty-eight hours."

He could tell by Borden's slightly drooping right eyelid that the inspecting officer did not accept the explanation. And the way the man's eyes continued to pry questioningly into the details of his command raised a flush above the collar of Crake's dingy uniform. He clamped his lips, determined not to speak again unless Borden addressed another question to him.

SILENCE just then was what the inspector royally preferred, apparently, for he finished his cool study of 3-T-7's untidy forecastle and then turned to look aft over the engine-room trunk. At that moment, the engine-room hatch sprang back, and Chief Machinist Jordan climbed out with one of his engine drivers hung limp over his shoulder.

"What's that?" demanded Borden sharply. "An accident below, d'you suppose?"

Crake looked up from his chart and watched his chief engineer lay his man out on deck, pump his arms a few times, and then wedge the limp shoulders securely between a towing bitt and the aft magazine hatch combing.



ILLUSTRATED BY J. W. SCHLAIKJER

"Nothing very serious," he said as Jordan started to return to his station in the engine room. "That's Swenson, knocked out by the gas in the engine room. It's pretty thick down there. My chief wanted to replace worn piston rings this time in, but there wasn't time."

He restrained a savage impulse to add that the old rings in the engines were worn so badly that a constant billow of burned gases blew down past the big gasoline motor pistons and filled the engine room with a gagging cloud of smoke; and that the trouble would have been corrected this time in port save for this extra run the 3-T-7 was making. But he left that to Borden's imagination to supply. And while he was at it, he hoped Borden could realize that all this confounded inconvenience and downright misery was caused by the fact that he insisted on being taken out on the Otranto Barrage without waiting for the regular relief.

The first gust of rain into which the 3-T-7 plunged shortly after that sent Lieutenant-Commander Borden below to shift into one of Crake's old uniforms and hunt up the proffered oilskins. When he came back on deck, the splinter boat was rounding Fano Island and plunging into a savage cross sea.

"Two destroyers off the port bow, sir!" came the warning down from the crow's-nest.

Crake coolly plucked his personal pair of binoculars from under Borden's reaching hand and offered another pair from the box beside the binnacle. He swung his on the dancing shapes to windward.

"We'll start zigzagging," he said over his shoulder to the helmsman. "Those two British destroyers out there are liable to toss a shell or two our way just for practice."

"Nonsense!" came the skeptical grunt from Borden's lips. Then he added, "British, all right. I can read their flag hoist plainly. They've seen ours without question—"

The roar of a shell passing over drowned the rest of his comment. It struck three hundred yards astern and flung up a spout which the gale tore to shreds.

"Evidently he doesn't believe in signs," remarked Crake. "Hunh! He's thrown another one. That's Bollingbroke on the Fury, damn his eyes. Trying to get even with me for teaching him poker, I'll bet."

THE second shell spout fell dangerously near. In fact, 3-T-7 shipped a good share of it over her bows.

"Ahoy, the bridge!" called out the radio watch from below.

Crake leaned down and raised the grating under the chart table. "Let's have it, Dawson."

"Call from the Fury, sir. Says they mistook us for a sub, we ride so low in the water. Her C. O. offers his apologies and promises not to fire any more."

"Acknowledge," said Crake. "Tell him his apologies are unacceptable. He will have to make them in person across a poker table immediately after next payday. I'll teach that limejuice bum to pot at me. . . . Leave that out, Dawson. Just acknowledge and say he missed us again—as usual. Get that 'as usual' in." Crake straightened up from stooping over the grating, stifling a yawn. "Ar-ugh! Well, he waked us up. That's something."

"You talk like this were the regular thing, Crake," Borden remarked, not too composedly. "D'you mean to say this British destroyer out there has made such a mistake before?"

Crake shrugged. He gave the two destroyers, now steaming back to their regular patrol station, a last look through his binoculars and dropped them back in their box.

"Oh, that's just the usual salutation a single splinter boat gets running through this area. This is the bottle-neck through which all the enemy subs have to pass to get away from their bases at Cattaro or Pola and on down into the Mediterranean. Everybody shoots first—plenty of time while getting in a couple of ranging shots to make certain of identification, you know."

The gale, which had been boring down from the Alps and whipping the Adriatic into a nasty chop, suddenly blew itself out. Under the steady beat of the cold rain, the sea flattened to an easier swell. Splinter Boat 3-T-7 ceased zigzagging and straightened out for the invisible headlands of Cape Santa Maria di Leuca on the boot heel of Italy, across the Strait of Otranto.

SMOKE began rolling from the galley aft. In a little while the colored mess boy came forward to the charthouse bearing a mess tray for the two officers. Crake ate his cold tinned beef and slippery mess of boiled onions mechanically, serenely oblivious to the fact that Borden neglected his plate and confined himself to sipping unsweetened black coffee and munching on a hard ships' biscuit.

"No, thanks," said Borden, pushing aside his untouched plate. "Not very hungry tonight. I had rather a heavy lunch aboard the Leonidas."

"You had chicken and dumplings," Crake tossed back. "I smelled it passing through the officers' country." He reached over and pulled Benson's untouched plate to himself and thrust his fork into the cold beef. "Was too busy loading depth mines to stop for lunch. If you don't mind, I'll clean this up."

"Oh, not at all," Borden replied. He reached up to turn on an electric light, saying, "It's getting dark—"

"That light doesn't turn on," remarked Crake as he speared a piece of beef. "I had the chief engineer disconnect the wires. Had one sub slap a tin eel at us when it was accidentally turned while we were out here on the barrage." He lifted one eyebrow, scarcely visible to his companion in the gathering gloom. "The moon will be breaking through the clouds shortly. We can expect some excitement. The subs will make a run for it, with a flight of bombers coming down to divert our attention while they're at it."

ALTERNATELY racing across the barrage and stopping for fifteen-minute intervals so that the noise of her motors would not confuse Division Two then on the barrage and listening for submarines, Splinter Boat 3-T-7 reached her patrol station at the edge of the mine field off Maria di Leuca. Silver-plated with moonlight, the slim wooden hull of the American submarine chaser looked less sea-worn and bedraggled.

"Your crew certainly seem to know their stations and duties," Borden grudgingly admitted after observing the silent dispatch with which various submarine listening devices were rigged.

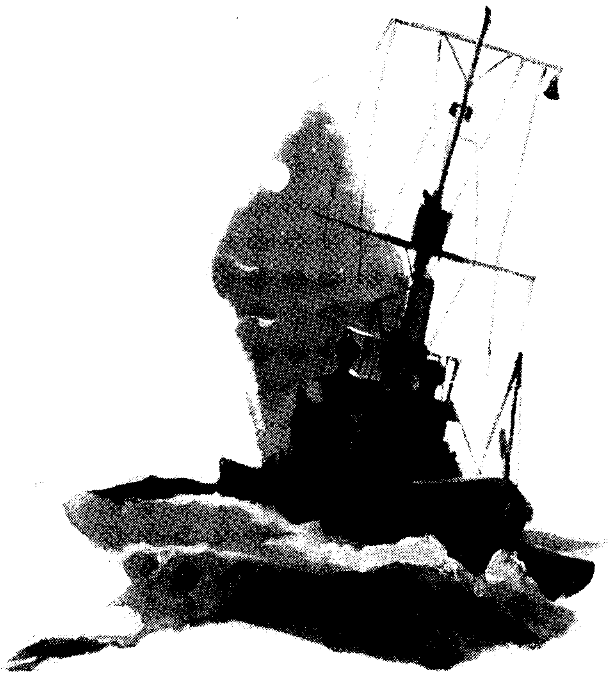
"I'm a little dubious about using the M-B device tonight," Crake volunteered. "But I'm launching it anyway. Thought you might be interested in seeing how it operates." He flipped open the galvanometer case and turned on a masked light to illuminate the dial. "This registers the electrical impulses of the three microphones on that triangular frame you saw launched with a buoy just now," he explained to Borden. "Any sound coming through the water, such as a submarine makes under way, produces a fluctuation of this needle. By turning this small switch, marked A, B, and C, we observe which microphone shows the highest reading—"

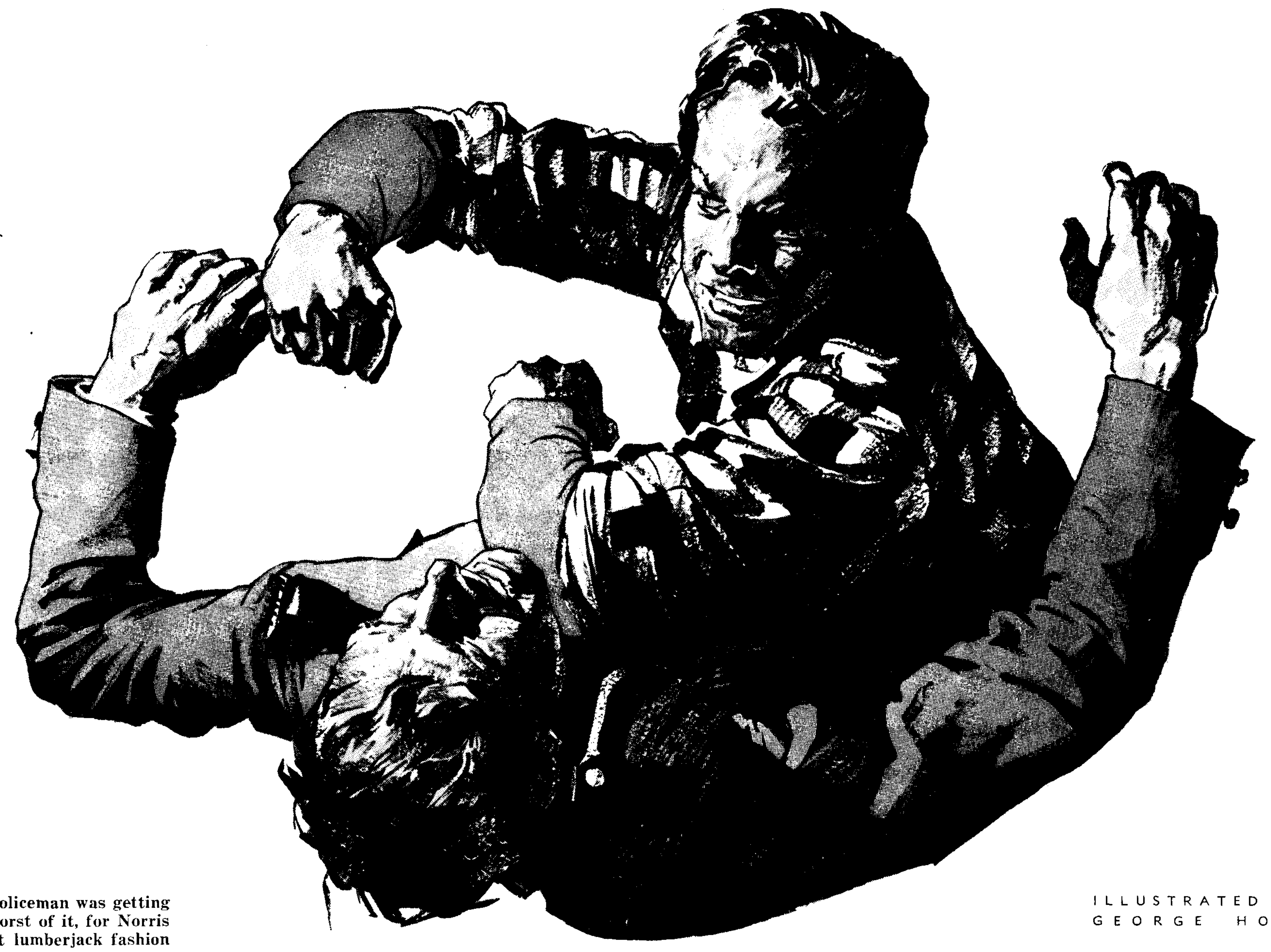
"Why, it's moving now. Look at the needle tremble!" exclaimed Borden. "Could that be from a—"

"Stand by to get under way!" Crake called out to his crew. "Sorry," he said brusquely to Borden. "I'll have to get back into the charthouse. They're going to make a run for it. A sub is headed in right now. You can stay and see how the men bring the M-B device aboard. . . . Lively with it, men!"

"Mark! Mark! Mark!" chanted the listener on the S-C tube listening device down in the forward magazine.

(Continued on page 53)





The policeman was getting the worst of it, for Norris fought lumberjack fashion

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE HOWE

Get Your Man

A Short Short Story Complete on this Page

By Sewell Peaslee Wright

THE yellow flame of the lamp flared smokily, filling the little, low-ceilinged room with the reek of burned kerosene. One side of the chimney was completely blackened. From the other side came the uncertain yellow light by which Constable Orley, R. C. M. P., was writing his report.

Despite the closeness of the room and the nature of his work, he still wore his tight-fitting scarlet tunic, although he had removed his holster belt, to free himself of the sagging weight of the gun. In a frost-scarred left hand he held a cigarette which sent up swiftly coiling ribbons of blue smoke.

He dropped his pencil and put the cigarette between his blackened lips. With weary, lusterless eyes he read the last two paragraphs he had written:

"That he pleads mitigating circumstances is something, of course, for others to judge. The evidence will show, beyond doubt, that Norris offered provocation and resistance. It is true, however, that the high personal feeling between the two men warped the constable's judgment, and caused him to shoot when his own life was not obviously in jeopardy.

"The fact that the killing was done by a member of the Force has made this a peculiarly difficult assignment."

Constable Orley nodded in confirmation of his own words, and filled his lungs with the grateful smoke of the cigarette. From the next room came the muffled sound of leisurely voices; Rich- .on, Factor of the post, and his wife were talking things over as they prepared for bed. The policeman exhaled the cigarette smoke in a long sigh.

Odd, what a fool a woman can make of a man. Or was it, after a man had been in the bush for months, listening to the wind and the howling of wolves night after night until he began carrying on driveling, pointless, interminable conversations with himself? A man so lonely he had learned to talk to himself—especially if he were a young man—would be an easy victim for a woman like Leona Grant.

NOT that Leona was a bad woman. Constable Orley did not believe that. She was pretty, and vain, and selfish, and she had a slim, curving body which made men's fingers itch. Particularly the fingers of men whose work-toughened, frost-bitten hands had not caressed smooth warm flesh in months and years.

No, it wasn't hard to understand how the girl had made a fool of the man—or how he had made a fool of himself. She was an attractive bit of femininity, and he was a man in uniform; the rather glamorous uniform of the Mounted. Neither of them had given very serious thought to the fact that the girl was pledged to marry another man.

But the man she was to marry had apparently given it considerable thought. Norris, his name was; a rawboned, redheaded mill hand, with a reputation as a rough-and-tumble fighter.

Drinking, either to drown his sorrow or to float his courage to higher levels, Norris had become troublesome. He had talked loudly, broken a window in the hotel, and knocked out two men who had tried to restrain him. Then someone had called his rival.

Leona had pleaded with the policeman not to go.

"He's awful when he's drunk, Eddie, and besides, he hates you. He'll probably do something terrible. If they'd just leave him alone he'd go somewhere and sleep it off. Please don't go!"

But the policeman had gone. There had been a scene, and a fight. Apparently, Leona had followed, because the policeman had seen her there, watching the fight. And the policeman had been getting the worst of it, for Norris had fought lumberjack fashion.

It had been just a little more than the man had been able to stand: to be beaten by a rival, with the girl looking on. So the man had torn himself from Norris' grasp and pulled his gun. Norris had spat at his feet and cursed him, and come boring in with his two huge fists.

The policeman had fired, and Norris had gone down kicking and clawing for an instant at the policeman's knees. Just for an instant. The Mounted trains its men well in the use of the service revolver.

And then . . . and then the poor fool had tried to run away! A policeman, a man who had been on scores of trails, who knew and believed in the invincible reputation of the Service, had run away. Run away from the law and the justice he had sworn to uphold.

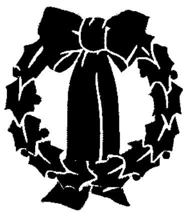
CONSTABLE ORLEY tossed the cigarette aside. He must finish the report. What he, personally, happened to think of the case was of very small importance. The simple facts were enough for the report.

Slowly, and very carefully, for his frost-bitten fingers were clumsy, he continued:

"However, the case may be considered closed. The man admits his guilt. He regrets, exceedingly, that he has soiled his uniform. He is willing to make full expiation."

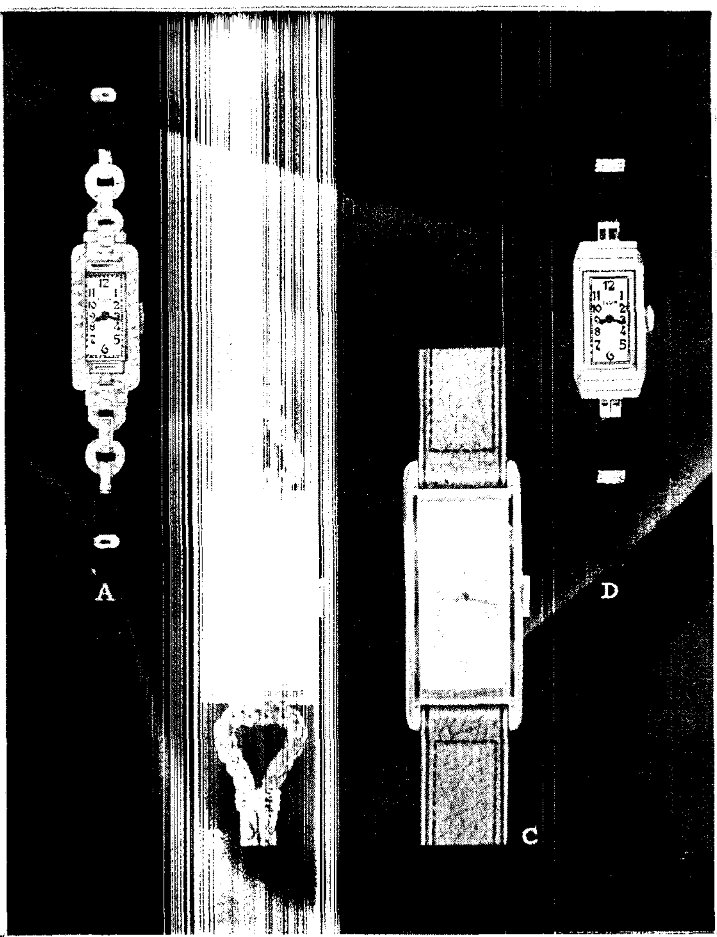
Underneath the words, he signed his name, Edward F. Orley. Then, very slowly, he drew the service revolver from its well-worn, shiny old holster. He paused, laid the gun on the table, and deliberately removed his scarlet tunic, with its golden ornaments and insignia. He folded it neatly and placed it beside his report.

It was part of a uniform he had worn for a long time. He loved it, respected it. There was no need of soiling it further.



Christmas

. . . . and that thrilling moment of gift giving . . .



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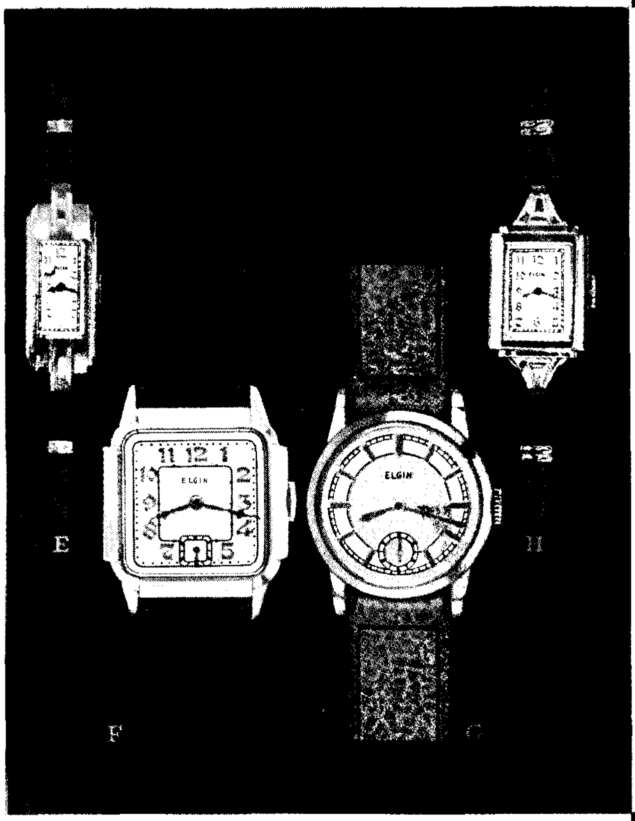

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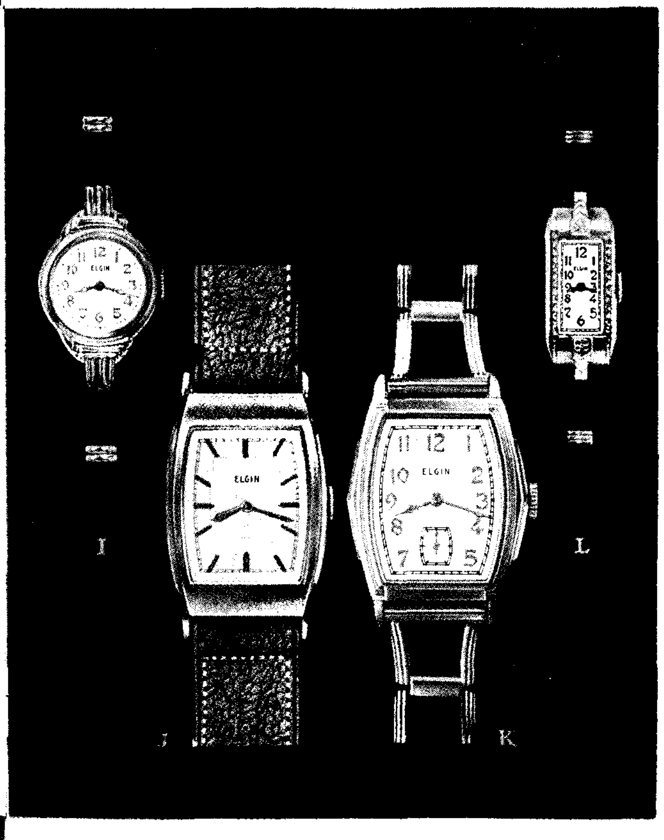


A *17 jewel baguette in 10% Iridium platinum case with two baguette diamonds. Set with 70 diamonds. Cord attachment of black silk. Beautifully inlaid dial. Model 3614. Price $350.00*

B *15 jewel movement in natural gold filled case. Leather thong. Raised figure dial. Model 1907. The price is $39.75*

C *17 jewel movement in 14 karat natural gold filled case. Raised figure dial. No. 1925. Attractively priced at $47.50*

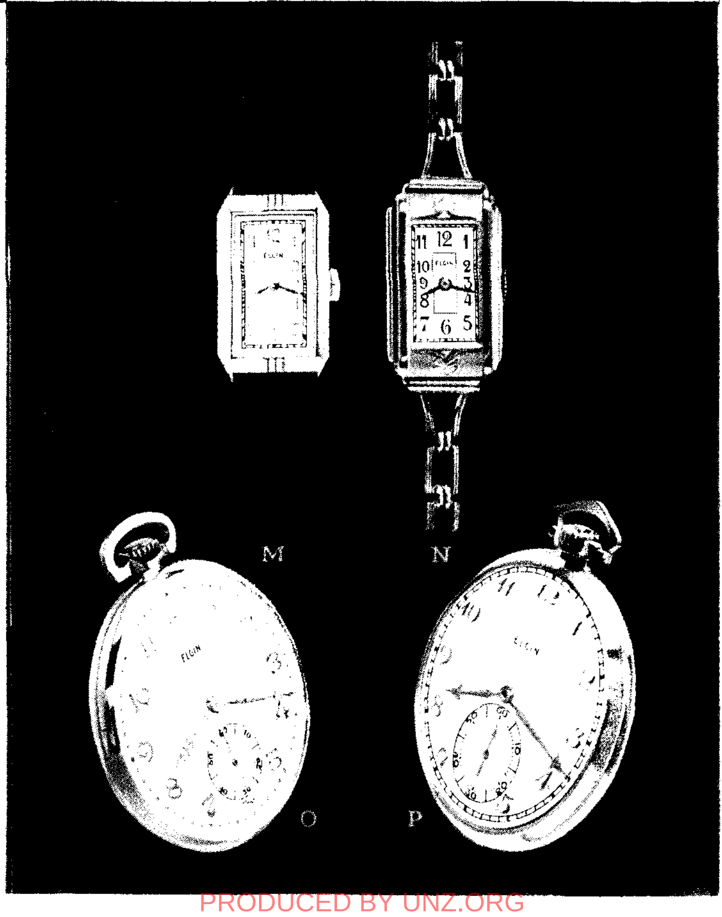
D *Smart baguette with 17 jewels in beautiful 14 karat gold filled case. Black silk cord attachment. Inlaid dial. Model 2691 (natural), 2690 (white). The attractive price is $45.00*

E *Beautiful 17 jewel baguette in exquisitely wrought 14 karat solid gold case. Cord attachment of black silk. Raised figure dial. Model 2630 (natural), 2616 (white). The price is $55.00*

F *Sturdy strap model in handsome "Veritas" non-magnetic stainless steel case. Embossed dial. Model 1478. Price $19.00. With metal band, Model 1482. Priced attractively at $21.50*

G *Handsome strap model in attractive natural gold filled case. Embossed dial. Model 1464. The price is $24.75*

H *15 jewel semi-baguette in gold filled case. Black silk cord. No. 2061 (natural), 2060 (white). Priced at $37.50*



I *Semi-baguette with 17 jewel movement in smartly styled 14 karat gold filled case. Black silk cord attachment. Raised figure dial. Model 2041 (natural), 2040 (white). Price $47.50*

J *17 jewel movement in handsome 14 karat natural solid gold case. Distinctive moire raised figure dial. Comes in an attractive presentation box. Model 1245. The price is $100.00*

K *17 jewel movement in sturdy natural rolled gold plate case with stainless steel back. The band is gold filled. Handsome embossed dial. Model 1444. Priced at $32.50*

L *Dainty baguette in gold filled case. Black silk cord attachment. Model 2620 (natural), 2619 (white). Priced at $35.00. Also comes with smart gold filled band, priced at $37.50*

M *Model 1244 in handsome "Veritas" non-magnetic stainless steel case. Embossed dial. Priced attractively at $22.50*

N *No. 1207 (natural), 1205 (white) in gold filled case. With attractive gold filled band. Priced at $27.50*

O *19 jewel movement with 8 adjustments, 5 to position. 14 karat natural solid gold case. Embossed dial. Model 558. Priced at $100.00. With 21 jewels, model 559. Price $110.00*

P *17 jewel adjusted movement in gold filled case. Embossed dial. No. 551 (natural), 550 (white). Priced at $35.00*

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Merry Christmas!

FOR A PERFECT EGG-NOG

Beat separately the yolks and whites of 6 fresh eggs. Add ½ cup of sugar to the yolks while beating, and ¼ cup of sugar to the whites after they have been beaten very stiff. Mix the egg whites with the yolks. Stir in 1 pint of rich cream and 1 pint of milk. Then add 1 pint of Four Roses Whiskey and 1 ounce of Jamaica Rum. Stir thoroughly, and serve very cold with grated nutmeg on each glass. (This recipe makes 5 pints of Egg-nog.)

LAST year, thousands of people told us our Egg-nog recipe made the finest bowl of Merry Christmas they ever tasted.

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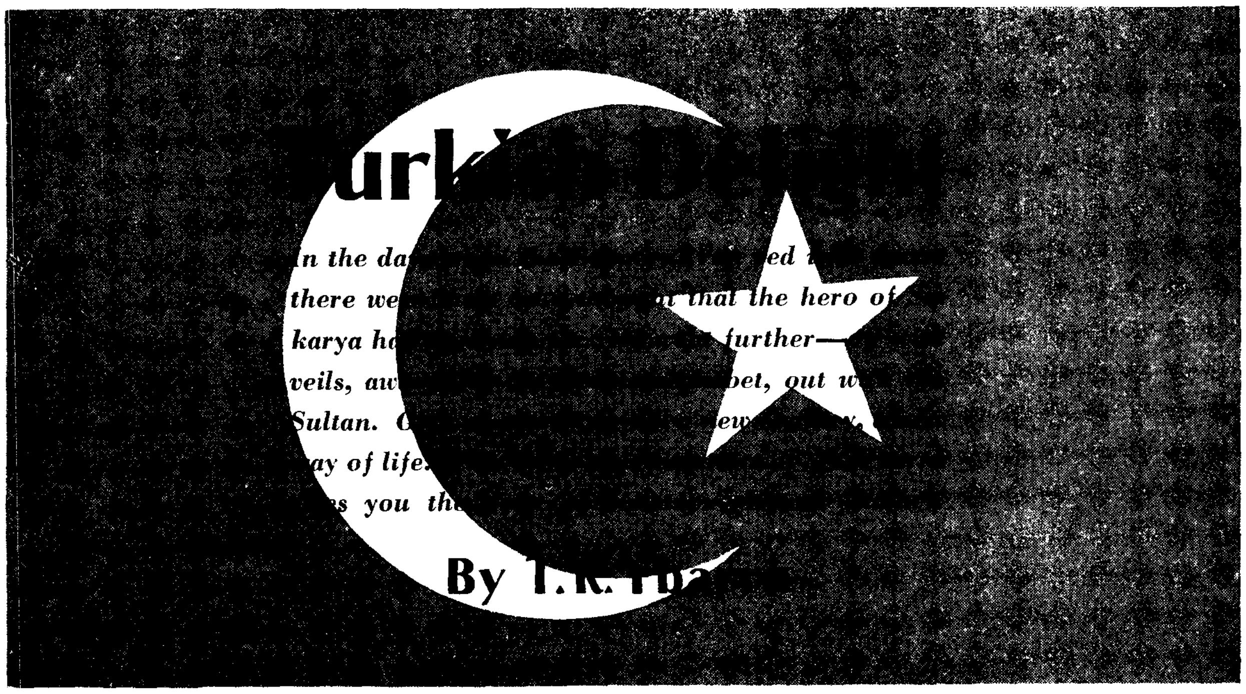
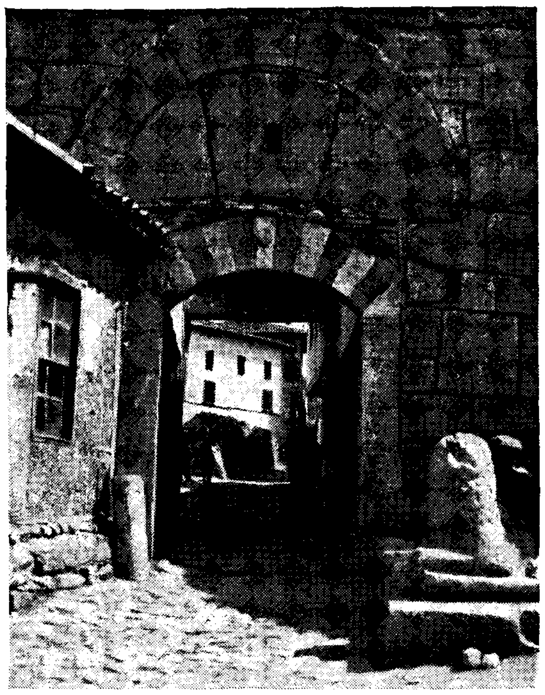



R. I. NESMITH

ACME

ACME

The Kemal influence in modernizing Turkey. A new school building in Ankara, the capital, and (upper right) a corner of old Ankara

Kemal Ataturk is the savior, dictator and national hero of Turkey

IT IS two o'clock in the morning, on the twenty-first of August, 1921. For two weeks, on the banks of the Sakarya river, in Turkish Asia Minor, shells have been screaming through the air, bursting with infernal uproar, blowing to pieces barbed wire and trenches and men. For two weeks Turkish and Greek soldiers have been firing bullets into each other, or lunging at each other with bayonets, or clawing at each others' throats in a veritable insanity of hate.

The Turks, swept to defeat three years before in the World War, along with their German friends, are fighting desperately to keep their country from dismemberment at the hands of the victorious Allies. The Greeks, chosen by the victors as their instrument for conquering Turkey, are battling in the expectation of a goodly slice of Turkish territory for themselves.

Turks and Greeks have fought to the last notch of endurance. Human nerves can stand no more. Something, somewhere, must give way.

At Turkish headquarters, the commander of the Turkish army sits, gray and exhausted. Around him are grouped the officers of his staff. On more than one face is the premonition of disaster. Must Asiatic Ankara, a few miles in the rear, chosen by those who dream of a regenerated Turkey as its capital in place of European Constantinople, be surrendered to the oncoming Greeks?

Suddenly the telephone rings. The commander answers.

As he listens, his eyes snap. He dashes aside the receiver. To him has come one of those rare moments when a man, by a lightning flash of decision, can snatch his name, for all time, from oblivion.

"Throw in the reserves!" he shouts. "The Greeks are spent—their attack is weakening! The reserves!—quick!—every regiment!—every company!—every single man!—throw them in!"

And leaping to his feet, he rushes out of the room—and into history.

The Turkish troops surge forward; close behind them, stagger the Turkish peasant women who, through weary weeks, have been carrying heavy shells, on their backs, right up to the firing line.

Everywhere the Greeks give way. They are hurled from position after position. The great battle of the Sakarya has been lost and won. The people of Ankara, who, for two weeks, have been trembling to the roar of the cannon, now laugh and weep in a delirium of thanksgiving.

But the Turks are too worn for pursuit. In the very moment of victory, they drop to the ground; while the guns are still roaring, they fall into deep sleep.

Indeed, such is their fatigue that the Greeks, digging themselves in again, actually stay for a full year in their new lines—still a good two hundred miles from the shores of the Mediterranean Sea, where their invasion of Turkey started.

Turkey Holds Her Territory

Then the Turkish commander, gathering together every soldier who can be squeezed out of exhausted Turkey, prepares one final smashing blow. His order to his army has the true Napoleonic ring:

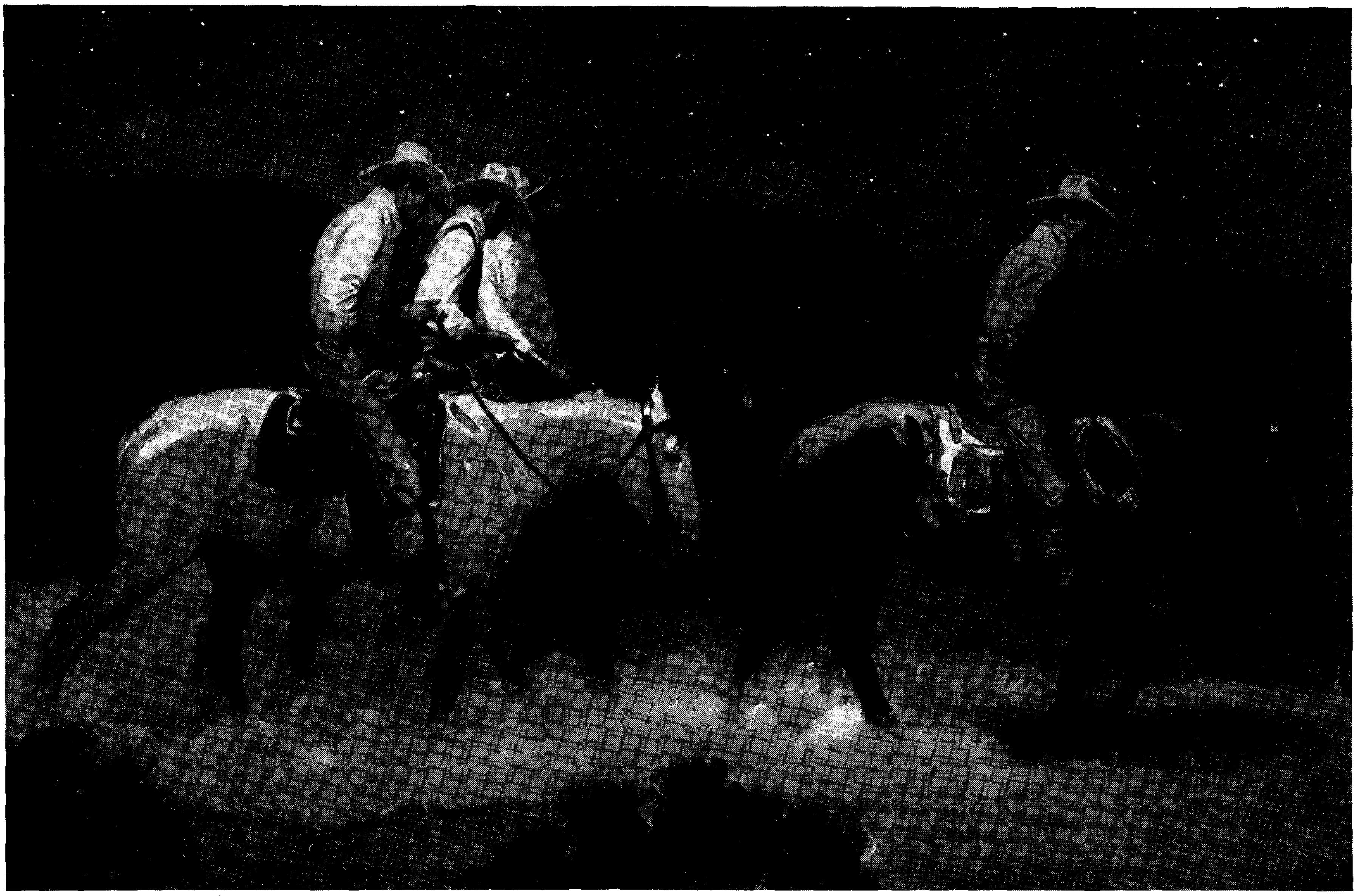
"Men! Your goal is the sea! Forward!"

In a whirlwind surprise attack the Greeks are swept back over that whole two hundred miles—swept literally into the Mediterranean. Turks and Greeks tumble pell-mell into the great seaport of Smyrna, in a welter of conflagration and massacre. In the harbor, the battleships of the Allies glower menacingly. But they do nothing. The Turkish commander has guessed right; though Britain is angry at Turkey's impudence, and Italy resentful, and France worried, none of them wants war.

A treaty is signed—at Lausanne, in Switzerland—the first freely-negotiated treaty between victors and vanquished of the World War. The great Allied powers give up their dreams of Turkish conquest. The famous "capitulations," those special juridical and commercial privileges enjoyed hitherto by foreigners in Turkey, are abolished. Turkey, apparently crushed beyond hope only three years before, emerges with practically all her Asiatic territories still in her possession—also Constantinople, in European Turkey, with a thin slice of European territory fringing it.

As a result of the battle of the Sakarya, and of the capture of Smyrna, David Lloyd George, who backed Greeks against Turks, was tumbled from the premiership of Britain. As a result of those same events, the man who, in 1921 and 1922, commanded Turks against Greeks—known then as plain Kemal Pasha—acquired the title of Ghazi, most coveted of all honors among Mohammedans, which means one who has vanquished non-Mohammedans in battle. Furthermore, he is now revered by millions of men, women and children

(Continued on page 64)



Surratt pushed ahead and thus, leading them, came into the Crow Track yard

Trail Smoke

By Ernest Haycox

ILLUSTRATED BY DAN SWEENEY

The Story Thus Far:

LES HEAD, son of Old Martin Head, a prominent cattleman, is assassinated near the little settlement of Morgantown. On the morning of the killing, Buck Surratt, a young cowpuncher, arrives. A stranger, he is suspect. Questioned, he says that he is looking for a job; and defies his inquisitors.

Impressed by the young fellow's independence, Sam Torveen, who owns a ranch near by, gives him a job. And within a short time, Surratt is aware that he is in peril. Torveen's men make it obvious that they dislike him. Old Martin Head, his son Bill, and other ranchers (who hate Torveen, because he is raising sheep instead of cattle) are, likewise, hostile to him.

From time to time, he encounters a girl who interests him deeply: Judith Cameron, Ab Cameron's daughter. But, learning that she believes him involved in Les Head's murder and that Sam Torveen is madly in love with her, he resolutely resists the temptation to see more of her. She learns that Surratt has possession of a woman's riding glove which he had found near the body of Les Head and which is of the same make and size as hers. She demands the glove. Surratt refuses to give it to her.

As Torveen's forces and Martin Head's prepare for war, Judith Cameron comes to Surratt and implores him to force Torveen to stop raising sheep. Surratt makes no promises. . . . Mystified by various developments, Surratt rides to Carson Ford, where he has a talk with Blackjack Smith, an old enemy with whom he has buried the hatchet. Blackjack advises him to leave the country. "Sam Torveen," he says, "can't stand against the cattlemen. In the end they'll get him—nd you!" Their talk ended, Surratt goes t. He leaves by the rear door, as a man Sam Torveen—comes in.

V

THE road through Cameron Valley passed within a stone's throw of Ab Cameron's house, paralleling the river. It was a well-worn road, the main artery into the hills. This way the Heads always traveled, riding up from the desert to their high ranch; the Peyrolles used it when coming out of their lower valley to Morgantown, via the bridge here and the trail over the ridge; and this way drifted many shadowy shapes bound for Carson's Ford and the Gray Bull pass and the lonely safety of the deep canyons yonder. Tonight the traffic on the road troubled Judith; many men were adrift, more frequently passing by, more hurried in their pace. She had lived her life here and knew the moods of the land better than her own moods. Intangible rumors flowed thickly in this night and the wind was telegraphing its messages from canyon and peak.

She looked at her mother, who sat so placidly by the table, engrossed in an endless knitting; and at her father seated at the other side of the table. Lamplight touched up the benign qualities of his face. His lips moved as he read the book in his lap.

Her mother said unexpectedly: "You fiddle around so much, Judith. Can't you rest your body?"

Steve Koerner, who was the Cameron foreman, came over the porch and put his head through the doorway. He nodded at Judith. "The Carvel girl's here."

Judith was half across the room before Ab Cameron's order came quietly after her. "Wait." It turned her around. A little color showed along the strong modeling of her features. She noticed he showed his worry. "The Carvel girl," he said. "That trinket. There's a word in the good Book which describes her. What's she doing here?"

"To talk to me," Judith said. Then she added more quietly: "Sometimes I think I'm the only friend she has."

"YOU'RE not choosey enough," commented Ab Cameron. "You'll pick up anything, sick cats and stray dogs—and a common girl like this Annette."

"Ab," said Mrs. Cameron. For Judith's color had deepened. It turned her lovely and resisting. Cameron spoke in an anxious way: "Don't ride tonight, Daughter."

Judith went on out to the porch and across the yard. Annette Carvel was a small, swaying shape on her horse. Faint moonlight blurred the outline of her face. "Judith," she said, "I've found something you ought to know—"

"Wait." Judith halted her suddenly.

The men of the Cameron crew stirred nearby. They were grouped by the door of the blacksmith shop beside the road. They loitered in the semi-opaque shadows of the cottonwoods. It was strange, this unrest that caused them to be here. Over the river's murmurings came the swift echoes of a traveler pounding up from the lower reaches of the valley. Judith moved away from the yard, Annette following. "Now," murmured Judith.

Annette's voice was low and uneven: "The new man—Surratt—has the glove!"

"I thought so."

"Oh, Judith!"

"Do you think he knows whom it belongs to?"

"He looked at my hands!"

"He looked at mine, too, Annette."

"I had to tell him they came from my shop."

The arriving rider came up at a steady canter and called out to the men at the blacksmith shop, "Hello, boys." He hurried on. It was, Judith knew, the voice of a Peyrolles' man. The breeze was pleasant on her cheeks, and a current of wildness came out of the black hill mass and woke a responding unrest in her slim, smooth body. She was re-

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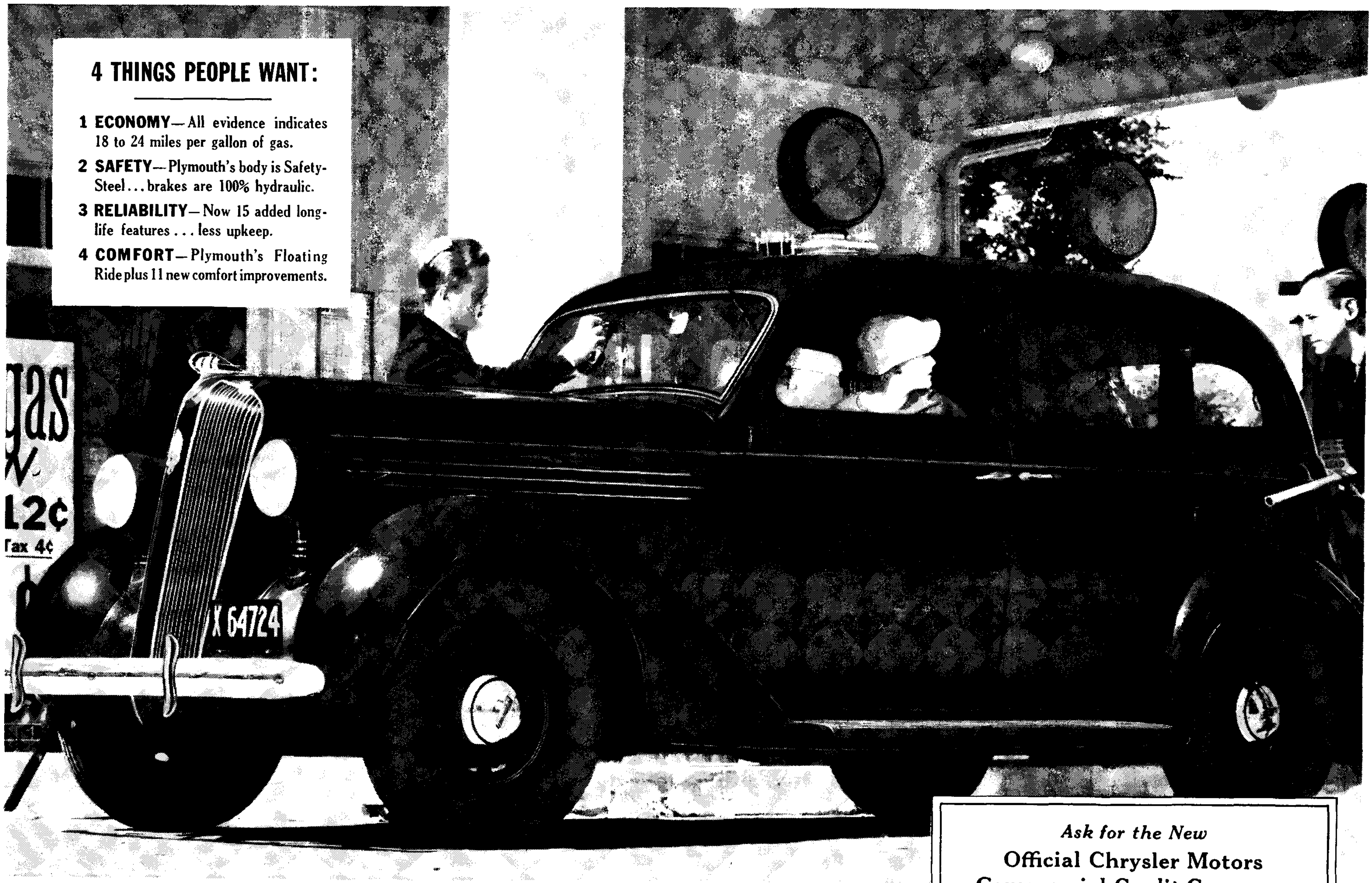

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membering Surratt's shoulders against the sun and the sadness of his voice and the sleeping danger behind the smoke-gray surfaces of his eyes. The discovery of it had sent a small shock through her; the remembrance of it freshened all her senses now. But she said calmly: "We are safe with him, Annette."

"No man is safe," said Annette sullenly.

"He is."

"Don't trust him."

"I do, Annette."

ANNETTE CARVEL leaned down from the saddle and her white face showed a dreamlike wonder. "No—never be like me, Judith. That would break my heart. I went up to see him and he smiled at me and I thought he liked me."

"All men smile at you, Annette. That is your fate."

"He asked me if I wore doeskin riding gloves! And apologized for asking! Why did he do that? I tried to get the glove but he wouldn't give it. Supposing somebody else gets it from him?"

"No," said Judith softly, "I think nobody will."

"People know he has it now. And somebody'll try."

Judith Cameron was a little angry then. "Annette, why do you always throw yourself at men?"

"I guess," said Annette Carvel in a small, childlike tone, "I want somebody to love me. Oh Judith—I get so hungry for that!"

"Annette!" breathed Judith, and reached up and touched the girl's knee.

Annette pulled her horse about. "Mom will be worried about me, and scold some more. But it makes me so desperate. I can't sleep for thinking about that glove—and you, and me. Bill Head's so cruel. He's going to kill Sam Torveen, I know that. And he'll kill Buck Surratt. You'll see!" With that she stormed down the road and raced across the bridge, the old structure rolling back a long booming.

Steve Koerner drifted from the shadows, very tall, very quiet-spoken. "She shouldn't be ridin' alone. Neither should you."

"Steve," Judith said, "what's happening?"

But he crawled into a reticence that could not be shaken. He turned away. "I don't know, Miss Cameron." She went on into the house and stopped and stared at her father, bringing up his bland attention. She was angry then. "Isn't there room enough in these hills for everybody?"

Worry was more clearly disturbing the clerk-like gentility of his face. "It isn't for me to say, and not for you to ask."

"Isn't it?" countered Judith. "Whatever happens, you must share the responsibility. Sam Torveen has the right to run his own range his own way. Chunk Osbrook has been killed. Isn't that murder, Dad? Do you approve?"

MRS. CAMERON tried to catch Judith's glance; she showed distress. Ab Cameron marked the page of his book and closed it. To Judith her father had always been a fair and just and kind man. His manner, as long as she could remember it, had been mild; it had been serene, as though untouched by any trouble. But it occurred to her now, with a definite astonishment, that worry was real in him.

"I wish you'd been a boy," he reflected. "I'm getting along, and some things I can't fight against."

"What?"

He looked toward his wife, quietly shrugged his shoulders. "I suppose it is high time Judith knew. Well, Judy, our years here have not always been pleasant. I am not the kind to wish for fighting, and fighting is the breath of life to the Heads. I made my peace with old Martin long ago. Martin's the sort that has to be king. It was twenty years back that he came here with six men. Those hills up there belonged to me. But he had his mind made up to possess them, so I sold them to him. I knew if I didn't I should have a hard enemy. We have been good neighbors because I have let him have his will. Peace meant more to me than war. And still does—but Bill Head now repeats the whole thing, and Bill is a less scrupulous man than his father."

"A brutal man," said Judith. "He whips his horses—he whips anything that stands against him."

"Yes," agreed Ab Cameron quietly.

Judith flamed up at once. "I'd never, never let him use a single man of our crew to put against Sam Torveen! Never!"

"No?" murmured Ab. He kept shaking his head; and to Judith he seemed older than he was. "It is easy to say, Daughter. But you know nothing of the will of the Heads. I have lived my life under that will. It is a hard thing. This is why I wish you were a boy. I have remained humble, because this some day will be your ranch and I do not want you to inherit the Head anger. You could not fight against Bill."

He left his chair and walked into another room. Judith said: "Mother, how long has it been like this?"

"Your father," said Mrs. Cameron, "has tried to be a Christian. In this country it has been hard to practice. I have often seen him come home bitterly humiliated." She looked up at her daughter and she smiled sadly: "He has had his troubles, Judith, for he was never meant to live in a wild land."

"I didn't know," protested Judith.

Mrs. Cameron shrugged her shoulders, a gesture of resignation Judith had often noticed before. "Life can't always be as we dream it to be, in youth. Don't you get in too much of a hurry to find that out." She quit talking and her smile became dim and impersonal. Bill Head stood at the doorway, stiffly polite. He removed his hat and said, "Good evening," and came in.

MRS. CAMERON nodded. Rising, she went back into the kitchen and swung the door behind her. Bill Head bowed a little, his stiff yellow hair accenting the ruddy, bold health along his solid face. He said to Judith: "I regret my temper. You can sting a man hard sometimes," and stood waiting. But Judith kept her silence, suddenly proud and cool in this uncertain moment. Bill Head's hazel eyes were thoughtful. They were turning angry again.

He said: "I have heard talk of a glove this Surratt's carrying in his pocket. I intend to get it."

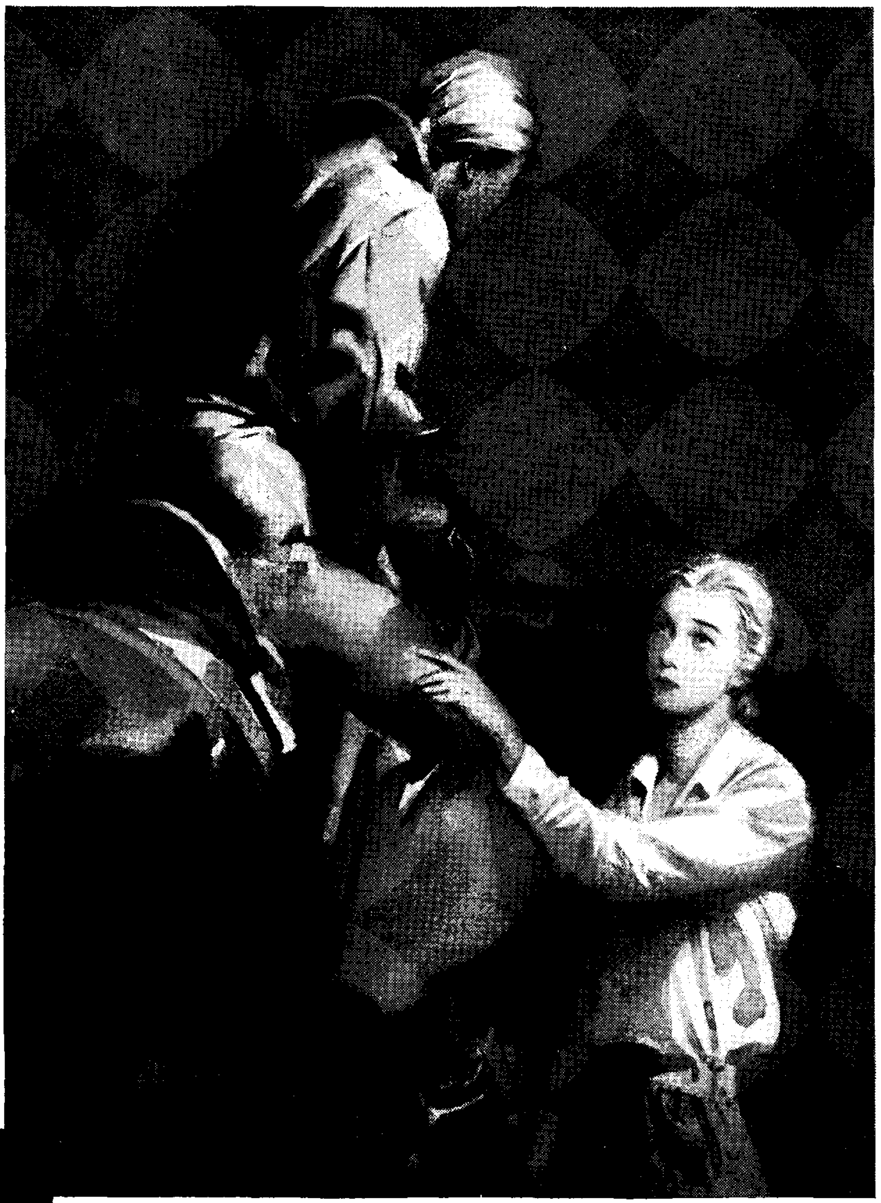
"Why?"

"A woman's glove in Leslie's possession leaves scandal against any woman who ever went with him. You know that. And you went with him now and then."

"Yes," she murmured, "I went with him. For there were times, Bill, when he was gay and charming. He treated a woman always as she wished to be treated, neither more nor less. And he wasn't brutal. He never was that."

"He was a devil!" ground out Bill. "I understand him and I know it would be just his way, in dyin', to leave that glove on the cabin floor to tell me he won something from a woman I couldn't get."

"I'm the woman you mean."



"I guess," said Annette Carvel, in a small, childlike tone, "I want somebody to love me"

He burst out: "How can I help believing it sometimes!"

"Believe it if you want," she told him. "Your opinion doesn't matter to me. It never will."

He went out, climbed on his horse, and galloped up the road under the dim shining of the moon.

Some distance beyond the bridge he swung into the trees and pulled to a walk. Darkness here was a dripping, curdled substance; and out of that darkness emerged a cautious voice.

"Bill Head?"

Head threw his horse around, swinging to face the sound. He drew his gun and trained it on the blackness. He said: "Yes," listening with his head cocked.

"This is a tip," said the voice. "Torveen's shifting his sheep tonight. Going on up the hill to the meadow across from Carson's Ford."

"Who are you?"

"What do you care? Take it or leave it. Go there and you'll see. Now ride on and don't be curious."

After Bill Head had circled around and gone up the trail—quite a long while afterward—the man came out of the brush and rode down the hill. Near the Cameron place he walked his pony and bent low in the saddle; at the bridge he dug in his spurs and crossed on the gallop; and kept this fugitive flight all the way up to the ridge. This was the kid, Ferd Bowie, racing home.

THEY had the sheep already moving away from the meadow into the uphill trail. They were waiting for Bowie, grumbling and restless from the suspense. Torveen said irritably, "Here he comes," and they all turned to watch the shadow of horse and rider break forward from the darkness. Bowie was breathing fast when he stopped in front of them.

"Where you been?" demanded Torveen.

"I got cut off by a couple fellows. Had to duck all over the country. It was Hughie Grant, I think, and that black rascal I don't like—Steve Koerner."

"Get up there in front of the sheep," grunted Torveen.

Bowie vanished. Perrigo and Ed were already out of sight. The sheep milled palely at the trees, feeding into a trail narrow enough to hold them without flank guards. The shuffle of their hooves and the quavering defenseless echo of their bleating softened. Surratt followed, with Torveen just behind him.

"Say," Surratt said, "the big ranches all seem to be over to the north, yonder of the river. What's the other way—south?"

"Just hills and timber—and some small fellows running a few cows in their vest pockets. What's that?"

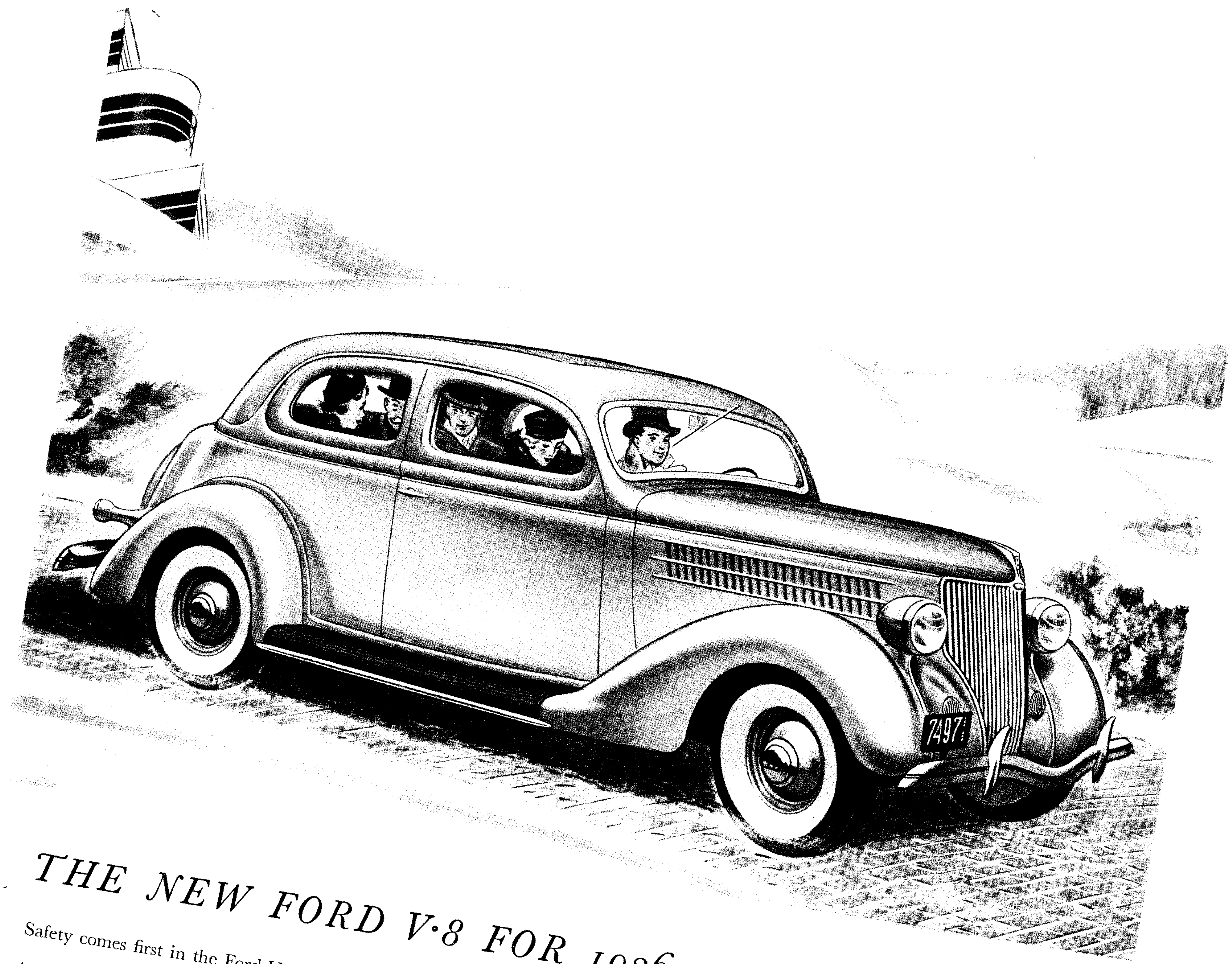
Listening, Surratt heard nothing, and said so. Torveen swore indistinctly. "I'm not a man to ride easy, like you. Some things I will never understand. How could you smile at the Heads, with Perrigo on your back and the wolves snappin' at your heels?"

"When you're a wolf, kid, you get to know wolves."

They drifted this way for an hour or more, the dust and the sheep smell rolling back. Faint, glittering patches of sky broke now and then over them. It was colder; the wind had steadied to a straight westerly run. Through the trees Surratt saw a cigarette tip jiggling. A horse sneezed. The sheep walked faster and the shape of a rider floated down the trail. "This," grumbled Perrigo, "is the place."

Surratt rode into the clearing. Ed and the kid came back and all of them halted here at the edge of the trees. "You sure you want to stick at this alone?" said Torveen.

(Continued on page 59)



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NOW, out of the glowing pages of another great Dickens classic comes a motion picture to take its place with "David Copperfield" among the masterpieces of the screen . . . The moving drama of a handsome ne'er-do-well who rose to supreme heights of sacrifice for the woman he loved . . . played against the seething background of London and Paris in the Reign of Terror . . . Sincere and authentic to the last detail, it comes to you with all the robust tumult, tender passion of the great original . . . Eighteen months of preparation, two years in production. Special studio staffs established in London and Paris to reproduce revolutionary relics. The dreaded Bastille, La Force prison, London's Newgate prison, and its famous courtroom, Old Bailey, duplicated with microscopic precision. Proudly Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer presents "A Tale of Two Cities", as the one picture of 1936 of which we are confident you will say "It is as fine as 'David Copperfield.'"

RONALD COLMAN...IN "A TALE OF TWO CITIES"

CAST OF 6000 . . . 27 FEATURED PLAYERS including ELIZABETH ALLAN, EDNA MAY OLIVER, BLANCHE YURKA, REGINALD OWEN, BASIL RATHBONE, HENRY B. WALTHALL, WALTER CATLETT, DONALD WOODS, FRITZ LEIBER, H. B. WARNER, CLAUDE GILLINGWATER, TULLY MARSHAL . . . *A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture* . . . Produced by DAVID O. SELZNICK . . . Directed by JACK CONWAY

Wild Man from Sugar Creek

By George Creel

Collier’s Washington Staff Writer

Those blasts of rage against the Administration are coming from Georgia’s governor, Gene Talmadge. Having fought Washington tooth and nail, he is now thinking of moving in, after 1936, and setting things to rights. A vigorous fellow, Gene Talmadge; he’s ready to go the whole hog

TAKE the furious energy of Huey Long, the conservatism of Herbert Hoover, the evangelical fervor of Aimee Semple McPherson, the horn-rimmed glasses of Harold Lloyd and the stringy hair and general appearance of Will Rogers—shake well and serve piping hot—and the result will give a pretty fair idea of Eugene Talmadge, the “Wild Man from Sugar Creek,” now serving his second term as governor of Georgia.

It happens that he is wilder than ever these days, for while almost anything sends up his blood pressure, nothing excites him more than Franklin D. Roosevelt and his policies. Also the President’s “brain truster” associates. The New Deal, as viewed by Governor Talmadge, is a “combination of wet nursin’, frenzied finance, downright Communism an’ plain dam-foolishness.” Messrs. Ickes, Tugwell, Hopkins and Wallace may have had some common sense to start with, but it has been “educated out of ’em.” The Abundant Life? “Huh! It’s all in Washington. New boards and new commissions created every day, and loaded down with half-baked theorists who never earned a dollar ’cept on the government pay roll.”

Senator Glass, Senator Byrd, ex-Governor Ritchie and other Democratic leaders may accompany their attacks on the Administration by passionate protestations of party regularity, but the Wild Man from Sugar Creek is “off the reservation,” and intends to stay off unless the President mends his ways, forswears bad company and returns penitently to good old Jeffersonian principles. In speech after speech, the Georgia governor has made these unequivocal statements of purpose:

“Roosevelt isn’t a Democrat. He has gone back on every plank in the Democratic platform except liquor. The real fight in this country is Americanism versus Communism mixed up with some kind of crazy gimme. If Roosevelt will quit his disastrous experimentation, stop burning up taxpayers’ money, and yank all of his crackbrained jockeys out of the saddle, I’ll be for him. If he doesn’t, then I’ll carry the fight from coast to coast.”

They’d Better Look Out

Although he insists that he has not yet made up his mind, Georgia expects Gene to enter the state’s presidential preference primary next April or May, boldly challenging F. D. R. As to the outcome, opinion is sharply divided. The pro-Roosevelt forces profess eagerness for the fight, claiming victory by a vote of five to one. At the present writing they have contemptuously eliminated the governor from the select group that will surround the President on the occasion of his Thanksgiving visit to Atlanta. And only recently Clark Howell, dean of Southern editors, issued this call to the faithful:

“No hysterical plea to prejudice and passion can affect the people of this state in their loyalty to a President whose wise leadership has rescued the country from the worst depression in its history, and is bringing it safely and soundly along the road to normalcy.”

On the other hand, there is general admission that the Wild Man from Sugar Creek, honest, efficient and economical, has made one of the best governors in the history of the state. More than that, few are his equals when it comes to campaigning. In his first race, in 1932, he walked away from five or six rivals; and last year, running against a so-called “Roosevelt candidate,” he carried 156 counties out of 159. A master politician, he made himself Democratic national committeeman and owns the state committee in fee simple.

Also, contrary to a recent mistaken report that Roosevelt had beaten him 14 to 1 in a newspaper poll for the presidential nomination in 1936, Governor Talmadge received 53,647 votes to 13,948 cast for President Roosevelt. The earlier statement was based on preliminary returns, but the final tabulation, according to an affidavit of Ben B. Johnston, managing editor of the Macon Daily Telegraph, which conducted the poll, gave Governor Talmadge the majority indicated.

His favorite boasts are that he has never been tired in his whole life, and that he knows every pig path in Georgia, and the majority of its citizens by their first names. A trip to his 1,100-acre farm in Monroe County, about sixty miles from Atlanta, gave him an opportunity to make good on both boasts. His “How you all?” was constant and hearty, and people surrounded the car with everything from a report on political conditions to a protest against the removal of a footbridge.

The Man of the Soil

Up since 4:30 o’clock, his usual hour for rising, he left the car at noon on a dead run, shucking coat and vest so that the famous red suspenders were seen in all their glory. Hair flying, his swarthy face dripping sweat, and the round eyes flashing behind the powerful lenses, he shot up and down cotton rows, carefully examined a drill that was planting a mixture of wheat, oats, vetch and clover, got down under a new harrow to help adjust the points, and then followed it across the field under the broiling sun to make sure that it was “bitin’ in right.”

“Tryin’ deep tillage,” he explained between dashes. “Farm’s been in the family a long while. Yes, indeed! My great-grandfather came out here from New Jersey a hundred and forty-six years ago. Tramped it, too. Cleared his land and built his home. There she is right over yondah. My grandfather was born there an’ so was my father. I came along after we moved a coupla miles down the road. Come over and take a close look. Jes’ a cabin almost. Plain weatherboarding an’ chinked chimneys. No porcelain bathtubs, no soft mattresses and no electric stove. And no federal grants of any kind. Don’t suppose my great-grandfather or my grandfather ever had an annual cash income of more than a hundred dollars. Tugwell, I reckon, would call ’em submarginal, and move ’em off to some rural re-settlement, but they raised and educated their families and were pretty useful citizens.

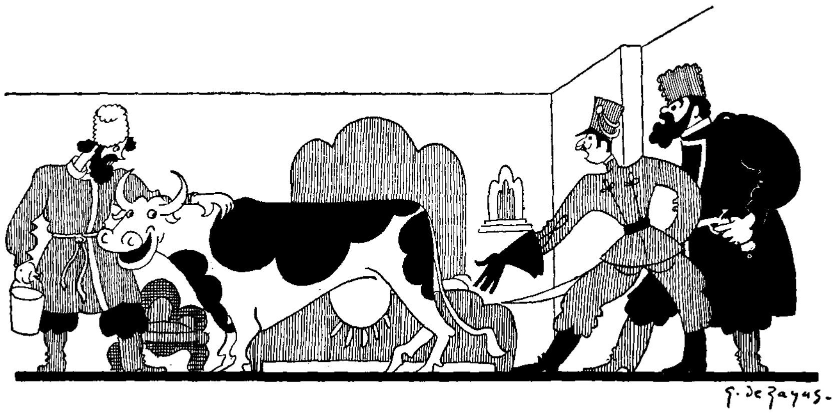
“There,” he continued, waving a sinewy, sunburned hand, “is the cotton field that started the fight on the Bankhead bill. You know? The one that slaps a tax of six cents a pound on all cotton ginned in excess of the quotas fixed by Wallace. I came out against it as a Georgia farmer, and right now my case is before the Supreme Court.” Governor Talmadge has no use at all for a “d,” an “r” or a “g,” but his speech is anything but a drawl, with words spitting out like bullets.

“Curtailment!” He fairly gritted the

(Continued on page 67)

KEYSTONE

Governor Eugene Talmadge is noted for the color of his suspenders and the quality of his resentment of Roosevelt policies



Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

In 1880 Czar Alexander II of Russia was nearly killed by a bomb in his great winter palace in St. Petersburg. The guards immediately searched the thousand-odd rooms but they did not find the anarchist. However, they did discover, in an unused boudoir on an upper floor, a peasant and his cow. Both of them had lived there for a number of years.—*By Mrs. George W. Johnson, Martinsburg, West Virginia.*

The natives of Tasmania, even up to the time of their complete extinction in 1876, were considered to be the most primitive people ever encountered in historic times. They never reached a degree of development, it is believed, much beyond that of the cave men who lived in central Europe more than 25,000 years ago.—*By Herbert Hilmer, Cincinnati, Ohio.*

Stradivari violins cost from $10,000 to $40,000 today because, although 50,000 are reputed to exist, there are not more than 400 whose authenticity is supported by irrefutable documents. Furthermore, no new "Strads" have been discovered in the past 75 years.—*By B. Coldwell, Baltimore, Maryland.*

Many wars have been waged for petty reasons. A classic example is the "War of Jenkins' Ear" in which England fought Spain for nine years (1739 to 1748) because a Spanish pirate, during a raid on a small British trader, mischievously cut off the ear of its captain.—*By E. D. Kerr, Aurora, Illinois.*

Mme. Perrine Durand, who died in 1933, was one of the most famous lighthouse keepers in history. Not only did she serve for 51 years in various lighthouses off the coast of France, but she was the only woman known to give instruction in this perilous occupation, four or five apprentices being assigned to her each year.

Not only are many tribes of American Indians very wealthy but, up to a few years ago, the Osage Nation was considered to be the richest community in the world. In 1925 the income of the average Osage family of four—from oil royalties, land leases and trust funds—was $52,800.

An inventor has produced a mirror in which you can see yourself as others see you. You appear in it as you do in a photograph because it shows a true image, not a reversed one as in your present mirror.

Spindrift, or sea spray, has been blown in gales over incredibly long distances. During a recent storm in England, it drenched and covered with salt a house 70 miles from the coast.

New York City has the largest pushcart market in the world. It consists of 12,000 peddlers who do a gross volume of business of more than $500,000 a week, selling a vast variety of articles that range from octopi to oil paintings.

The world's most potent badge of authority is the Silver Greyhound worn by the King's Messengers, the men who carry important documents between England and her embassies and consulates. Not only does it permit them to enter any foreign country without a passport but also to have a motorcar, airplane, special train or even a battleship immediately placed at their disposal in any country of the British Empire.

France produces annually one billion gallons of wine, a quantity sufficient to float just 165 super-dreadnoughts of 25,000 tons each.—*By L. H. Brereton, Charlottesville, Virginia.*

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

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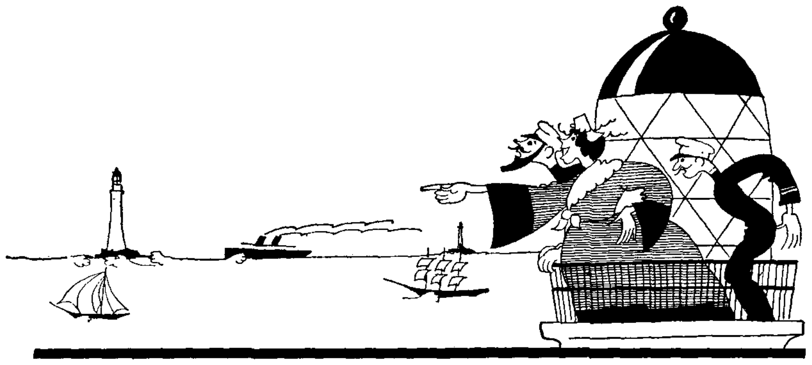

Friend of Man

Continued from page 17

sniffing round various cupboards and stopped at the larder door. A paw went out and scratched. The suggestion was obvious. Ranklin said:

"Well, we'll see if there's anything."

He found a leg of lamb, cut off a few slices and gave them to Tong. Then he went out, closing the door.

As he reached the foot of the stairs he heard scratching and a protesting sniffing.

But he went upstairs to bed.

Now the kitchen door had a weak-springed latch with a way of opening itself. The pressure of Tong's paws prevented it from opening for some time, and it was not until he had retreated, baffled and in despair at the prospect of spending the night alone, that the latch released itself and the door eased open.

RANKLIN was in bed and in the dark, but he had left his door ajar in case the little idiot should kick up a shindy during the night. After a time, something light and soft landed on the bed, ran up the straight length of his body and licked his face.

"Here, wait a minute!"

But Tong did not wait. He curled himself up in the space between Ranklin's shoulder and the wall and, puffing comfortably, went to sleep. Half ashamed, Ranklin put out a hand and rested it on the small domed head. His fingers contrived an awkward caress. Then he said:

"I believe the little brute likes me. Hope I don't kick about and wake him up."

It was Ranklin's habit to lie abed late. There was nothing to get up for. But next morning, for reasons of delicacy, Tong persuaded him to visit the garden a little after six. The roses of dawn were in the sky and the garden, with the valley beyond, had never seemed a pleasanter place.

As the sun came over the hill Tong barked joyously and transformed the lawn into a circus in which he played all the principal parts. Ranklin watched the small body fleeing round and round in diminishing circles, rending its way through a sea of cobwebs, finally to fling himself into outstretched hands.

It was a pity to have to hand him over to his owner just as he was getting used to the place. Ten to one the girl didn't give a curse whether he was having a good time or not. For two pins he'd chuck away the collar, and stick to the dog until she found out what had become of him.

"If he wasn't such a first-rater I'd do it, too. But she must be fond of the brute." He fondled the dew-wetted ears. "'Fraid you'll have to go back, old son; but, perhaps, not till this afternoon."

Nevertheless he returned the dog soon after breakfast.

Diana Carne, snatching Tong from his arms without waiting for an explanation, poured out a cascade of endearments.

"It's mother's boy; it's mother's precious has come home."

Ranklin had never been jealous before and gladly he could have killed the girl.

"Good morning," he said, and turned to the gate.

Diana put Tong down on the grass.

"Don't rush off in such a hurry. I want to know where you found him."

"On my doorstep at ten-thirty last night."

Her forehead puckered.

"And you didn't let me know." There was a world of reproach in the tone. "But why?"

Ranklin faced her squarely.

"Because I was tight."

Diana said:

"Yes, I suppose that *is* a good reason. Well, I expect you would like a drink now?"

"There is no fee for returning the dog," said Ranklin.

Diana said:

"Don't be silly," and went into the house, returning with lager beer and glasses.

Ranklin was still there.

Diana filled the glasses and held up her own.

"Here's a go! I say, do sit down—or can't you?"

Ranklin sat. Tong bounded up and planted himself on his lap.

"Look at that!" said Diana. "Was he an awful bother?"

"No."

"Where did he sleep?"

Ranklin moved uneasily.

"Is it important?"

"It's most important to Tong. He couldn't possibly sleep alone." She gave a sort of giggle. "I've an idea he didn't."

Ranklin said:

"I must be going. But it's stupid to let him run about and get lost. There are lots of cars on these roads."

Diana said:

"Fancy my not having noticed that. As a matter of fact, he ran away on purpose."

Ranklin gave her a quick glance.

"If the dog's unhappy—"

Diana cut him short.

"What do you mean, unhappy? He was angry because I was packing. He knows that suitcases mean being left with the maid, and between you and me," she dropped her voice, "he hates everything about her."

Ranklin frowned.

"Do you mean she mistreats him?"

"Oh, no. She slaves for him, but it's no good. Pekes can't be got at that way. Either they like a person or they don't, same as you and me."

"I see. Hm. That's different. But it seems a shame. So you're going away? For long?"

"About six weeks—to France—and of course I can't take him there."

Ranklin swallowed all kinds of reluctance and said:

"I wouldn't mind having him for a bit."

THERE was humor as well as liking in Diana's eyes when she replied:

"You'd find him an all-the-time job."

"What if I do?" Ranklin retorted savagely. "Haven't I got all my time? Haven't I got all there is?"

"Then we'll call it a bet," said Diana, "if Tong has no objections."

Tong appeared to have none. He had curled himself up on Ranklin's knee contentedly.

"I'll leave him at your place tomorrow afternoon—with his basket," said Diana.

"Don't bother about the basket," he replied, stiffly. "If I take the dog I prefer to make my own arrangements for his comfort."

Ranklin had rather an awkward conversation with the old woman, Elizabeth, who did his chores. He explained that he was expecting a visitor—not exactly a visitor, a dog.

"He won't involve you in any extra work. I'll attend to what's needful. He—er—belongs to Miss Carne. If there's anything you want to say to him at any time his name's Tong and we'll have a leg of lamb for dinner tomorrow night."

"Wonders never cease," said Elizabeth, when the kitchen door shut.

That afternoon Ranklin drove to

(Continued on page 34)

"....AND WHAT DO YOU WANT FOR CHRISTMAS, MY DEAR?"
"....THE NEW $49.75 HOOVER ...THAT'S WHAT I HOPE WILL BE UNDER THE TREE!"

SANTA FINDS ANSWER TO CHRISTMAS PROBLEM

NORTH POLE—Joy reigns here at news that Hoover has brought out sensational new full-size Hoover for $49.75—lowest price ever for Positive Agitation. Genuine Hoover quality—latest features, including Dirt Finder. On sale at leading stores everywhere. Now every wife can have the Hoover she's wanted. Husbands agree: "Give her a Hoover and you give her the best."

"TAKE MY TIP...
I TRIED IT!"

"FOR a long time I punished my taste with bitter medicine. Abused my poor patient system with harsh, violent purges. The whole idea of taking a laxative gave me a pain . . . literally and figuratively.

"Well . . . that's all over, thank heavens!

"Take my tip and take what I take now—Ex-Lax. It's the laxative that tastes just like delicious chocolate. It is mild, gentle, and yet the results couldn't be more thorough. The whole family's using Ex-Lax now. It's just as good for the kids as it is for us grown-ups . . ."

* * *

All over the world people are saying things like that about Ex-Lax. More people use Ex-Lax than any other brand of laxative in the whole, wide world. 46 million boxes were used last year . . . in America alone! Why don't you try it? You can get a box for only 10c at any drug store.

GUARD AGAINST COLDS!...Remember these common-sense rules for fighting colds—get enough sleep, eat sensibly, dress warmly, keep out of drafts, keep your feet dry, and *keep regular*—with Ex-Lax, the delicious chocolated laxative.

When Nature forgets—remember

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THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

MAIL THIS COUPON—TODAY!
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Times-Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N.Y.
Please send free Sample of Ex-Lax.

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(If you live in Canada, write Ex-Lax, Ltd., 736 Notre Dame St. W., Montreal)

on "Strange as it Seems", new Ex-Lax Radio
m. See local newspaper for station and time.

Friend of Man

Continued from page 32

Exeter to buy a book on Pekingese and a rubber ball. The latter was easy to get, but the former was unobtainable. To satisfy a yearning which must be assuaged he bought a brochure entitled "Walking Hound Pups," which contributed nothing to the subject on which he sought to be enlightened.

At four-thirty the following day Tong was well and truly delivered. Diana stopped to tea and Tong, rather obtrusively, showed her round the house, including the particular portion of Ranklin's bed where he proposed to sleep.

Ranklin did not accompany them on their tour of inspection. He waited irritably for the girl to go away. Diana's parting from Tong irked him exceedingly. It was much too sentimental for his liking. Perceiving his embarrassment, she offered an apology.

"Tong and my maid and a bit to stagger along on are all that I rescued out of the old days. I sometimes feel that he's been cheated of his birthright, for he is really rather a swell and not at all a five-room cottage dog. Of course he was very tiny and may have forgotten Curzon Street, but you can never be quite sure."

Ranklin shuffled awkwardly.

"I heard something about your ill-luck," he said. "You must . . . er . . . miss things?"

"No, I don't. I'm happy as a lark. One can have a grand time down here on nothing a year."

Ranklin said:

"Can one? Glad to hear it. Well!"

He looked at his watch.

Diana took the hint.

"Drop me a line how you get on together," she said.

She left an address. Tong followed her as far as the road, where he sat down and wept.

"That'll do! That'll do! See what I have in my pocket," said Ranklin, and tossed the rubber ball.

Tong sniffed at it with an air of melancholy and put out a paw. The ball came to life and ran away. Tong pursued and nosed it down a slope. The ball fled, but was captured. In the battle that followed misery was forgotten.

RANKLIN needed a drink badly after dinner that night. He had passed through an emotional and exacting period, for Tong was a restless companion who demanded constant attention. There were so many explorations to make; so many visits to the garden; so many things to be rescued from destructive teeth, such as the loose covers of chairs, hats, papers, lumps of coal.

It is not surprising, then, when dinner was over, that Ranklin's inclinations pointed towards the bar of Charrington Arms. He did not feel justified in drinking half a bottle of whisky with Tong in the room. For Tong was not that kind of companion. He was the companion of breezy and healthful hours. But it was not without a sense of guilt that Ranklin tiptoed from the house and into a night of rain. Tong was asleep on a sofa, but there was no saying how long he would remain asleep. Ranklin defended himself with the reflection that he was not going to have his life ordered by a ball of fur weighing about five pounds.

The talk at and around the bar silenced as Ranklin entered and gave his order. One of the customers offered a chilly "evening" but that was all. His resentment, which had dulled markedly during the last forty-eight hours, stirred within him like an uncoiling snake.

He emptied his glass.

"The same again," he said, and retreated with the drink to a corner.

The swing door opened and Tong pattered in. Tong was muddy and breathless from a half-mile hunt along a rain-washed line. The bar was crowded; the many conflicting scents were confusing; and it was not the sort of place he was used to. His tail dropped like a whip. He looked and felt small and rather awed. To prove that he was not afraid he shook the water from his coat and growled. A voice exclaimed:

"Will you look at that?"

AS HE spoke Tong, with a yelp of joy, flung himself on to Ranklin's lap. It was the first time anybody had liked Ranklin well enough to paddle through a wet night for the pleasure of his company; which is why he was incapable of finding even a word of reproof. A lump in his throat strangled speech and all he could do was pull out a handkerchief and vigorously rub Tong's dripping coat in an effort to dry it. He heard somebody asking:

"That dog yours?" The question was repeated before he was able to reply:

"More or less."

"Sporting little beggar to follow on a night like this."

Ranklin said:

"Left the window open like a fool."

The young lady came from behind the bar, purring.

"What an angel. And all that way by himself. I'll get a towel." Which she did.

"Thanks. I'll dry him," said Ranklin. "He's apt to be awkward with strangers."

The remark had no wider significance, but two or three of the men who were present turned it over in their minds and wondered. Then one of the trout fishermen offered Ranklin a drink. Ranklin looked up with barely hidden surprise.

"I think I ought to be getting back."

"Time for a quick one."

"Thanks— Well, whisky. . . ."

After that the talk became general, and Ranklin was taking part in it. He found himself standing a round. Hostility seemed to have dissolved. He felt easy and relaxed. Long before closing time he rose to go.

"Just one more?"

"No, really. It's time . . . er . . . for him to turn in."

A stupid remark and it is absurd that it should have reversed a dozen established opinions about his disagreeableness.

Bertie Denham, with whom he had not exchanged a word since that unfortunate day in the hunting field, came forward with the offer:

"Run you back in my car. No trouble. Mistake to let a pup get its feet too wet. The way to start distemper."

Ranklin looked concerned.

"Well, if you—"

"Of course. Come on."

When they arrived, Ranklin asked Denham to come in and "have one."

"Ah! Thanks. Like to."

Denham was full of information about dogs, but would not go on talking about them. He got going on other subjects—endlessly. Purposeless stories consisting of names of men and places.

"That was after Peter Rogers had Brayley and poor old Charlie Kemp was master of the Brushfords."

Ranklin made a discovery during that talk. The man was a bore, but he was not boring himself. He was content, and by being content was giving proof that his host was doing his duty. It only needed a little trouble and imagination to be likable.

Presently Denham stretched himself and rose.

"If you're passing my way look in. Generally a few chaps there sixish. Got Ned Graham staying with me and young Carrington, who married the Sefton girl—what was her name? Baba they called her. Divorced the year after. Coming to Exford Horse Show tomorrow?"

Ranklin looked at Tong.

"I'm a bit busy just now."

Denham put out a hand and felt Tong's paws.

"Seems dry enough now, but I'd have those dew claws cut. George Browning is a pretty good vet, if you need one."

"Is he? Thanks. Good night."

"G'night, old chap."

Ranklin heard the car moan away into the night. Then he looked at the clock. Eleven forty-five. Not too late to ring up Browning.

A voice, heavy with sleep, asked thickly:

"What is it?"

Ranklin said:

"My dog, a Peke, who's about three months old, was out in the rain tonight and got his feet wet."

"Why not dry 'em?"

"I *have* dried them. The point is whether he's likely to get distemper in consequence."

There was a longish silence, then the voice said: "Is this a joke?"

"Certainly not."

"And I don't think so either." The tone was inimical.

"I'm wondering if you ought to come round and have a look at him."

"Now?" The word burst in Ranklin's ear like a bomb. "What's the matter with you? Mad?"

"Go to the devil," said Ranklin.

Then he picked up Tong and went to bed.

HE WROTE to Diana at the end of the first week:

Dear Miss Carne:

Tong is well and no trouble. He has readily fallen into my ways and is most intelligent. I feel that it is of definite advantage to him to share the society of a man.

Dogs do not attach much importance to being fondled and prefer to be treated as sensible beings. I have had an opportunity of proving this to my complete satisfaction. While not averse to occasional patting and stroking their real interests are centered in proper exercise with a ball, good plain fare and reasonable conversation about things that are going on around them. I am sure that the tendency to moon over a dog is one that should be avoided if his confidence and friendship are desired.

I have had his dew claws cut and have given him a bath in disinfectant. To avoid mishaps I have had the road hedge wired in, as the number of cars increases daily.

I trust you are enjoying your holiday. I would have written more fully, but am dining out tonight with the Denhams. Tong will accompany me, as he dislikes being left alone in the house.

Yours very truly,
JAMES RANKLIN.

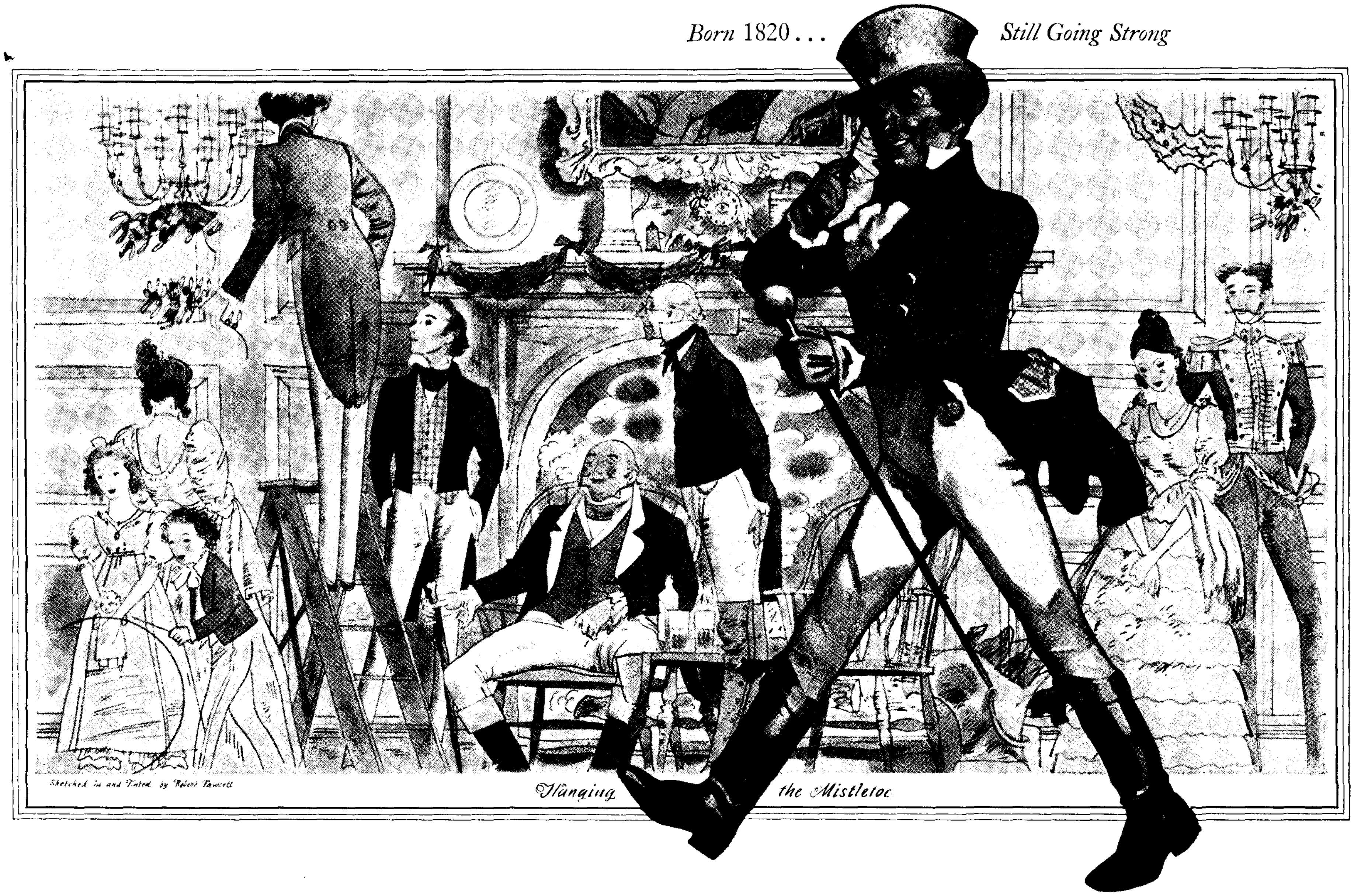
P. S.—I am at a loss to understand why the manufacturers of puppy biscuits have failed to discover a recipe which proves at all palatable. On no single occasion have I been able to persuade Tong to use these biscuits for any other purpose than to scatter on the floor or bury under the hearth rug.

Diana read the letter with feelings of

(Continued on page 39)

The holiday spirit of old England . . . Merrily each year the time-honoured customs of the English Christmas season are renewed. The waifs sing their carols. The Yule log blazes merrily. Plum puddings flame with blue coronas. And through the land, many a man finds that his friends have sent the very gift he hoped they would . . . a Christmas package of Johnnie Walker.

Born 1820 . . . *Still Going Strong*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Hanging the Mistletoe

The gift that brings the heartiest thanks

JOHNNIE WALKER

SCOTCH WHISKY

WHETHER YOU CHOOSE a single bottle of Johnnie Walker Scotch Whisky or a case . . . it's the perfect gift! Nothing is so sure to go straight to a man's centre of satisfaction.

For Johnnie Walker (as any man knows) is Scotch Whisky at its best . . . and there's no better whisky than Scotch. Bottled in bond in the United Kingdom, Johnnie Walker is Scotch by Appointment to H. M. The King. Every drop of the Red Label is at least 8 years old; Black Label, 12.

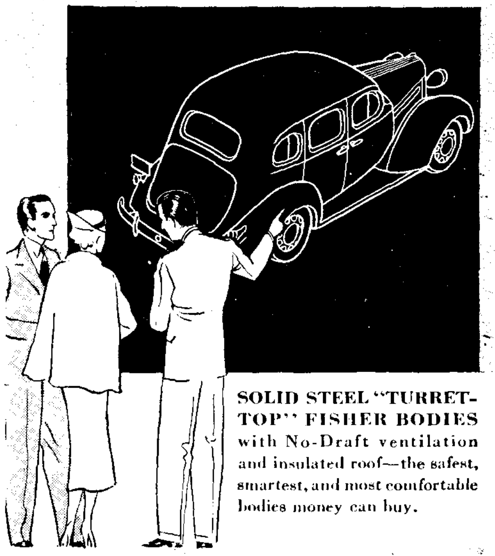
You'll find Johnnie Walker at your dealer's in gay Christmas wrappings . . . in special packages of 3 and 6 bottles . . . ready to carry your greetings to good friends.

a Merry Christmas and a good New Year
JOHNNIE WALKER
BLEND OF SCOTCH WHISKY
PRODUCT OF SCOTLAND

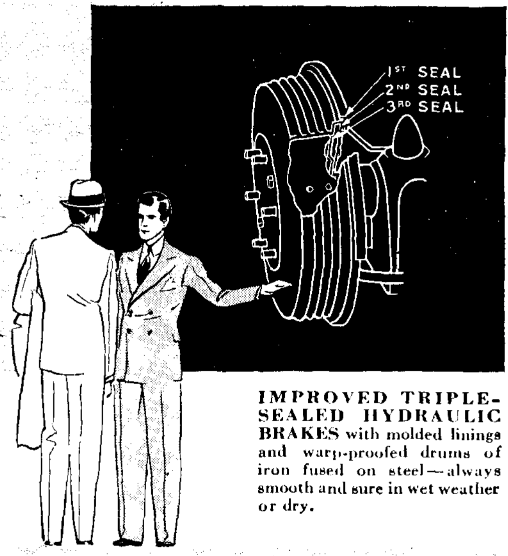
By appointment to
H. M. THE KING

CANADA DRY GINGER ALE, INC., NEW YORK, SOLE DISTRIBUTORS

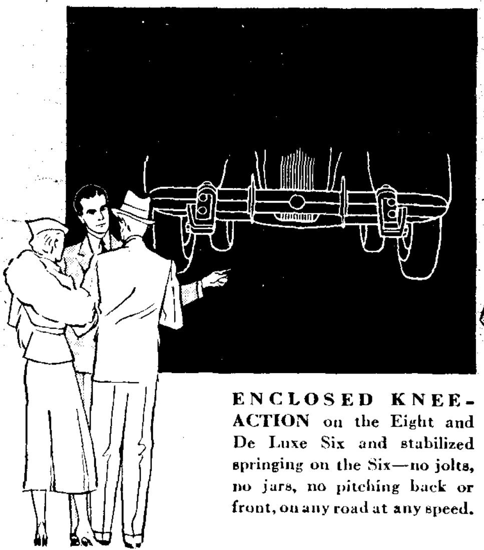
ALL THAT'S BEST (



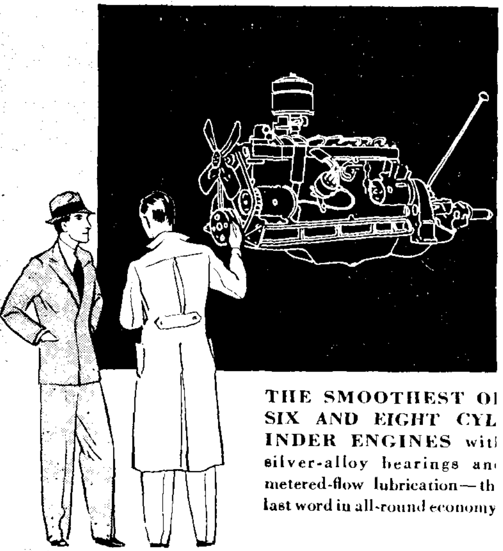
SOLID STEEL "TURRET-TOP" FISHER BODIES with No-Draft ventilation and insulated roof—the safest, smartest, and most comfortable bodies money can buy.


1ST SEAL
2ND SEAL
3RD SEAL

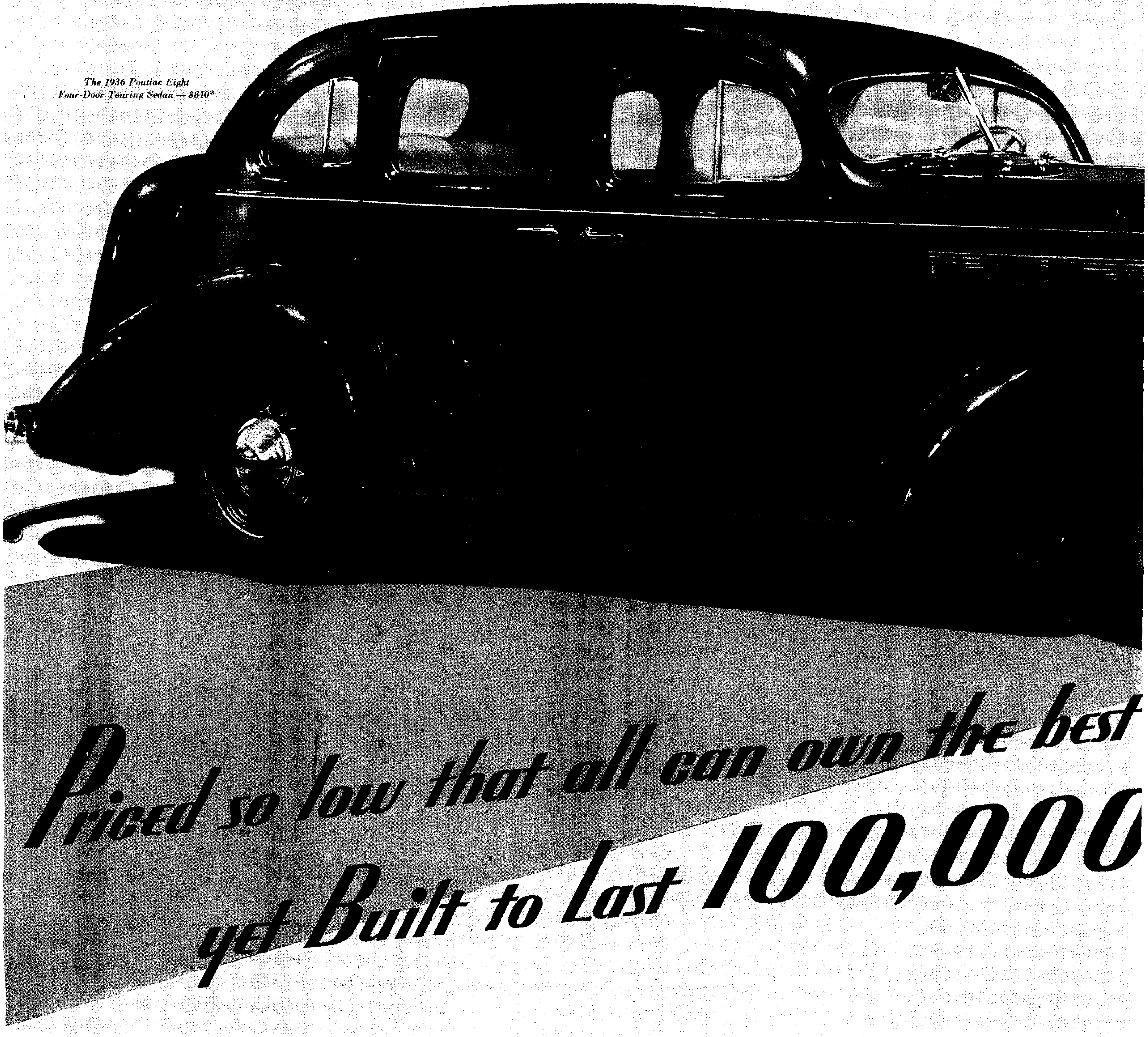
IMPROVED TRIPLE-SEALED HYDRAULIC BRAKES with molded linings and warp-proofed drums of iron fused on steel—always smooth and sure in wet weather or dry.



ENCLOSED KNEE-ACTION on the Eight and De Luxe Six and stabilized springing on the Six—no jolts, no jars, no pitching back or front, on any road at any speed.

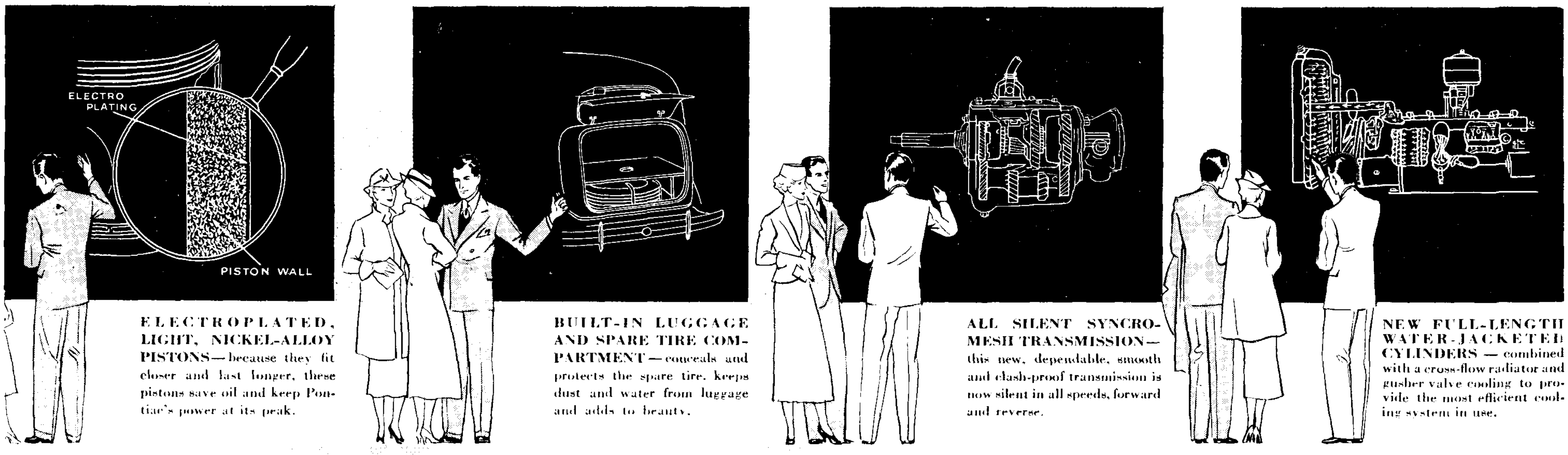


THE SMOOTHEST O
SIX AND EIGHT CYL
INDER ENGINES wit
silver-alloy bearings an
metered-flow lubrication—th
last word in all-round economy


Priced so low that all can own the best
yet Built to Last 100,000

The 1936 Pontiac Eight
*Four-Door Touring Sedan — $840**

F ALL THAT'S NEW



ELECTROPLATED, LIGHT, NICKEL-ALLOY PISTONS—because they fit closer and last longer, these pistons save oil and keep Pontiac's power at its peak.

BUILT-IN LUGGAGE AND SPARE TIRE COMPARTMENT—conceals and protects the spare tire, keeps dust and water from luggage and adds to beauty.

ALL SILENT SYNCRO-MESH TRANSMISSION—this new, dependable, smooth and clash-proof transmission is now silent in all speeds, forward and reverse.

NEW FULL-LENGTH WATER-JACKETED CYLINDERS—combined with a cross-flow radiator and gusher valve cooling to provide the most efficient cooling system in use.

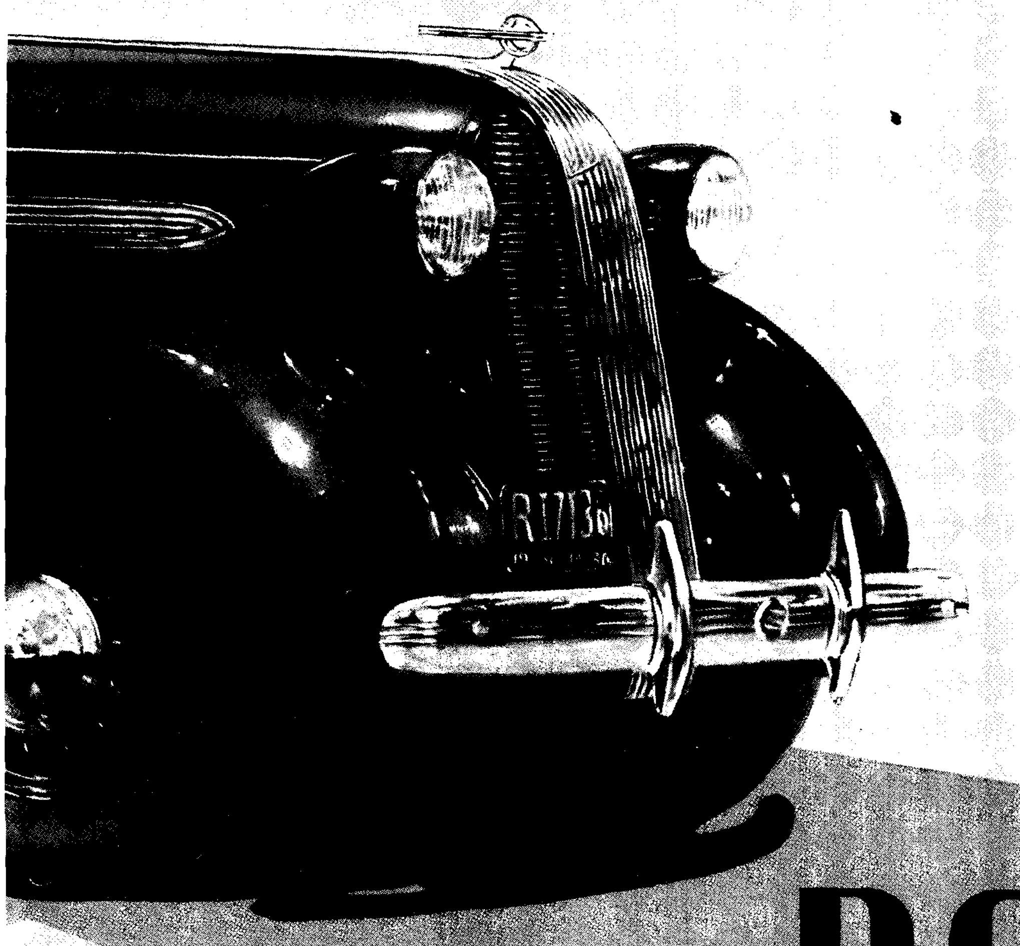
Last Year • THE MOST BEAUTIFUL THING ON WHEELS
This Year • MORE BEAUTIFUL THAN EVER!

"NOT a single worthwhile feature missing . . . and everything is obviously the best!" That's the remark heard over and over again in Pontiac showrooms as the crowds pour in to see the great new Silver Streaks. America can't get over its astonishment that cars priced so low as the 1936 Pontiacs should offer quality so high!

The truth is that when Pontiac decided to set a new standard of dependability by building *100,000-mile cars*, all but the very finest features were automatically ruled out. It takes engines of almost incredible smoothness to meet such a standard. It takes something far above the ordinary in bodies and brakes. In fact, if you will look at the highlights of Pontiac's 1936 quality, illustrated above, you will see that 100,000-mile construction brings you remarkable improvements in *safety*, *comfort*, *performance* and *economy*, as well as in *dependability*. *The 1936 Pontiac Sixes and Eights actually provide 101 of the finest features money can buy*—although Pontiac's 1936 prices are only slightly above those of the lowest priced cars on the market!

Yes, it will pay you, *and pay you well*, to keep an open mind until you've driven the new Silver Streaks. There is no finer pledge of quality than Pontiac's "*built to last 100,000 miles*" for the simple reason that there are no finer low-priced cars!

PONTIAC MOTOR COMPANY, PONTIAC, MICHIGAN



Miles!

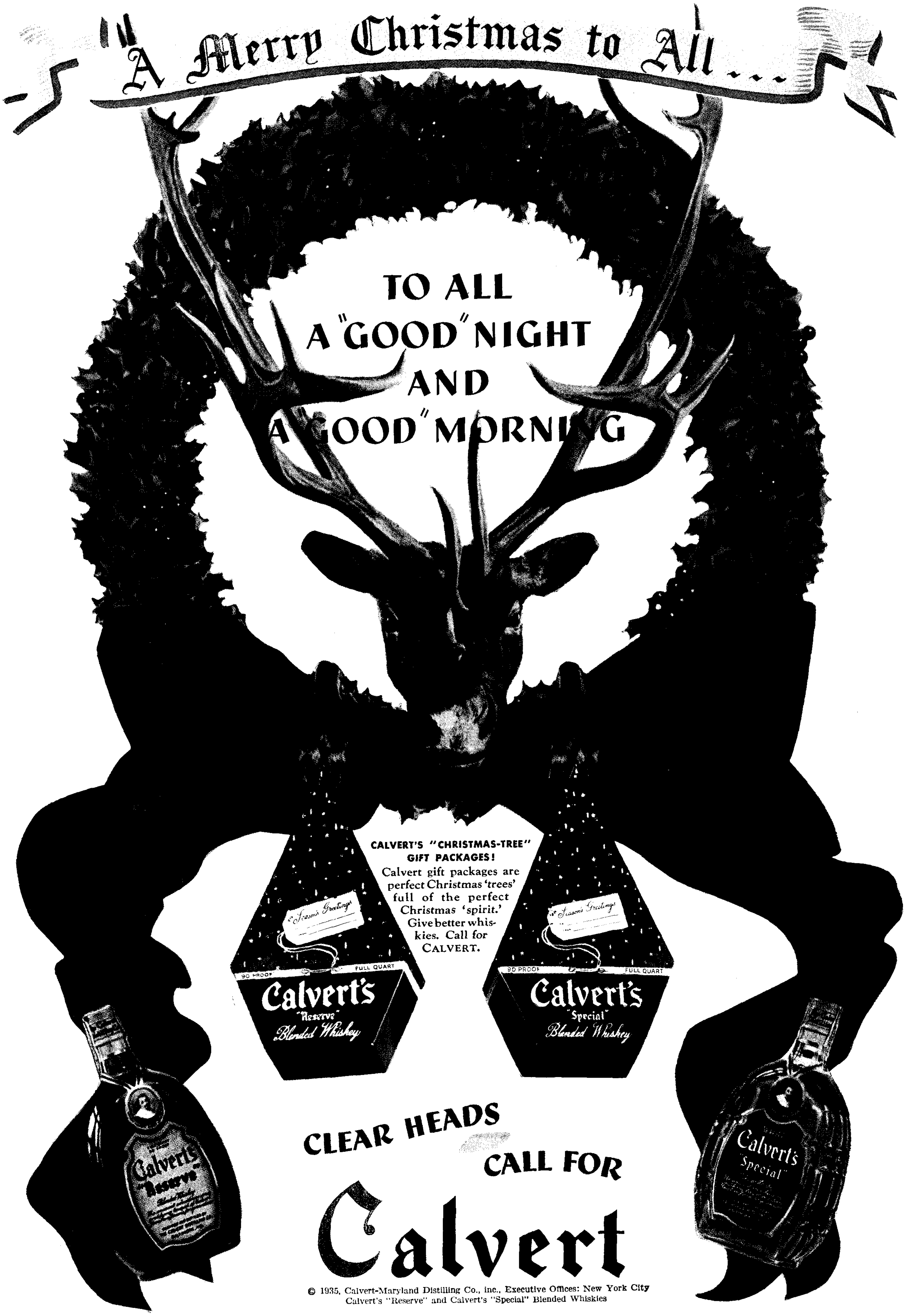
PONTIAC

SILVER STREAK • SIXES *and* EIGHTS

BUY A PONTIAC

$615*

**List prices at Pontiac, Michigan, begin at $615 for the Six and $730 for the Eight (subject to change without notice). Standard group of accessories extra. Available on easy G. M. A. C. Time Payments. A General Motors Value.*


"A Merry Christmas to All . . .
TO ALL
A "GOOD" NIGHT
AND
A "GOOD" MORNING
Season's Greetings
90 PROOF
FULL QUART
Calvert's
"Reserve"
Blended Whiskey
Season's Greetings
90 PROOF
FULL QUART
Calvert's
"Special"
Blended Whiskey
Calvert's
"Reserve"
Calvert's
Special
CLEAR HEADS
CALL FOR
Calvert

CALVERT'S "CHRISTMAS-TREE" GIFT PACKAGES!

Calvert gift packages are perfect Christmas 'trees' full of the perfect Christmas 'spirit.' Give better whiskies. Call for CALVERT.

© 1935, Calvert-Maryland Distilling Co., inc., Executive Offices: New York City
Calvert's "Reserve" and Calvert's "Special" Blended Whiskies

Friend of Man

Continued from page 34

amusement, jealousy and satisfaction.

In the time that followed Ranklin and Tong were inseparable. As a result people began to talk. They said:

"There can't be much wrong with a feller who is as good to a dog as he is."

Rumor spread that Ranklin was a gravely misunderstood man. Local residents dropped in for a drink or a friendly chat. Offers were made of a day's fishing and Galway suggested that he might like to take up a gun in the syndicate. The M. F. H. with whom he had quarreled asked why he never showed up at the hunt and invited him to a sale of hunters at Collins' in Exeter. The whole complexion of life assumed a rosier tone and, for the first time since he had retired from work, Ranklin was happy.

Ranklin did not resist the friendly overtures that were made to him. He accepted them with reserve. He had no illusions about himself. Those had perished during his period of isolation. He was well aware that his acceptance by the neighborhood was not on account of any personal enchantments. It was due to a piece of luck and five pounds of bone and muscle and fur. He did not dare to consider what his future would be when his small instructor in the art of making friends was withdrawn from him. The thought of that parting lay like a shadow over his fresh-found contentment.

One day came a letter to say that Diana would return on the morrow. Ranklin had accepted an invitation to dine, but he made an excuse and stayed at home with Tong.

THERE was an element of tragedy in the evening that followed. At the dinner table, where Tong occupied one chair and Ranklin another, conversation languished. Elizabeth, who served the meal, reflected that she had not seen the master in one of "those nasty moods for six weeks." Nor was the nastiness reserved for her. The words he addressed to Tong were sulky and ill-humored.

"You'll sheer off and forget all about me. I could wish you'd never come."

Elizabeth, entering as he spoke, said: "Sir? Beg your pardon?"

"I didn't speak. Wait a minute, though. I'd like Tong to sleep in your room. I want a good night's rest."

Elizabeth said:

"Well, if you say so, sir. But I don't know how he'll take to the idea. He's such a one-man dog."

"He's nothing of the kind," said Ranklin shortly.

The rest of the evening was a failure too. Ranklin wouldn't take the trouble to rescue the ball from under the armchairs no matter how lustily Tong beseeched him. He sat sipping whisky and grumbling. Presently Elizabeth came and picked up Tong.

"Say good night to master, Tongy."

Ranklin waved the invitation away. He heard Tong gargling protestingly as he was carried upstairs. He battled against the inclination to call her to bring him back.

"Sooner I get used to being without him the better."

Then he went to bed and the room was full of loneliness.

At about two o'clock there was a knock.

"Yes?" said Ranklin, for he was still awake.

Elizabeth's voice declared that what with the whining and the scratching she hadn't had a wink of sleep.

"Oh, I'll take him then."

He heard the door open, put out his hand and scooped Tong onto the bed. He heard Elizabeth's footsteps retreating. Tong was licking his face. Then he said rather brokenly: "I know, but what's the use, old chap?"

Ranklin delivered Tong an hour before his mistress was expected. He gave him to the old nurse and walked out of the garden without a word. That night he went to the Charrington Arms, drank heavily and offended many of his new friends. To the question:

"Where's that pup of yours?" he replied, uncivilly:

"I haven't a pup and it isn't a subject I want to discuss."

Diana rang up next morning and caught him with a hangover. What was it? She wanted to thank him. She needn't mention it. She thought he might like to drop in to tea. He was sorry, it was impossible. Then she said:

"Are you sulking?"

"I beg your pardon?" The tone was very formal.

"That's better," said Diana. "I only thought it was rather rough on Tong to leave him in the lurch after making friends."

Ranklin struggled against a growing weakness.

"I'm afraid I shall be too busy today. What with having other things to do I have rather neglected my correspondence."

"Some other time, perhaps?" said she.

THAT afternoon Ranklin drove his car past Diana's cottage. Tong was in the front garden, apparently waiting for someone. The shaggy little head was cocked on one side. Ranklin drove on. At Dulverton he bought a red rubber ball, and, on the return journey, tossed it over the hedge without stopping the car. Then he speeded on up the hill. His ears caught a yelp and in the mirror he saw Tong streaking up the road in pursuit.

After that there was no choice but to take him back and go in. Diana said:

"I had an idea that you would come."

Ranklin made the explanation of his call as unpleasant as he could.

"If you don't mind," he said, "I should like to send somebody along and have the front of this place wired in."

"Very well, if you want to make a prison of it," said she.

"I merely want there to be a reasonable degree of safety."

"Let the work be done," said Diana, a small brown hand concealing a smile.

Ranklin noticed that she was very brown as a result of her holiday. She looked almost native. He disliked her exceedingly and this dislike was not mitigated by her final remark as he got into his car.

"Tong and I are awfully pleased with you."

In the time that followed there was seldom a day when Ranklin failed to present himself at the cottage. On one occasion it was to deliver a dog license. On another something equally trivial. He always contrived to make his visits appear to be casual and reluctant. One day Diana told him that he looked dreadfully ill. After that he absented himself for a fortnight. He reappeared in a mood of obvious agitation and said:

"It has occurred to me that you aren't getting much of a show out of life. A girl like you should have horses to ride, a decent place to live in, and a better time all round. There's not much to recommend me, but I have plenty of money, and the house would be right if it were properly run. At least I could promise that anybody who was fool enough to marry me could do pretty well what she liked. I wouldn't interfere. So perhaps you'd turn it over in your mind."

Then Diana said:

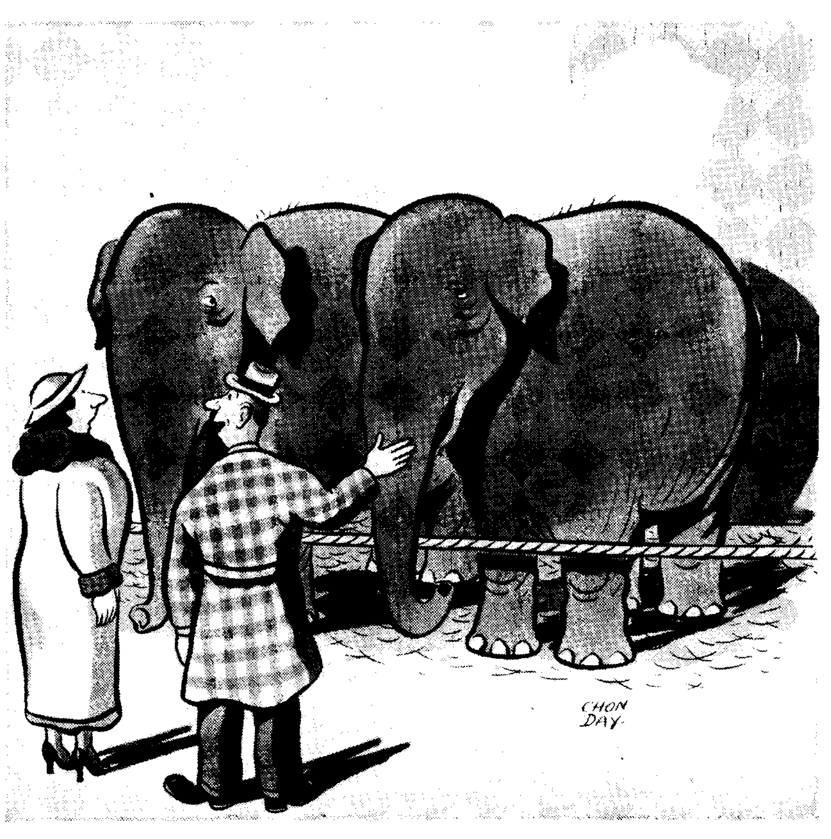
"Let's get this clear. Is it me you are proposing to or the dog?"

As she spoke a new and quite unexpected tenderness for her stirred in the hidden depths of him.

"May I think it over?" he asked, awkward as a schoolboy. "It hadn't occurred to me that there was a chance of getting one without the other and—and—the idea of having both is rather stupendous."

Then Diana said:

"Suppose I lend you Tong until such a time as you've made up your mind?"



"Look, Mamma—G. O. P.'s"

CHON DAY

STOP A COLD THE FIRST DAY!

Drive It Out of Your System!

A COLD once rooted is a cold of danger. Trust to no makeshift methods. Many preparations merely treat the symptoms and not the cold itself!

A cold, remember, is an internal infection. As such, it calls for internal treatment. A cold, moreover, calls for a COLD treatment and not for a preparation good for a number of other things as well!

Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine is definite treatment for a cold—proven treatment for a cold. First of all, it is expressly a cold tablet and not a "cure-all". Secondly, it does four important things.

Four Effects

First, Grove's Bromo Quinine opens the bowels.

Second, it checks the infection in the system.

Third, it relieves the headache and fever.

Fourth, it tones the system and helps fortify against further attack.

This is the fourfold effect you want for the treatment of a cold and in Grove's Bromo Quinine you get it in the form of a single tablet.

Speedy and Safe!

Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine is speedy in results. It is safe! It contains nothing harmful and leaves no bad after-effects. The fact that it has been in use for more than 40 years and is the largest-selling cold tablet in the world attests to its harmlessness as well as efficacy.

Let this famous cold tablet be your first thought in case of a cold. The moment you feel the first symptom of a cold, go right to your druggist for a package. Taken promptly, Grove's Bromo Quinine will usually stop a cold the first day, and that's the action you want.

All drug stores sell Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine. Accept nothing else on any pretext. The few pennies' cost may save you a lot in worry, suspense and expense.

A Cold is an Internal Infection and Requires Internal Treatment

GROVE'S LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE

Everything..

NEW STYLE-LEADER STYLING . . . SMOOTHER, LIVELIER POWER . . . NEWL
KNEE-ACTION WHEELS . . . SUPER-HYDRAULIC BRAKES . . . CENTER-CONTROL STEERIN

1936 OLDSM

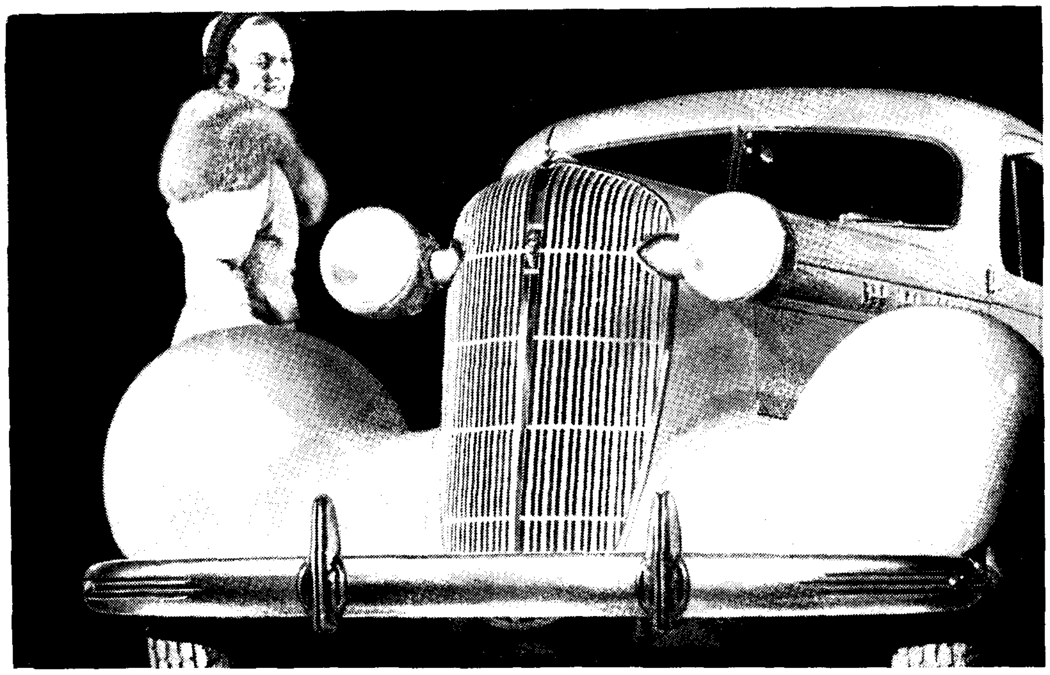
with all the fine-car comfort..luxury..performanc

AT A NEW LOW PRICE!

IRICHED INTERIORS . . . SOLID-STEEL "TURRET-TOP" BODIES BY FISHER . . .
. IN A BIG NEW 90 H. P. SIX . . . AND A LUXURIOUS NEW 100 H. P. EIGHT

OBILE $665* AND UP

nd safety . . . AS SHOWN ON THE FOLLOWING PAGE

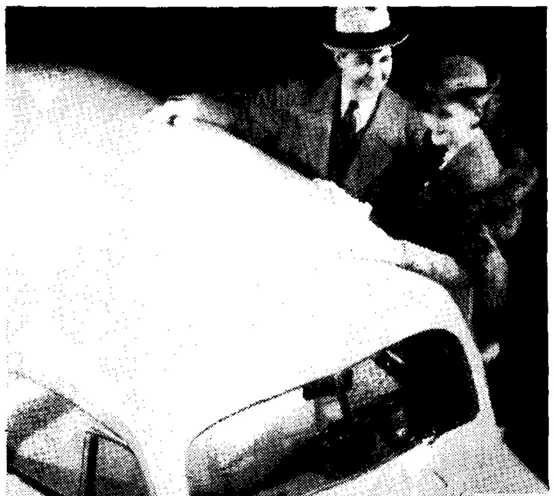


Smart new Style-Leader Styling! Oldsmobile again steps ahead of the field in beauty . . . with a fresh new version of the original Oldsmobile style which has won such high favor everywhere.

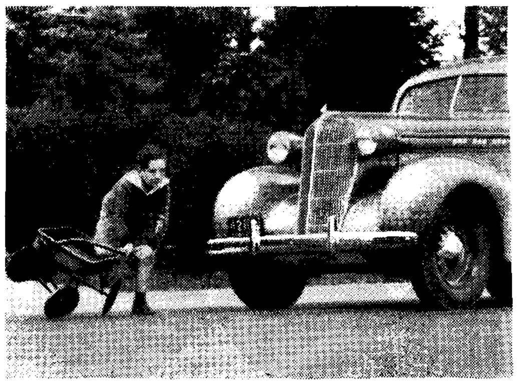
"The Car That Has Everything," including Fisher Body interiors that are invitingly large, roomy and comfortable. Everyone rides at ease . . . in both the big 90 H. P. Six and the luxurious 100 H. P. Eight.

Everything
IN FINE-CAR SIZE AND QUALITY
now at a new low price!

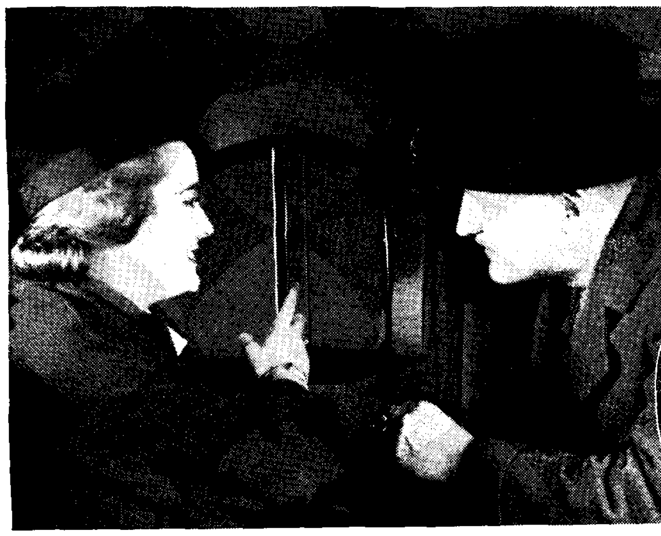
THE new Oldsmobile instantly impresses you with its fine-car size and quality. And the actual facts, you will find, go far beyond this first impression . . . Step in—and seat yourself, in either front seat or back: here is genuine big-car roominess—shoulder room, head room, leg room, with flat, unobstructed floors; room to ride in, relax in, and enjoy . . . All about you, too, are the visible evidences of Oldsmobile's fine-car quality: newest-type tailored upholstery, interior appointments in accord with the freshly streamlined style originated by Oldsmobile and now developed to new, smart distinction . . . Every modern fine-car feature! . . . And the smoother, livelier performance of this new Style Leader reveals the inbuilt fine-car quality that always guarantees long, economical life for Oldsmobile . . . All these are yours to own and enjoy now at a new low price in—"The Big New Car That Has Everything!"



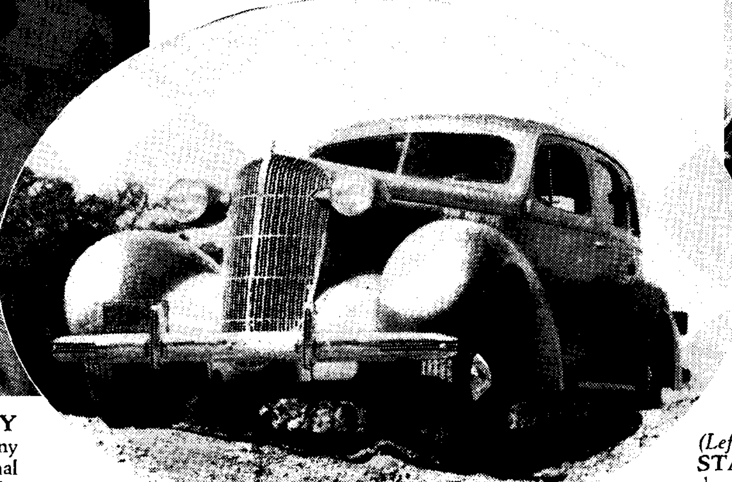
SOLID-STEEL "TURRET-TOP" BODIES BY FISHER—Steel over head, under foot, all around, affords extra protection and contributes to Oldsmobile's attractive Style-Leader style.

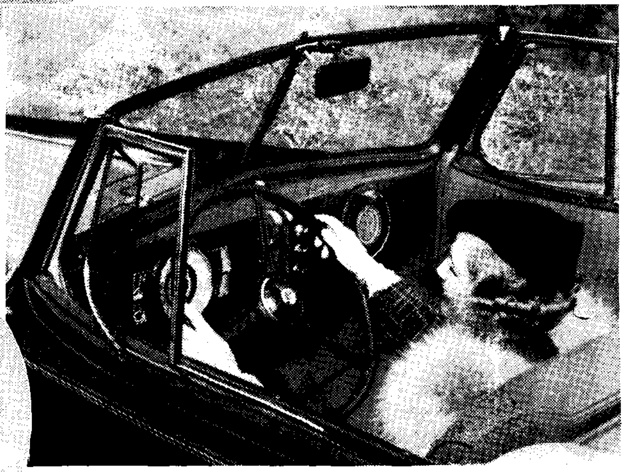


SUPER-HYDRAULIC BRAKES—Sure-stopping straight-stopping, are Oldsmobile's big, powerful, self-energizing hydraulic brakes . . . always equalized . . . weather-sealed



FISHER NO DRAFT VENTILATION AND SAFETY GLASS ALL AROUND—Fresh air, without drafts, in any weather, and the protection of Safety Glass all around at no additional cost, are provided by these valued features of the 1936 Oldsmobile.





(Above) **CENTER-CONTROL STEERING AND ALL-SILENT SHIFTING**—Oldsmobile holds a se course without tendency to wander, is free from steering-*wheel shock . . . Syncro Mesh Transmission is all-silent.*

(Left) **KNEE-ACTION WHEELS AND RIDE STABILIZER**—Oldsmobile's front wheels move up and down independently of each other, and combine with the Ride Stabilizer to give Oldsmobile's smooth, gliding ride.

OLDSMOBILE $665*

ILLUSTRATED ON PRECEDING PAGES . . ON DISPLAY AT YOUR DEALER'S

* Sixes $665 and up . . . Eights $810 and up, list prices at Lansing, subje change without notice. Safety Glass standard equipment all around. Bum with guards, spare tire, and rear spring covers built into all cars at the facto extra cost. New, low-cost (6%) G. M. A. C. time payment plan. The car illustr is the Six-Cylinder Touring Sedan, $820 list. A GENERAL MOTORS VA

It's a Very Gay Christmas

Continued from page 13

around for it a bit since there are still bootleggers in greenery.

To get both feet deep into the spirit of the season, there is nothing like making your own Christmas decorations. Invite your friends to make theirs also and launch a gay season with auspicious zest and fervor by giving a pre-Christmas "Make-Your-Own-Wreath" party. Which is just what it sounds like. You supply all the decorating material or ask everybody to bring his own, whichever is easier. In any event everybody makes at least one wreath and as much more as he can or cares to, which is his to take home and hang over his own mantelpiece. Give a prize—another wreath, a box of candles, anyway something Christmasy—to whoever by common consent makes the most artistic or the most original wreath. Then reward everyone with coffee, real hunger-satisfying sandwiches and doughnuts.

When you do the inviting let it be known that smocks or aprons are the required costume for the event. Then go about your own preparations something like this: First of all, spread newspapers all over the floor. We advise the rumpus-room in the basement, the sun porch or, lacking any better spot, the kitchen for the scene of action. If you are an apartment dweller you may have to use the living-room. Spread thick layers of newspapers over the biggest table you can find. Lay the greenery in piles of a kind on this. Get out all the bridge tables; you'll need a working spot for every guest invited.

For Last-Minute Trimmings

Have all the working materials laid out beforehand. Check the list for balls of green string, spools of fine green wire—the kind that they use to make artificial flowers—picture wire, scissors, a pair of old shears, a sharp knife or a razor blade or two. Small cans of gold or silver paint; really radiator paint. A bottle of clear shellac. Include some small stiff-bristled brushes. Rolls of silver ribbon of assorted widths. And don't forget to include several pairs of cheap garden gloves, to avoid pitch-stained and prickle-scarred hands.

For heavy wreaths use wire frames from the florist; ten to twenty inches in diameter are the most-used sizes. They will cost a little but they can be kept over from year to year. Smaller ones for the windows and what not are easily made by wiring small branches of balsam and greenery together and shaping them into a circle as you go. It doesn't take long to get the knack. Or willow withes bound with strong wire make a firm foundation. Use picture wire as the basis for swags and garlands and bind on whatever you use with fine wire or string. If you are using greens, be sure to save out some of the nicer branches and sprays to use *au naturel* behind pictures and over mirrors. Bind some of the smaller ones together sheaf fashion, wire on some decorative touches and alternate them with the wreaths.

From this point Christmas decorations are limited only by one's imagination and energy. Don't try too much. Keep your decorations simple and save a little of your Christmas spirit for the day itself. And perhaps this is the place to warn you not to try to do the whole house. A welcoming note in the hall, a few gay touches in the dining-room, ditto the living-room. Leave the lamps unwreathed, so that your husband can still see to read the evening paper, and move the easy chair out from under so that the pine needles won't fall down his neck.

If the problem hasn't been solved for you by this time, then we suggest a fruit wreath. Also it's one way to get a large and opulent effect from a small amount of decoration. The idea itself is an adaptation of the polychrome wreaths which you find on the della Robbia terra-cotta placques.

Use a balsam foundation and see that the wreath is nicely scaled in size to the place where it is to go. Now, gather together apples, pears, oranges, lemons, tangerines, bunches of green and red grapes, smaller bananas, about three of each. Group the fruit at intervals on the foundation, keeping a sharp eye out for effective color arrangement. Puncture holes in the fruit—a steel knitting needle is an excellent weapon—and wire it to the wreath *firmly*. When the wreath is all finished and ready to hang, shellac the fruit. This gives the decoration a shiny finish like the pottery original and protects the fruit from rotting. However, if you are at all skeptical on this last point, then use cheap wax fruit and you will get much the same effect.

If you are racking your brains for a novel holiday dinner table decoration, use kumquats and lady apples or, more unique still, marzipan—that almond paste confection in the shape of miniature fruits and vegetables—with ivy leaves for the background; a rope of it down the center of the table or small wreaths to surround the candlesticks. Marzipan strawberries dripping from a small center tree—a real one—you can eat them at the end of the meal. If marzipan is out of the question use gum drops, the big, fat, bright-colored ones. A friend of ours takes a small branch of a thorn tree, sets it in a block of wood, silvers it all over and then impales a gum drop on each thorn. She makes these in dozen lots as gifts for her friends.

Lazy and last-minute Christmas decorators should fall back on Christmas-tree balls. They are all fun and no work. They pile up in great gorgeous mounds of color; dark blue, citron yellow, paint-box pink, green, cerise, silver. Use them rainbow fashion or be selective; blue and silver is a stunning combination. Heap a bowl full of them for the back of the piano; place another on the console table in the hall. Hang grape-like clusters of the smaller ones in the windows instead of wreaths. If you are planning to give a Christmas party or dance, take down the window curtains and hang up bouffant draperies of tarlatan; very cheap in price, very showy in effect, and thumb tacks will do the trick. Loop it back with strings of balls and hang a swag of them across the top of the window. Festoon balls from the cornice around the room. Run riot with tinsel rope and tinsel stars.

It sounds like a gay Christmas—and *is!*

Blue Complements Silver

But there's more to it. Cover a Christmas tree heavily with dripping tinsel or, better yet, blow silver paint through it with an air brush; hang it with silver balls and light it with one color only. Color artists say that blue lighting is better with silver than any other. And Christmas trees these days have gone absolutely esthetic. They must create an artistic picture and harmonize with the room.

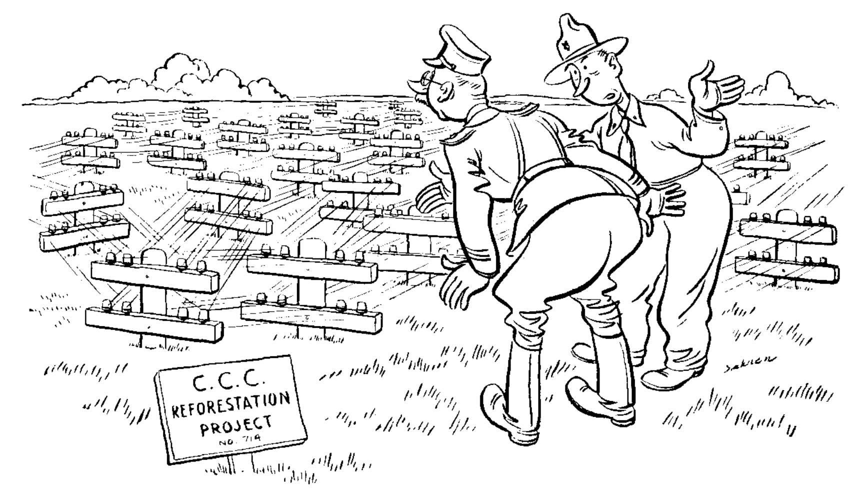
While we are on this subject of Christmas trees, we wish someone would start a movement to use two smaller trees instead of one large one. You can create such stunning balanced, symmetrical effects with them. Like putting one on each side of the fireplace or one in each of a pair of windows. We know some decorators who do that.

To celebrate a typical twentieth-century, year-1935 Christmas, use cellophane, metal and electricity. Make your window and front door wreaths of Christmas-tree bulbs against a background of metal foil leaves. That is quite within the fire laws. (We got that idea from no less a place than Hartford, Connecticut.) Have Santa deposit his pack under a stylized pine tree hung with red or blue balls. Its shiny white needles are cellophane drinking straws which sparkle so that the tree needs no special lighting. We've seen them as tall as forty-eight inches and as low as eighteen.

There are the little metal trees which may look to you like nothing so much as a series of inverted flared funnels, each one a little smaller than the one beneath. On the rim of the bottom flare are four to six holders for small white candles banded in red. Very Rimski-Korsakov; like a page out of Coq d'Or.

And trees of fringed foil. And glittering aluminum foil stars to hang up that are as flat as pancakes until you unfold their myriad points. Oh, yes, and a tree of intersecting sheets of embossed foil necklaced with strings of tiny balls. Use one at either end of a Christmas dinner table with star-shaped foil mats laid over a cloth of glittering, snow-like cellophane. Now, a big pile of red or green balls for the center of the table. And just before the guests sit down, at each individual place light a tiny wax candle that is shaped exactly like a miniature Christmas tree.

Now, how *can* you say that it's the same old Christmas!



"I can't understand it, sir. I distinctly remember we planted Elm trees here last spring!" WILLIAM SAKREN

1936 FEBRUARY 1936
1936 JANUARY 1936
1935 DECEMBER 1935
WED THUR FRI SAT

The time to prepare for winter is now... *while you are well*

During these months do all you can to build *good general resistance*

You may think common, winter ills are unpredictable and that you never can tell when you're going to get them.

But experts who have studied their course say that they reach a peak around January and February. That's when you are most likely to be affected.

One explanation is that you draw upon your reserve forces to help carry you through the first months of rigorous weather, and by mid-winter, your *general resistance* is low.

You should not wait, then, until these "peak illness months" arrive. You must prepare for them in advance. Start now to build good general resistance.

There's such an easy, pleasant means—Squibb *Adex*. Each tablet contains 3,300 units of Vitamin A which aids in building good general resistance, 660 units of Vitamin D. To put all this vitamin richness into a single tablet, Squibb draws upon three important health sources—halibut and cod liver oils and Viosterol.

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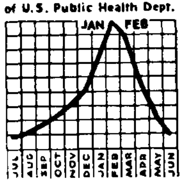
The increase of common ills during the winter months is graphically portrayed by this chart prepared from figures of U.S. Public Health Dept.



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The apologetic late Vice-President in Of Thee I Sing, the diffident but ambitious Public Enemy Number Thirteen of Anything Goes—in brief, Victor Moore—is a comic success of national proportions. But his good luck ends at the footlights. In fact, offstage nothing goes

PHOTOGRAPHS BY
IFOR THOMAS
Collier's Staff
Photographer

Scenes from the Broadway success, Anything Goes, with Victor Moore, Public Enemy Number 13, trying desperately to raise his rating

He Makes Anything Go

By Kyle Crichton

THE new test for writers is simple: any author who can't write a funny line for Victor Moore is adjudged illiterate and expelled from the Playwrights' Guild. Mr. Moore is practically fool-proof as a comedian. In his current show, Anything Goes, he utters a few words in this manner: "I think we ought to bump him off." By themselves the words are not hilarious. He might as easily—and with equal effect—say, "I think I'll shut the door." It would make no difference; the audience would be twisted up in knots just the same.

What makes the difference is the Moore technique. His voice is cracked and plaintive. He looks like a defeated heron who is tentatively asserting his dignity for the last time. His timing is marvelous. He says, "I think . . . we ought . . . tobumphimoff." He throws it off as if prepared to take it back at the slightest opposition. He carries his pudgy little form with a waddle and his head, with the ridiculous hat perched up high and well to the front, is twisted fake-aggressively to the side. One loud breath and he would disappear. He is Mr. Common People to the life.

Moore will be sixty on his next birthday. He was carrying a spear at the Grand Opera House in Boston back at the time when Paul Revere was still an active memory. He was playing in George M. Cohan's Forty-Five Minutes from Broadway in 1905 when Fay Templeton was making her first farewell performance. He is still the surest-fire of all Broadway comedians, a man of such genius that he could almost save Let 'Em Eat Cake by his own efforts. As Mr. Throttlebottom, the belabored and lost Vice-President in Of Thee I Sing, he created a character which has taken its place in American folklore with Babbitt, Wallingford and Caspar Milquetoast.

He was a pretty funny kid even in his school days in Hammondton, N. J., but where fame first struck him was at the Grand Dime, a famous Boston theater of its time. Babes in Toyland came to town and he got a job as a super.

"I must have been standing on a paving stone," says Mr. Moore, "because I was no taller in those days than I am now. The trouble was I picked the wrong play. In this one the supers had to wear armor and the knee pieces of my suit were hitting me on the shins. Next week I went down to the Opera House where the head super didn't know me."

Soon he was playing in everything. He played with John Drew and Ada Rehan. He played in such plays as the Country Cousins and Blue Jeans. After a few years he was a gentleman who came in and said that the carriage awaited without. He was a hit. He had a cane. He wore a black fedora. He wore an ulster with a hood. Girls passed him on the street and nudged each other and looked at him with star-struck eyes. He was getting $3.50 a week.

"I got four bucks but I had to kick back fifty cents to Jim Wilson, the head super. That's where *that* stuff started."

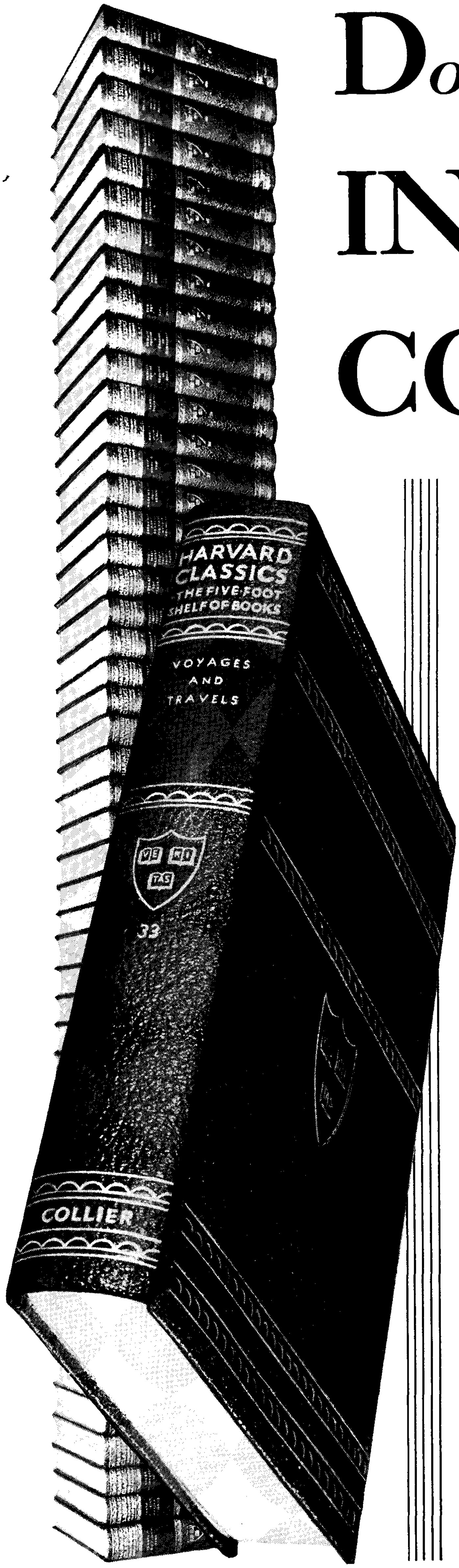
Crises on the Circuit

Then he got a job with the Ideal Repertory Company on tour. The tour started at Marlboro, Mass., and ended at East Pepperell, Mass. Young Moore played a heavy, the villain, in such vehicles as Crawford's Claim, Nugget Nell and Lost in London. They played in theaters where the players could touch the top of the proscenium arch and where the scenery was made of calico. They got out of one town by overlooking the hotel bill, but the hotel manager wrote to the hotel manager in the next town and they got away safely there only by taking their belongings out at one o'clock in the morning. The company manager dug up a country retreat, a farm house, whither they hied themselves in a horse-drawn bus and lived for two weeks on flour and beans. The actors disappeared one by one, escaping starvation by minutes. Moore managed to get his trunk out of the East Pepperell theater several steps ahead of the sheriff.

His next job was with the Arthur G. Sidman company as a juvenile. He got $10 a week and cakes. In this one he sang his first song. The critics were only partially pleased. One gentleman wrote: "Mr. Moore sang one song. He mistook the noise in the rear of the house for applause and inflicted a second verse."

What followed was a trip to the West Coast with Charles Callahan in the Romance of Coon Hollow. At Stockton,

(Continued on page 62)



Don't risk an INFERIORITY COMPLEX

A true story of a man who found that self-confidence is not a matter of education or luck

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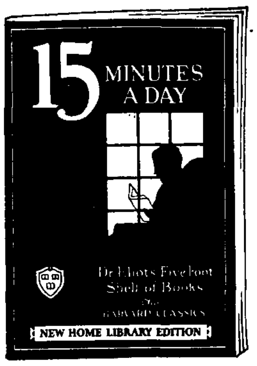

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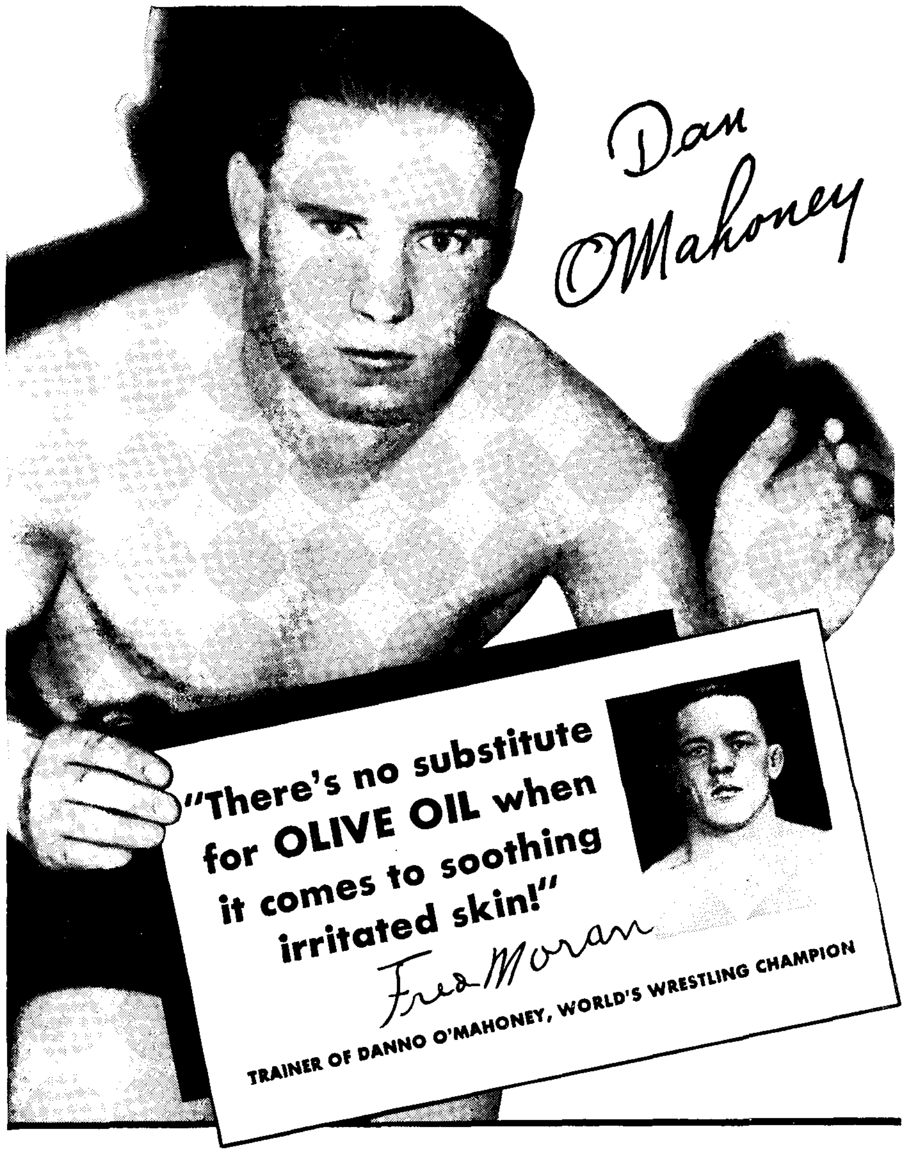

"There's no substitute for OLIVE OIL when it comes to soothing irritated skin!"

Fred Moran

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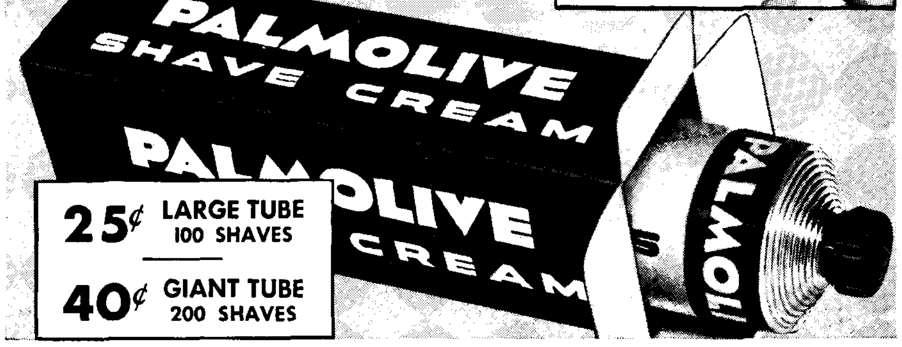

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Callingham's Girl

Continued from page 9

"A swell idea. I'll be seeing you."

Young Marsten rose; they shook hands and Cantavo took his place upon the stand. He glanced at his watch. It was nearly three. He swung into the last number of the night. Graham came up to him as the music ceased.

"You didn't give Alpert any change," he said.

"Not a nickel," replied Cantavo.

"Are you really going to the Garnet?"

"Why not?" demanded Cantavo.

"I didn't know. Seeing young Marsten with you I thought maybe you'd go home early."

"What an old woman you are!" cried the big man. "I've got to get in shape for the wedding. A man needs the healing effects of the hops and the malt. Coming with me? All the band is."

"Someone has got to look after all of you and I guess I'm elected," said Graham.

Although the orchestra had ceased playing, some people still remained at their tables, finishing drinks or suppers. Men begged and women pleaded for Cantavo to join them, but he gave amiable excuses and finally reached the hotel lobby. Rosie Reardon joined him.

"May I come, Bill?" she asked.

He eyed her severely.

"Little girl singers and composers need lots of sleep," he said. "But it needn't begin until about six. Sure. Meet us there. I can tell by Frank's manner that he's going to scold about something, so I'd better ride with him."

He pushed the manager gently before him through the swinging doors and ushered him into the longest town car in New York.

"Garnet," he said to the chauffeur. He settled himself back in the cushions, lighted a fat cigar, and turned to his business representative. "You look pretty sour, Frank. Don't tell me you're really worried because I'm going to bury my face in a few beakers of the brew."

Graham shook his head.

"Certainly not, Bill. I have to kick once in a while, but I know when to give up. Say, you and Marsten are great friends, aren't you?"

"The best," said Cantavo. "Only known him a couple of years but I'm mighty fond of him. A grand young egg. All the dough in the world but works harder than anyone in his railroad. If he didn't work so darned hard he and I could play around more, if I didn't work so darned hard. Friends? If I'm ever sucker enough to get married he'll be my best man. Just like I'm going to be his usher tomorrow when he's being silly enough to get married."

"Do you really think he is silly?"

"Isn't any man? But as a matter of fact he couldn't find a nicer girl."

"Couldn't he?" asked Graham.

CANTAVO applied a lighter to his cigar. By its flickering light he stared at his companion.

"One of the best things about you, Frank, is that you never open your mouth except to say something. What did you mean by that last remark?"

"You're one of Marsten's best friends. You're close enough to him to be one of the ushers at his wedding. The other eleven he's known since he was a baby. All went to the same prep school, to the same college, belonged to the same clubs then and now."

"What are you driving at?"

"You live in a different world. You know things those young fellows could never guess. Suppose one of them knew something important to Marsten—would he tell him?"

"And what do I know that is important to Marsten?" asked Cantavo.

"Did you throw Callingham out of the restaurant tonight only because he was fresh to Rosie?"

"When I went to theological school I did a lot of outside reading," said Cantavo. "Read a lot about the Greeks and their oracles. They never said anything straight out. Suppose you quit imitating them."

"If you'd gone to prep school and college with Marsten would you have told him about Callingham and Mary Byran?"

"Where did you pick that one up?" asked Cantavo.

"One night at the Garnet. You got talking to me. I guess you've forgotten."

"I never mentioned their names," said Cantavo angrily.

"I know you didn't. You just mentioned a big rounder and a girl and a friend of yours. Somehow, tonight I guessed who they were. Something about the way you went for Callingham."

"You're getting too smart, Frank. Don't you ever breathe—"

"When did I ever talk out of turn? But don't you think you should have tipped Marsten?"

"Why not give the girl a break?" retorted Cantavo. "As you say, I didn't go to college with Marsten."

CANTAVO'S great body heaved beneath the pile of blankets. They were tossed about exactly as skiffs are tossed by the swelling waves beneath them. His hands, that had been outflung in the abandon of sleep, came in to his sides and he pushed himself into a sitting position. He looked extremely like a fat cherub as his hair rested against the tapestry headboard of the bed. His blue eyes twinkled merrily as he looked at Graham.

"Boy, do I feel swell! I could eat a horse."

"You couldn't eat a canary's wing," said Graham sourly. "You feel like hell and you look like hell. Red as a boiled beet—"

"The flush of health."

"The flush of a two-hundred blood pressure," said Graham.

Cantavo looked the least bit sheepish.

"Was old Bill a bad boy last night?" he asked.

Graham slowly drew a notebook from his pocket.

"You gave away eight hundred and seventy-five dollars."

"No. On the level? Then what are you beefing about? Last time I went to the Garnet you said I handed out over a thousand. Seems to me I'm improving."

Graham's dour face relaxed in a smile.

"At that, it was a swell party, Bill. The whole town heard you were there and it was great."

Cantavo flopped back in the bed. His crimson pajamas made a huge blob of color in the rather restrained decor of the room.

"How about breakfast? Shall I order you that horse?"

"Make it a little horse," said Cantavo. He climbed from the bed. "Tell Sam I want to be shaved." He disappeared into the bath and Graham heard him puffing and blowing like a whale beneath the cold shower. He emerged a few minutes later. His colored valet was ready with the proper utensils and Cantavo eased his great frame, now clad in a purple dressing-gown, into a chair large enough to hold him. He closed his eyes and submitted himself to the operation of shaving. In ten minutes he joined Graham in the living-room, where breakfast was laid.

"You like that picture?"

Graham was standing before a painting. He turned and surveyed his employer. He shook his head in puzzlement.

"You fool me, Bill. You did this apartment yourself, and while I don't know much about such matters, I've heard people smart along these lines say that it is done beautifully. You've got taste. But holy cats, those clothes!"

Cantavo sat down at the table. He took a silver cover from a dish and sniffed appreciatively at the steak that was exposed. He drank a glass of orange juice.

"You never got it? Well, I'll let you into a secret, Frank. I like nice things. I know nice things. And that's all right for Mr. Cantavo, private citizen. But that old fiddler, Bill Cantavo, is something else. He's a big fat man that the public wants to stare at. He's a showman and the public likes show. I wear those shirts and those checked coats and ride in those big cars as a matter of business. The public has a picture of the Maestro of Jazz and I live up to that picture."

"How many of the public ever look at your pajamas and dressing-gowns?" asked Graham.

Cantavo laughed.

"How do I know there won't be a fire? What would people think if a fireman carried me down a ladder in quiet pajamas?"

"They'd think the fireman was Hercules," said Graham.

"Okay, smart guy. I *like* colors. They bring out my complexion. What else is on your mind?"

"Not a thing in the world. Just wanted to make sure you got to the wedding."

Cantavo attacked the steak.

"I'd like to see anyone keep me away. And if that bishop fumbles his lines I'll be the one to prompt him."

Graham shook his head wonderingly. "I just can't figure you ever studying for the ministry."

"Why not? Caldwell University needed a guard. I weighed one hundred and ninety-five then, at nineteen. Captain of my high-school football team. The Caldwell coach asked me to play on the team. He stuck me in the theological school because there were no entrance exams. You know, the faculty had an idea that birds studying for the ministry were okay."

"Why didn't you stick to it?"

Cantavo stared at him.

"The football season ended, sap." He grinned broadly. "I don't think I was cut out for it. But at that, it's a swell career. It isn't mine, but I'm plenty strong for the boys that go for it. And don't think I won't be checking up on the bishop."

Graham rose.

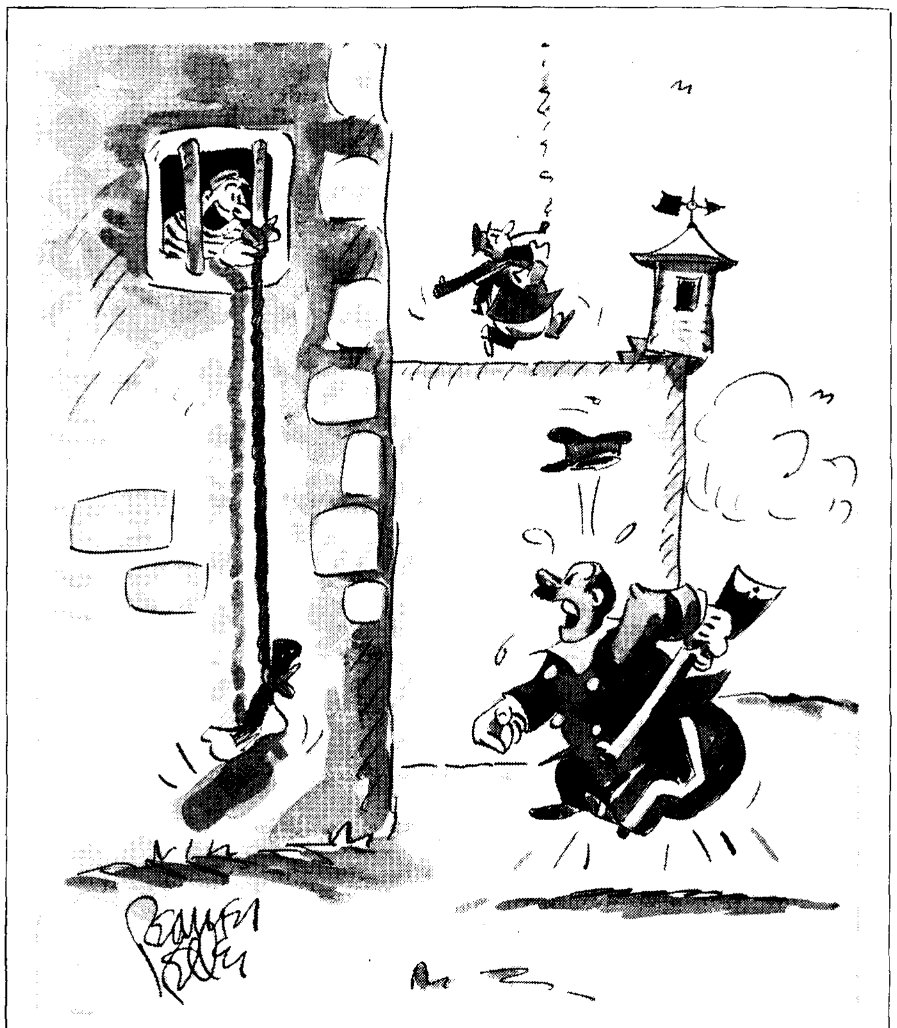
"No party after the wedding," he warned. "You're making records from two until five."

Cantavo nodded.

"They don't serve beer at swell weddings. I'll be on time."

HE FINISHED his breakfast, glanced at the morning papers, called to his valet, and went into his bedroom. He sat down on the edge of the bed and lighted a cigarette. Too bad he hadn't killed Callingham last night. Sometimes a person's past never cropped up, but when that past was in the keeping of a man like Callingham, one could never be certain. He frowned thoughtfully. After all, he didn't *know* anything about Mary Byran and Callingham. Perhaps it was just his own queer trick of always putting two and two together. Mary Byran had been late for an appointment to dine with Marsten and Cantavo. Cantavo recognized the girl. He had seen her once with Walter Callingham. That was nothing. As Marsten had said last night, Callingham got around. Nobody liked him, but it's

(Continued on page 48)



"I'm hangin' up my stockin'—anything wrong with that?"

REAMER KELLER

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(Continued from page 47)

hard for a man to lose all the friends of a lifetime. Callingham was not ostracized, much as he may have deserved ostracism.

Mary Byran had explained her delay by the statement that she had been out in the country. Next day someone had mentioned to Cantavo that the pretty girl with whom he and Marsten had been dining the previous evening had been sitting at tea at the Plaza with Walter Callingham until nearly eight o'clock the day before. Still Cantavo had thought nothing about it. But a couple of weeks later Callingham's name had cropped up in conversation and Mary Byran had said she didn't know him.

That was a couple of months ago and ever since then Cantavo had been puzzled about the matter. Two and two, added, seemed to make a liar of Mary Byran. Why did she lie?

But maybe his figuring was wrong. Perhaps there weren't any numerals to be added. Perhaps the person who had mentioned seeing Callingham and Mary Byran was mistaken.

He shook his head thoughtfully. Suppose she did know Callingham and denied the acquaintance? That didn't necessarily mean anything against the girl's character. The Byran family was as well known as the Marstens. She seemed like a swell girl.

And anyway, it was none of his business. He didn't suppose young Marsten, grand lad that he was, was qualified for saintship. Suppose Mary Byran had been silly, even reckless. Was it Bill Cantavo's business to throw stones through her windows? A swell girl marrying a swell fellow. Look at the pages ahead and forget the ones that had been turned.

He gave himself over to the ministrations of his valet, and a quarter of an hour later surveyed himself in the long mirror. Glistening shoes, gleaming top hat, and in between the habiliments proper to an usher at a fashionable noonday wedding.

Cantavo took one last look at himself and left the apartment. In the hotel lobby people stared. That was Bill Cantavo, the band leader. Makes a million a year. Sure, he'll give you his autograph. Grandest guy in the world. In the papers that he's going to be usher at the Byran-Marsten wedding. Must be headed for there now. Hi-yah, Bill! Howsa boy, Mr. Cantavo?

He walked through the lobby. Clerks and telephone operators and newsstand girls—and men—craned their necks and called greetings to him. Upon one and all he beamed. The starter threw open the door of his town car with a flourish. A mounted policeman came close to the car.

SMILING, Cantavo entered the church. Fellow ushers greeted him with subdued warmth. And in a minute he was ushering into their places the guests at New York's most fashionable wedding of the winter. He took his place, finally, with the other ushers, behind the bridesmaids at the altar. He stood in a solemnity foreign to his gay nature while the brief ceremony was performed. He kept his promise to Tim Marsten, enveloping the bride in a hug that was ursine. The groom whispered to him: "You're coming to the reception?"

"You won't serve beer," said Cantavo.

"There's a keg for you," chuckled Marsten. "Bill, you've got to come."

"I'll be there," promised Cantavo.

He made his way out of the church. To his surprise his own car was drawn up at the curb. A lieutenant of police greeted him.

"Heard you were here, Bill, and saw to it that you weren't held up."

"Much obliged," said Cantavo. He stepped in his car. He could hear the sirens of the motorcycle cavalcade that escorted the bride and groom to Berry's, where the wedding breakfast was to be held, screaming warning to traffic. His own car, thanks to the friendly lieutenant, had an escort and he reached Berry's in less than five minutes.

Within a quarter of an hour the guests that had crowded the little church, augmented by hundreds more who had been asked to the reception, were crowding Berry's ballroom. Marsten sought out Cantavo.

"You'll find your beer over in that corner," he said, pointing. "You must drink one toast to the bride."

"I'll do that," said Cantavo.

Through the guests he squirmed. Waiters bearing trays of champagne glasses collided with him. Flushed débutantes impeded his progress. Laughing folk of middle age blocked the way. But finally he reached the table on which was set—horror of horrors at such an affair—a keg of beer. Cantavo filled a glass. He had lifted it to his lips when a hand touched him on the shoulder. He turned to meet the countenance of Inspector Henderson of headquarters.

"This *is* a swell wedding when they get out inspectors," he said.

Henderson did not respond to Cantavo's mood.

"Do something for me, will you, Bill?"

"Pour your own beer," laughed Cantavo.

Henderson shook his head impatiently.

"Bill, get the bride out here for me, will you?"

CANTAVO stared at the inspector. He put the glass down on the table.

"The bride? Out here?" he frowned.

"I mean in this room behind us," said Henderson. He nodded toward a door, half open, beside the table.

"From all the uncles and the cousins and the aunts? You must be crazy. She and Marsten will be dashing off on their honeymoon in a couple of minutes. What do you want with her?"

"Never mind. Get her, will you? You're a pal of her husband. It will look all right if you take her out. But it would look like hell if I grabbed her."

"Grabbed her?" Cantavo was bewildered.

Henderson nodded.

"I'd like to do it quietly. You know, there's a lot of big people here and I want to walk carefully."

"You'd damned well better," said Cantavo. "What's happened to you? Have you gone crazy? Don't tell me you're going to pinch the bride."

"I don't know—yet," said Henderson. "First, I want to talk to her. Will you get her for me, or do you want me to bust up this pretty party?"

Cantavo stared at him. He had known Jim Henderson for a dozen years. When Cantavo, shortly after the war, had made his sensational entrance into New York night life, Henderson had been a policeman in the Times Square district. Cantavo, to whom everyone was a pal, had known Henderson all through his police career. He had seen him become detective, detective sergeant, detective lieutenant, captain and finally inspector. Henderson was not given to flying off the handle. If Henderson wanted to talk to Mrs. Timothy Marsten almost in the moment that she had acquired that title, nothing short of Henderson's death would prevent that conversation.

"Sure. I'll get her. Better drink my beer. It may steady your nerves. And don't say I didn't warn you when the commissioner calls you on the carpet."

"I'll remember," said Henderson.

Cantavo made a circuitous way through the crowd. He found Marsten at the far end of the ballroom.

"Where's the lovely bride?" he asked.

Marsten chuckled.

"Where no mere man may hope to go. She's in another room changing to her traveling clothes. That is a solemn rite, Bill. Anyway, I'm not going to let you kiss her again."

"Just wanted to speak to her a minute," said Cantavo.

"I'd like to speak to her a year, but I have to wait," laughed Marsten. Another usher pulled the groom away. Cantavo looked about him. He saw Berry, manager of the institution that bore his name, and beckoned to him.

"How do you do, Mr. Cantavo? Been wanting to chat with you. How would you like to come over here after your contract with the Monroe expires?"

"It sounds swell," said Cantavo. "Tell me, where is the bride changing?"

Berry raised a pair of eyebrows that looked as if they had been clipped. He pointed through a door.

"The suite at the end of the hall," he said. "But you can't go down there."

"I know it," said Cantavo. He turned, went through the door, and knocked at another door down the hall. A woman opened it.

"What do you want?" she asked.

"Tell Mrs. Marsten that Mr. Cantavo must see her at once," he said.

"But that's impossible," said the maid.

"If you don't tell her I'll come in and tell her myself," threatened Cantavo.

The woman stared at him, backed away, and in a moment Mary Marsten appeared in the doorway.

"Why, Bill, what on earth—"

"Step outside here a minute," said Cantavo.

She looked at him in faint surprise. But she came through the door. She was dressed in a suit. Only a hat was lacking to her costume.

"What is it?"

"An inspector of the New York police wants to talk to you. He may be goofy but I'd never bet on it. He wants to be quiet about it, but he's in dead earnest. Told me that if I didn't get you he'd get you himself. I don't know what it's all about, but I think you'd better come."

Not by the faintest movement did her expression change. Perhaps there was a flicker in her violet eyes but, if so, Cantavo did not see it.

"Why, of course," she said. Her voice was even, faintly touched with mirth. "Where is he?"

"In a room off the far end of the ballroom. I'll show you."

"All right. Wait just a minute till I get my hat."

SHE closed the door. Cantavo waited five minutes. Then, as he was about to knock on the door, Henderson joined him.

"Where is she?" he asked.

"Inside. Had to get her hat."

"It's taken her a long time," said Henderson. He pushed open the door. Cantavo, not quite realizing that he did so, followed him into the room. Only a maid was there, packing the bridal garments into boxes.

"Where's Mrs. Marsten?" asked Henderson.

The maid stared at him.

"She went out the other door to the street. She was going to meet Mr. Marsten there."

With an oath Henderson wheeled and started back toward the ballroom. Cantavo seized him.

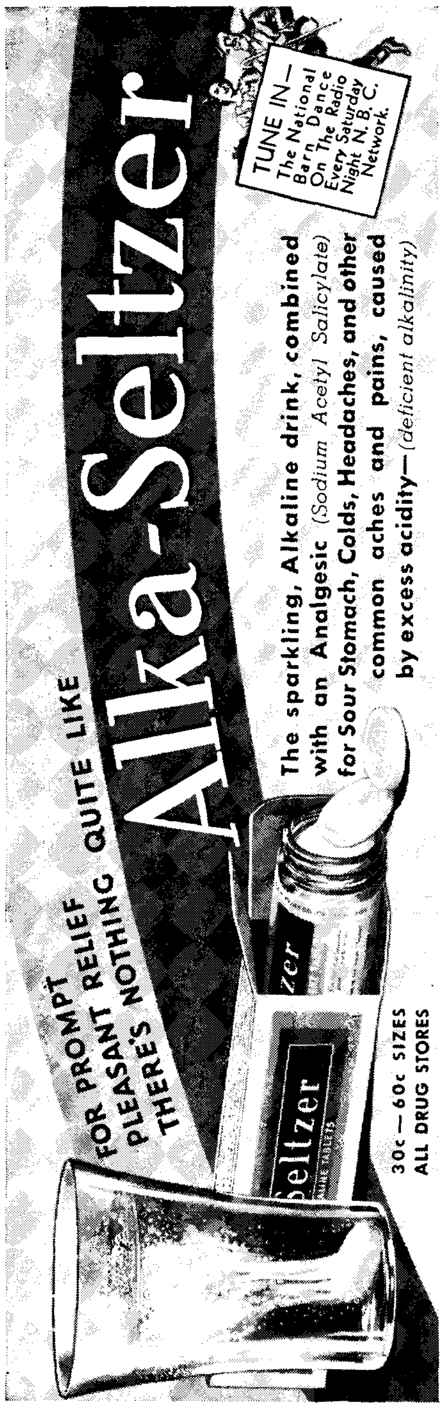
"What's up, Jim?" he asked.

"Walter Callingham was murdered this morning," said the inspector.

"What's that got to do with Mrs. Marsten?" asked Cantavo. But he knew the answer, although not its phraseology, before Henderson could make a reply.

"I don't know. But I want to ask her. She was Callingham's girl," said Henderson.

(To be continued next week)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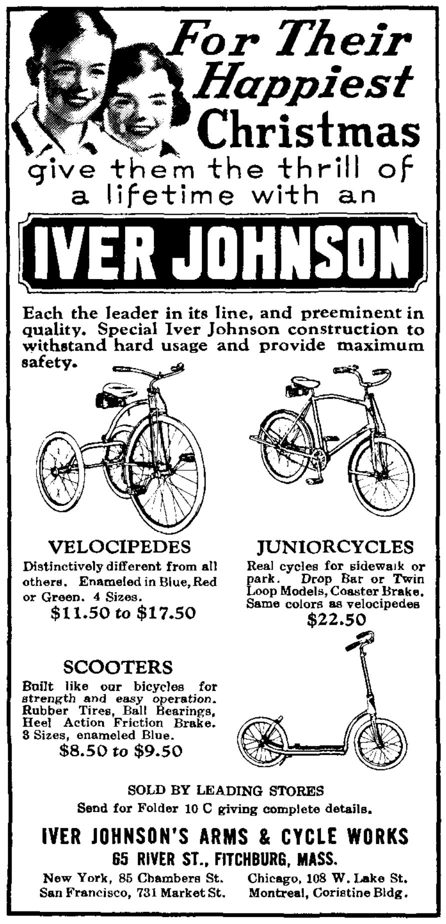
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Lucky Night

Continued from page 19

The lieutenant gaped.

"Hello, Snitch," he said. "What happened to you? Stay out too late?"

Then he bellowed, "Come out here!"

Two policemen came into the room and goggled when they saw the prisoner.

The lieutenant said to them, "You mugs spend three weeks trying to find this guy and here these two civilians do him up with a belt and drag him in here. It's a laugh. And you telling me how you were going on a cruise with the reward money."

Jerry looked up. "Reward money?"

"Yeah, a thousand bucks. Take him away."

"How much did you say the reward is?"

"One G. The guy's Willie the Snitch. He put the slug on a bank messenger and got away with a pack of bonds."

Jerry turned to Alice.

"Give the lieutenant a tip on a horse."

"I don't bet," said the officer.

"That's too bad," said Jerry. "With this young lady's advice you'd pick up a fortune."

They went out and got back in the car.

Jerry said, "There doesn't seem to be any end to this. I've got an idea. I think I can raise a thousand on the strength of the reward. Then we can go to Dusty Carmack's and run it up. I owe Dusty five thousand dollars but I'll explain everything to him and he may—perhaps—possibly let me get going again. How about it?"

"It sounds wonderful. Who's Dusty?"

"Gambler. He runs a little plant."

THEY went on to the Smoke Shop. The manager greeted them at the door.

"Hello, Mr. Carroll. Quite a stranger. Where have you been?"

"Down, out and busted, George. But I'm back in the chips again just for a night. Give us the best."

"I hope it's not just for a night." George hemmed a bit and then hawed. "If you ever suffer from a temporary shortage don't hesitate to come along anyway. The credit of a customer like you is always good."

"Thank you, George. I'll take up the matter of the credit in a second. In the meantime bring us champagne and everything on the menu that's festive."

Everything was swell. They got seated, tried their champagne and settled back.

"Do you dance?" asked Jerry. "Because if you do I have free-wheeling feet and the grace of a weeping willow tonight."

"As for me," said Alice, "I'm the spirit of the dance herself. This sort of thing never happens to people. Let's keep it happening."

When the dance was ended they returned to their table and looked at each other before anything was said. Alice took out her compact and started powdering her nose.

"I like you," she said.

"Like?" said Jerry. "A puling word. A miserable, weak word. A word with none of the old spank to it."

He looked at her and went on. "Listen to this: I love you. How's that?"

Alice smiled at him and took a sip of champagne. "Aren't you throwing your emotions around pretty freely? It doesn't sound probable to me."

"You sit there and talk about probability after this evening! Don't be small. Don't think of such a thing. Look at Dante and Beatrice. Look at Leander and the Hellespont. Look at Mary and the Scots. It happens."

"Well," she said, "I still like you."

George came over to the table. "You wanted to speak to me?"

"Ah, yes, George. This is my night. Seven is my number and my number is up. Now listen. I just captured a gentleman known as Something the Snitch. A thousand-dollar reward went with him. If you don't believe me call the 51st Street police station."

George looked at him and smiled.

"Now, I am proposing that you advance me the thousand against the reward. You may have to wait but you can't lose. Then I take the gelt and go over to Dusty Carmack's and feed it with more thousands and get rich. Yes, George, or no?"

George wondered if they were drunk. They did not seem to be. He hesitated.

Alice said, "Please. It's an investment. We're unbeatable."

"I'll call that station just to make sure," he said and left them.

A few minutes later he was back with a bundle of money in his hand.

"I'm nuts," he said, "but that's the way I am. Here you are."

Carmack's place was run quietly on the sixth floor of an office building.

Jerry pushed a button at the entrance and Dusty peered out at them through a square in the middle of the door.

"Get your hopes up, Dusty," Jerry said. "Maybe you get that five thousand dollars tonight."

"I do or you stay out."

"Now listen, please, Dusty, don't get tough. I'm hot. I'm ahead fifteen hundred dollars on a three-dollar start."

He told him the saga of the evening.

"You can see how it is," he went on. "You know a streak when it's running. Let us in to play with what we have and I'll pay off in no time at all. If you don't you're no better off."

"Okay. Try it." Dusty opened the door. "The worst that can happen to me is to win what money you have."

It was a room with a long green-covered table running down the middle. At the end was a board. Dice were being thrown and bounced off the board. A man called out the number thrown and another man scooped up the dice with a stick. Men and women in evening clothes crowded around watching.

As they walked over they could hear the stick man calling out the roll of the dice.

"The gentleman threw a nine—the gentleman threw a four."

Finally he said, "The gentleman threw a seven."

IT WAS Jerry's turn at the dice. He handed them to Alice.

"Keep up the good work," he said.

She answered, "Bet the thousand. We may miss once, but not twice. Not us. Then we can start again with the five hundred dollars."

She smiled at him and tossed the dice.

"The lady threw eleven."

Jerry tossed the five hundred dollars on the table. "The twenty-five hundred dollars goes," he said.

Alice smiled again, and again tossed a new pair of dice.

"The lady threw seven."

Their capital was five thousand dollars. "The hand has not lost its cunning," said Alice. "Let's let the—"

Dusty Carmack picked their money off the table.

"That's that," he said, "if you have anymore, keep on rolling. If not—scram."

Jerry protested. "But, Dusty, you said—"

"Never mind what I said."

Alice said, "That's not fair, Mr. Carmack. You told us—"

Carmack turned to Jerry. "Scram and take that broad with you."

Jerry yelled, "Don't call my girl a broad," and swung his fist to Carmack's jaw.

The gambler swayed for a brief instant and then slowly sank to the floor.

Two house bodyguards appeared from nowhere, grabbed Jerry and rushed him across the room to the door. Alice ran after them screaming: "Don't hurt him. Don't hurt him."

One of the men opened the door and Jerry was thrown violently against the opposite wall. He slumped to the floor.

Alice rushed out after him. He pulled himself up to a sitting position.

"Are you hurt?" she asked.

"No—just terribly, terribly angry."

He fumbled for his pocket and pulled out three dollars.

"Right where we started," he said.

"That was a dirty trick," Alice said. "But heigh-ho. We had a good time. You're out of debt. Stand up and let's go home."

JERRY got to his feet and followed her to the street.

"Home?" he said. "You wouldn't want to go home when we still have three dollars? It's absurd."

He took her by the arm and dragged her to the car. "I've got an idea."

"Now what?" she asked.

"We're going to bring out a justice of the peace. The extra dollar can go as a tip."

Alice looked at him solemnly. "But—"

"Don't start butting. Was ever a girl more foreordained to marry a man? Why, the whole evening has been pointing to it. With your luck you can't go wrong. Didn't I tell you I love you—or don't you listen?"

Her solemn look began to dissolve. "Well— If you're going to marry me you ought to kiss me. It's a convention."

After a bit she said, "There's the item of witnesses."

"What's the matter with Aunt Mabel?"

"At this hour of the morning?"

"Tush to the hour. We'll get Aunt Mabel and the butler, a lad named Parkins. I knew that some day I'd find a butler coming in handy."

When Jerry shook Aunt Mabel awake she took some coaxing.

"There isn't time for fiddle faddle," Jerry told her, "so I can't break this to you gently. Alice and I are getting married and you're the witness."

"Jerry," she said, "you're drunk."

"I'm not drunk. Don't be ungracious. And don't argue, Aunt Mabel. Come on, hop into your tippet. Time presses."

"But—"

"I'm sorry, Aunt Mabel. I cannot have any more people butting at me tonight. Be a good woman and get up."

She got up and Parkins got up, too. He had no choice.

Jerry took his aunt by the arm and guided her to the car quickly. Parkins trailed dolefully along in he background. The two were put in the rumble seat, and bundled up.

On the Grand Concourse a motorcycle cop stopped them.

Alice said to him, "Please don't ask if we are going to a fire."

The policeman scowled. Aunt Mabel said, "I'm not sure you shouldn't arrest them, Officer."

Alice smiled sweetly at the policeman and said, "Please, Officer, don't be harsh. We are going to get married."

"You don't have to go seventy miles an hour."

"You're right. We shouldn't. I'm sorry, but a marriage is important."

The policeman looked at her for a moment and smiled.

(Continued on page 52)

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THE GREAT AMERICAN SMOKE

(*Continued from page 51*)

"Okay," he said. "Only take it easy. I got married once myself."

They went along. Jerry leaned back and said to Aunt Mabel:

"That suggestion of yours about arresting us was very wicked. And it didn't work because we can't be stopped."

Aunt Mabel said, "Hmmmmmmmph."

When they came to a small town beyond the city they stopped at an all-night drugstore.

"How's chances of getting married in this hamlet?" Jerry asked the clerk.

"Not so good," he replied. "Lem Hawkins will give you the license all right, but the justice of the peace went on strike last week. Said he's tired of getting up at all hours and marrying elopers. Said he won't do it any more. You can try, though. Lem's right across the street, and the justice is around the corner in a house with a white door."

Lem gave them the license without demur, and they went to the justice's house. A light was shining in a second-story window. Jerry threw a pebble against it and a man's head popped out.

"What do you want?" he asked.

"We want to get married."

"All right," he said. "I'll come down and let you in."

The man was dressed in pajamas and a bathrobe. When he took them to the living-room Alice said:

"They told us you weren't going to do this any more."

"Well, I wasn't but I couldn't get to sleep. Got a terrible toothache. Might as well marry you as not."

"Mister," said Jerry, "that toothache was sent by fate. You'd have had it with false teeth."

"Once again I must protest," Aunt Mabel said. "I thoroughly disapprove of this whole thing. I think you should wait."

"Don't be silly," Jerry told her. "You've had samples. A sentimental cop. This worthy gentleman with a toothache. Don't be dense. Let's go."

WHILE the justice went to his office to secure the marriage service, Parkins plucked Jerry by the arm. He held out in his hand the dice that had been used at Aunt Mabel's dinner party.

"They fell out of your pocket, sir, when you were paying for the license."

Jerry said, "You keep those, Parkins, and get into a game with Oscar at the Waldorf. You'll wind up owning the place and be in business for yourself."

The justice lined them up before him. He began the ceremony.

" . . . just cause why these parties should not be legally joined together, let him now speak or hereafter hold his peace."

Aunt Mabel said, "I still think—"

Jerry turned to her. "He asked for 'just cause,' Aunt Mabel, not prejudice. Please don't interrupt."

Jerry said he did. Alice said she did.

The justice, warming to his work, came to the final binding words: "—By virtue of the authority vested in me by the laws of the state of New York, now pronounce you—"

Aunt Mabel made a final desperate effort to stop it.

"Alice—wait—how about your father? What will he say?"

Alice turned to Jerry. "My father's just a father. He can't do anything about it." She said to the justice, "Go on."

JERRY held his hand out. "Wait a second. I've just thought of something." He said to Alice, "Who is your father?"

"Nobody. Just a man with a bank. Get along," she added to the justice.

"Her father," Aunt Mabel said, "is president of the Borough National Bank."

Jerry said, "Oh." Then he said, "We'd better not do this. I haven't any money and I can't live off you, Alice. I forgot that angle in the excitement."

Alice said, "Don't stickle. He'll get you a job. He knows everybody." She looked at the justice. "Please finish it, will you?"

"Don't you dare," said Jerry. "We'll wait until I get a job."

Alice was indignant. "We'll do no such thing. We'll get married right now. Go ahead."

The justice looked very grim. "I wish you'd make up your minds," he said.

Alice turned and looked at Parkins. "Give me those dice," she demanded.

"What's this?" asked Jerry.

"I'm going to throw you for it," Alice explained. "If I make my point we get married. If not, have it your way. All right with you?"

"Go ahead," said Jerry. "We'll find out whose luck this is."

Alice crouched down and sent the dice rattling against the side of the room. They showed eight.

"Come on, you eight," she cried.

She rolled again and six showed.

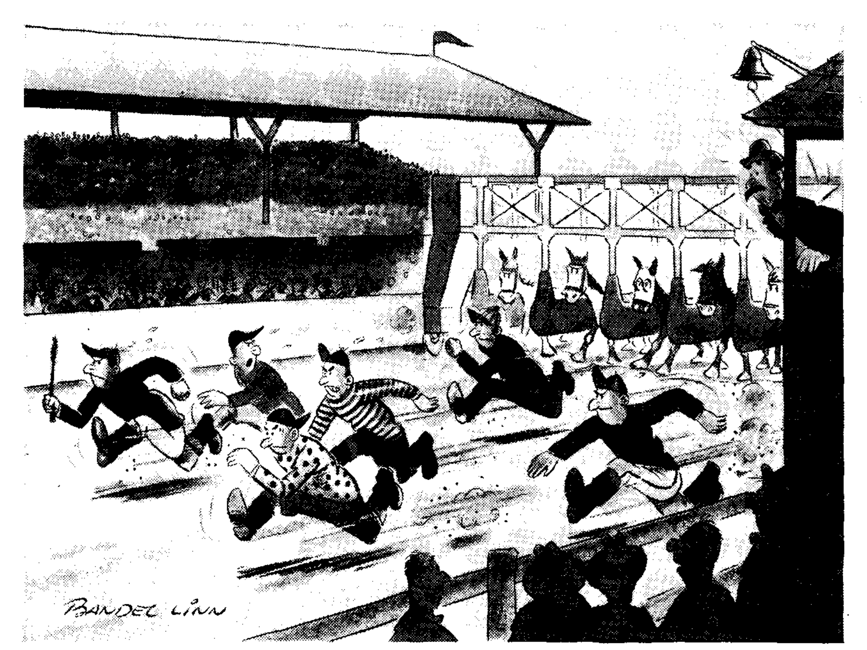
Aunt Mabel said, "Come seven."

The next roll was a nine.

"Eight, dice, eight," the justice said.

He called it. Alice made the eight on the next throw. She got up and looked at him. He smiled, toothache and all, and said:

"Nice shooting, lady—I now pronounce you man and wife. And may God bless your union."



"Okay, then! We'll make this thing personal!" BANDEL LINN

The Captain Wants to Sleep

Continued from page 21

"Let's have your bearing, Jackson," Crake barked into the voice tube.

"Dead one-eighty degrees, sir," replied the listener.

Crake flashed a masked light on his chart and off again in an instant.

"We can't tell," he said to Borden, who had returned to the charthouse, "whether this chap is running outside for the Mediterranean or legging it through the barrage for Cattaro. All we're sure of is that he is hugging our side of the barrage. You're in luck. Maybe you'll see us put on an ash-can attack."

AN ABSOLUTE hush fell over the 3-T-7. Every man of her crew stood immovable at his station. After five minutes of this Borden said, "That must have been a false alarm or else the cowardly beggar has turned back."

A faint glow from the binnacle illuminated a twisted smile on Crake's face as he retorted, "If he had a yellow streak an inch long, he'd never poke his nose this close to the barrage. And I don't think he's turned back, either. More than likely he's found his silent running speed for his two battery-driven motors."

A gust of rain slatted against the canvas weather screen of the bridge just then, obscuring the moon for a few minutes as the 3-T-7 rolled quietly in the dying swells.

"Mark! Mark! Mark!" chanted up from the magazine. "Strong sound with a recurring beat at three-second intervals coming through from fifteen degrees, sir."

"Hold on that while I check." Crake thrust his head out the charthouse window and listened. "As I thought," he remarked down the voice tube. "Cut out that sound, if you can. That's a squadron of bombing planes approaching."

"So I thought, sir," replied the listener from below. "Sounded the same as the last three air raids we've been through. . . . Stand by, sir. I've picked up the sub again. Mark! He's one-ninety now, and coming in strong. . . . Mark! He is approaching astern of us. . . . There goes a hatch banging open—he's started his Diesels!"

"*Bur-r-r-r-rang!*" The electric alarm gong sounded through the ship. There was a moment of drumming feet, and then silence again. Crake stepped to the charthouse door and called aft, "All hands to the rail. Keep a sharp lookout for a sub on the surface astern—"

His voice was drowned in the howl of a diving Austrian bomber's motors. A two-hundred-pound bomb exploded close aboard his port beam and drenched 3-T-7's decks with solid sheets of water. The plane, a flashing shadow against the black velvet sky, zoomed upward directly over the wireless antenna and ran through the converging fire of the two machine guns snapping at her from the bridge.

"Sub abeam, sir!" reported the coxswain. "To sta'board, and abaft the engine room—"

"Second bomber diving for attack!" warned the crow's-nest watch. "This one has a dead line on us, sir!"

Crake slapped his engine-room telegraphs to "full speed ahead."

"Hard over right!" he snapped at his helmsman, adding a yank on the wheel as he leaned out of the chartroom window. "Stand by the forward gun! Commence firing the moment you pick up your target on the sta'board beam—"

"Coming in, sir!" called the radio operator from below. He began chanting the message as he received it. "ALLNAV, attention. Raiding Austrian destroyer fleet loose in the Adriatic. H. M. S. Fury and Ruby make contact. Subchasers and drifters avoid enemy destroyers if possible. But hold barrage at all costs. Mass submarine break for Mediterranean anticipated."

"Got it, Dawson!"

Crake's acknowledgment of the warning to all Allied vessels in the Adriatic was smothered by the ear-splitting blast from the stubby three-inch gun. It was followed by a white flash from the vague bulk of the sub's conning tower.

"A hit!" Borden gasped, exultantly at his elbow. "Your men certainly handle—"

Crash!

Another air bomb smashed between Splinter Boat 3-T-7 and her submarine target. The chattering machine guns behind the charthouse blanketed Crake's acknowledging grunt over Borden's unexpected compliment.

"Ahoy the crow's-nest!" he rapped into the voice tube. "Disregard attacking planes and the sub. Peel your eyes in all directions for approaching destroyers. . . . Morgan!" he flung at his gunner's mate between blasts from the forward gun. "Pass the word to the gun captain. I want more deliberate fire. Concentrate on his gun. He is making ready to spray us with muzzle-burst shrapnel—"

"Aye, aye, sir!"

The first burst of shrapnel from the sub's 10.2 centimeter gun wiped the words off the gunner's mate's lips and spun him across the deck into a slowly twisting heap.

"By the Lord, I can't stand this!" gasped Borden, clutching at Crake's arm. "Give me something to do, old man. Anything! I'll serve in your gun crew. Let me take the gunner's mate's place—"

"Take command of the damned gun," Crake snapped at him. "Smash that sub quick. Those destroyers will be down on us in two shakes!"

The machine guns on the bridge chattered away. Wisps of oil smoke from their hot barrels drifted into the charthouse. The heavy thud of an air bomb shook the 3-T-7. She staggered through a solid inverted cone of water that buried the men on deck waist deep.

"MAN overboard!" came the cry from the launching rack astern.

It was Borden, hurrying to his new duties as gunnery officer, who snatched a life ring with a flare attached to it from the bridge rail and flung it overboard. Other than that, no effort was made to rescue the man floundering in Splinter Boat 3-T-7's churning wake.

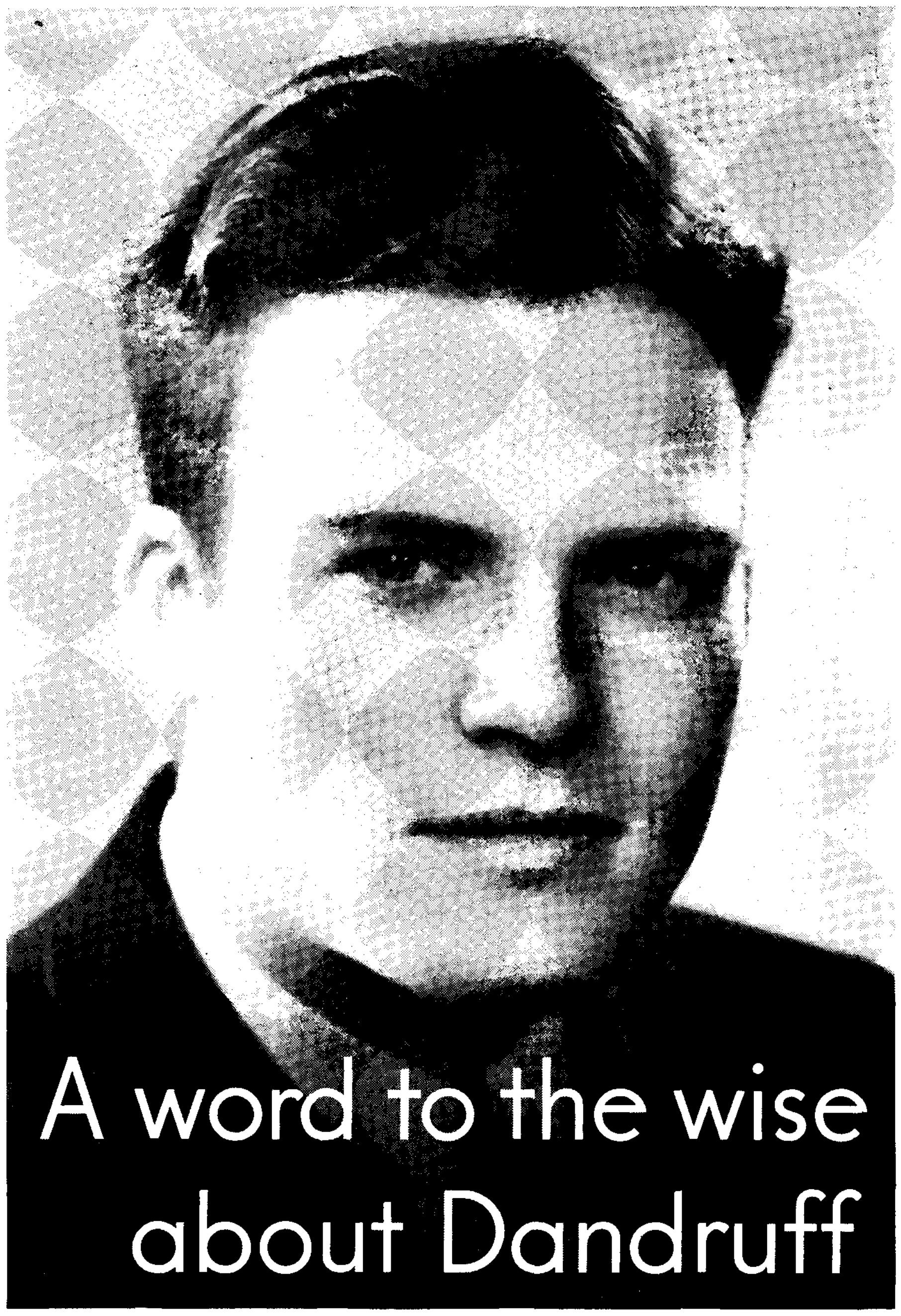
The next streak of red flame from the sub's gun ripped a hole a foot above the waterline through the engine room. Crake snatched up the voice tube and held it to his ear. His command was losing speed rapidly, and the sub was forging ahead.

"Ahoy, the bridge!" croaked up the tube. "That shell tore away the wires from the ignition coils. All we have is the center engine left. Can I make a light to repair the damage?"

"Hell, no, Jordan!" Crake flung back and dropped the voice tube.

Crawling along at barely seven knots, the 3-T-7 ran a losing race with the big submarine which was slipping away at a good eleven knots. She was almost lost, a ghostly smear of shadow in the moonlight, when Crake saw Borden thrust the gun pointer aside and step into his place.

(Continued on page 54)


A word to the wise about Dandruff

Two eminent bacteriologists recently announced the discovery that a tiny germ only one six-thousandth of an inch long causes dandruff . . . confirmed the belief that dandruff is catching . . . and it is estimated that twenty-five million men in this country suffer with it! Dandruff germs thrive on a neglected scalp. Keep yours thoroughly clean, the circulation well stimulated, with regular 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic massage. At least once a week apply the Tonic freely and massage the scalp round and round until it feels loose, and tingles pleasantly. Shampoo carefully, and massage the scalp again until the hair is dry. A very little 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic massaged directly into the scalp every morning will remove traces of dandruff, tend to correct the condition, keep the hair well-groomed and in place. For sale at all good drug stores, in two sizes of shaker-top bottles.

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Vaseline HAIR TONIC
Chesebrough Mfg. Co. New York, U.S.A.

40c and 70c

BE SURE YOU GET THE GENUINE

Look for the trademark VASELINE

when you buy. If you don't see it you are not getting the genuine product of the Chesebrough Manufacturing Co., Cons'd., 17 State St., New York.

Vaseline HAIR TONIC

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

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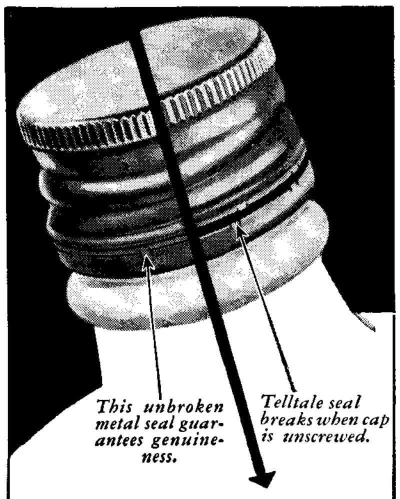
This unbroken metal seal guarantees genuineness.
Telltale seal breaks when cap is unscrewed.

GILBEY'S
LONDON DRY GIN
See advertisement . . . Page 55

HAS AN ALSECO
ANTI-COUNTERFEIT SEAL
ON EVERY BOTTLE
for your protection
ALUMINUM SEAL CO. NEW KENSINGTON, PA.

Travel by Covered Wagon—

Do you love to travel . . . are the wide open spaces calling . . . do Florida and the West Coast beckon? Why not answer the urge? You can travel for little more than staying at home. The new Covered Wagon Trailer Coaches for 1936 give you every home luxury and comfort. Kitchen, dining room, bedroom and bath. Spacious, beautifully fitted out, generously equipped—built for real dependability and rare livability. You'll be amazed how economical a Covered Wagon will prove to be. Post yourself on trailer travel—You'll travel by Covered Wagon. New literature mailed *Free.*

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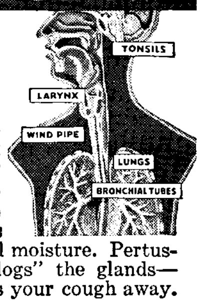
Two New
COVERED WAGON
Trailer Coaches
$395 and $785
Complete—Ready for the Road

COUGH STOPPED quicker by "Moist-Throat" Method



DID you know that when you catch cold the thousands of tiny moisture glands in your throat and windpipe dry or clog? Thick phlegm irritates your throat, *making you cough.*

It is necessary to stimulate those glands to pour out their natural moisture. Pertussin does this. It "unclogs" the glands—loosens phlegm—soothes your cough away.

Over 1,000,000 doctors' prescriptions for Pertussin were filled in one year, **according to Prescription Ingredient Survey issued by American Pharmaceutical Assn.**

• • •

. . . "Pertussin stopped Jackie's bad cough next day!" writes Mrs. P. Fernandez, Providence, R. I. Get a bottle.

PERTUSSIN
"MOIST-THROAT" METHOD OF
COUGH RELIEF

(Continued from page 53)

"Two periscopes showing dead ahead!" bawled the crow's-nest watch. "Under our forefoot now, sir—"

Crake's hand flashed upward and jerked the whistle cord in staccato blasts—the signal for a full pattern depth mine attack—adding a break and a triple blast as a signal for an immediate discharge of the Y-gun.

The next moment, Splinter Boat 3-T-7 seemed hurled into a vortex of explosions. Borden had let go with the gun. An exploding air bomb countermined the first depth mine launched from the sternways and stood the small craft on her bull nose. There was no time for Crake to notice the blinding flash and deafening roar from the now-vanished sub—

"TWO groups of destroyers approaching. From starboard and port bows, sir!"

The crow's-nest watch bawled this twice before Crake could hear him above the scream of a diving bomber's motors and the crackle of machine-gun fire from behind him on the bridge.

"Port machine gun's jammed from overheating!" yelled a gunner from the bridge.

"Keep water away from it!" Crake flung back. "You on the starboard gun—cut your burst shorter. Drop back to gun drill tempo. Keep cool, damn your eyes, and get the next one coming over!"

He snatched up his glasses, trying to focus them alternately on the two groups of approaching destroyers. They bulked large in the moonlight, with red flames streaming from their funnels under forced draft. Three on the port looked like Austrians—there were just two on the starboard. Fury and Ruby, he hoped.

"Mr. Borden!" he called out in a momentary lull. "Concentrate on the leading vessel to port. Ignore all action to starboard unless I signal twice with the whistle!"

Borden acknowledged that with a shell hurled at the black shape slashing down on them and burning a red and white flare. Crake realized from this signal that the destroyer had mistaken the 3-T-7 for a submarine, and for once that mistake had not brought gun fire. . . . But three flashes from the signaling destroyer's guns answered Borden's shot. 3-T-7's bows vanished in a cloud of splinters for a moment. Then the pungent odor of burning paint swept into the charthouse.

"Paint locker's afire!" Borden bawled back to Crake.

"Dawson!" Crake roared down through the hatch grating. "Rouse out the listener from the forward magazine. You two lead out the fire hose and douse a fire in the paint locker."

THE port machine gun began stuttering again in carefully shortened bursts. "All guns working again," Crake checked mentally. It was a question of seconds, now. He had lost count of the steady crunch of depth mines exploding astern.

"Got the Y-gun loaded again, sir!" came a hail from aft.

Crake flashed a look to port. The big Austrian destroyer would be ripping through him in seconds—

He snatched up his megaphone and turned loose the full power of his lungs aft:

"Plug the sta'board depth mine with a safety fork! Port only to be live. Fire on my command. Report when ready. And lively with it!" He shot a glance toward the destroyer. Her knife-edged bows, throwing a phosphorescent wave, were driving straight at him. "Hard right!" he yelled at his helmsman; then bellowed through his megaphone, aft, "Fire!"

He felt the squat of her stern as the Y-gun let go. He waited, losing count of the interval because of the blasting reports of gunfire in his ears, anxiously feeling with his feet for the rending crunch of the depth mine. It came as his eyes followed the flashing shadow of the Austrian destroyer, now dead astern. The report was followed by a thundering roar of escaping steam. Lights flashed on deck. He could see her crew scrambling for life rafts. Then the lights died to a dull glow and went out.

"She sank, sir!" came a hail from the crow's-nest.

Crake stared out into the darkness. The sound of firing was growing less in the distance. He was clear of the dog fight between the Fury and her consort and the two remaining Austrian destroyers.

"Engines repaired again, sir," Chief Machinist Mate Jordan thrust his head through the charthouse floor to report. "Tried to raise you on the voice tube but there was too much racket."

"Then let's have all the power you got," Crake flung back. "Nice work, Chief. . . . Helmsman, put her about. We're going back to hunt for the scrap!"

Slashing along again under the drive of her three big motors, Splinter Boat 3-T-7 spun in a tight circle and raced for the flashes of dull red on the horizon. For fifteen minutes Crake held her on this course. It was no use. The Fury and Ruby had the two Austrians on the run, with the enemy retreating toward Cattaro at thirty knots—twice the speed of a splinter boat.

"Flare faintly burning on the surface ahead, sir!" called down the crow's-nest watch.

Crake slowed down his engines and pulled alongside a life buoy. The dripping head and grinning face of his cook appeared in the circle of flickering light.

"All right," grumbled Crake to hide his deep relief. "Knock off the swimming party and climb aboard."

"Where's the lousy machine-gun crew?" the cook demanded after he had pulled himself up at the amidships gangway.

"Yeah, you lard bucket, why?" the port machine gunner wanted to know.

"Next time you shoot down a bomber," warned the cook, sternly, "watch where you dump your targets. One of them crows smacked on the water almost on my head." From his belt he pulled out a large square of wing fabric, unrolled it and nonchalantly displayed the black Maltese cross of the Austrian air force. "Yeah; it smacked so close, I didn't even have to swim to get this, sailor. Be more careful next time."

Some member of the crew began reaching out with a boat hook to salvage the life buoy. Crake looked twice to make certain his eyes were not playing tricks.

"The devil, Morgan!" he exclaimed. "I thought that last shell from the sub got you."

"Not me, sir," retorted Morgan without interrupting his efforts. "A hunk of shell flung the bitter end of the towing hawser against my belly. And was it bitter? Just ask me, Cap'n! It knocked me cold for ten minutes, anyways."

Crake heard Borden chuckling behind him.

"Crake, you unimaginative ass," he growled in a guarded whisper. "Why don't you tell these men what a rare bunch of fighting devils they are?"

"And keep them awake listening to my jaw when they would rather sleep?" Crake snapped back. "Nothing stirring."

"Fire's out in the paint locker, sir!" came Dawson's report from the shattered bows.

"Regular listening watches, stand by," ordered Crake in a natural tone again. "Watch below can spread caulking mats and grab forty winks at battle stations."

LAZY waves lapped 3-T-7's sides as Borden followed Crake into the charthouse and resumed his station in the far corner, well back from the chart table. A slow, dead-tired grin flickered across Crake's face.

"Mr. Borden," he said dryly, "would you mind preparing a report of this engagement for transmission to the force commander?"

"Only too glad, old man!"

Crake grinned more broadly as a hand gripped his in the darkness. He snapped on a masked light over the chart table and tossed an official message pad on it.

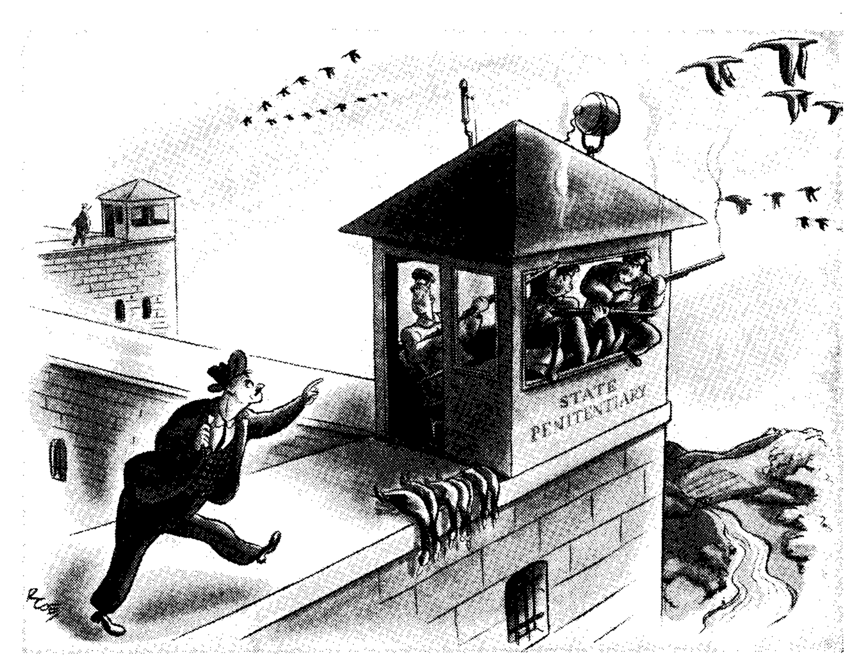
"When you've written it," he mumbled drowsily, "sign my name and have Dawson pound it right out without bothering to wake me. I'm dead for sleep." Crake lowered himself to the charthouse deck and pulled the shell-wrecked cap over his nose. "And don't forget to include in my report that Lieutenant-Commander Borden personally pointed the gun which sank an enemy sub."

"Is that an order or a suggestion?" Borden demanded, grumpily embarrassed.

"Damn' right, that's an order!" Crake dug his shoulder into the softest plank he could find and yawned luxuriously. "Now silence throughout the ship. The captain wants to sleep."

Suddenly, Borden's hand went up in a brisk salute.

"Wooden ships," he murmured. "Wooden ships and iron men," he added, and began the report of another splinter boat's engagement with the enemy.



"I'm the game warden. You boys gotta have a license to shoot ducks!"

ROLAND COE

THESE GENTLEMEN ARE OUR BEST ADVERTISEMENT

GILBEYS
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LONDON DRY
GIN
90 PROOF

GILBEY'S sudden rise to leadership within a very few months isn't due to the advertising that *we* have done... but to the whole-hearted advertising that the people who have tasted it, and fallen in love with it, have done for us. Because we give you such superb quality at an exceptionally low price, folks just naturally find out about it and tell their friends. Everywhere you go shopkeepers will tell you Gilbey's is going ahead. Doesn't it prove that more and more people every day are finding out about...

GILBEY'S *the quality gin at a popular price*

GILBEY'S *the gin that has a finer taste*

CHRISTMAS NOTE
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CANADA DRY'S
SPARKLING WATER
RA-VIOLET-RAY-TREATED WATER
LINE WITH BICARBONATE OF SODA
AND CARBONATED BY
Ginger Ale Incorporated, New York, N.Y.
AND TWELVE FLUID OUNCES 1828 CC'S, .0828 LITRES

2 tall drinks, made with the same base...

Why the difference in taste?

The usual carbonated water works like a sunset.

The first sip or two of your long, tall drink has sparkle.

But as you sip, your drink gets duller, like the setting sun.

The last half of the glass tastes stale. It's practically flat.

It's always "high noon" when you use Canada Dry's Sparkling Water.

Canada Dry's Water holds its life and bright sparkle indefinitely.

The last sip of your drink is lively and zestful...as delightful as the first.

IT'S THE EVERLASTING Sparkle THAT COUNTS

The Reason? Canada Dry's Water is DOUBLE-CARBONATED. The purest of clear, alkaline water is carbonated to the usual point ..and then, under still higher pressure and still lower temperature, it is super-carbonated. Canada Dry has invested thousands of dollars to give the public the advantages of this *extra* process.

The Proof? The uniformly *better* taste of your long, tall drink—and this challenge! Leave an *opened* bottle of Canada Dry's Water in your refrigerator. 24 hours later, it will still be full of life and sparkle.

...and less than 3¢ a drink

The big party-size bottle of Canada Dry's Water costs less than 3¢ for each long, tall drink ... also available in the regular 12 oz. size.

Easy Lessons

Continued from page 15

Mr. Troop that his enthusiasm was boundless, and because of that he pressed upon the proprietor of the Acme a ten-dollar bill.

"Remember, you guarantee I'll know how to dance the Lindy Hop for no extra charge."

"Yeh," said Jimmy dazedly.

The lesson was a success; Miss Morgan businesslike and efficient, Ted clever. He made excellent progress and announced that he had booked the course. At the end of twenty minutes she excused herself and sought Jimmy Troop.

"He wants to buy me a sandwich after the lesson, Jimmy."

"Well—are you hungry?"

"Starving." She held his eyes. "Why are you sending me out with him?"

"Why not?"

"Well . . ." Her cheeks flushed slightly. "I thought maybe . . . being who he is . . ."

"That's just it, honey. He might give you a break."

HER face was radiant. "You're a pretty swell person, Jimmy. It isn't enough that you killed the wolf at my door and made him into a fur coat for me. Now you're seeing visions of me as Ted Grayson's dancing partner."

"You can dance."

"But not like Ted Grayson."

"You can learn. So go ahead."

At the end of the lesson she put on her hat. She said, "I'll go with you, but not under false pretenses."

"Meaning what?" inquired Ted.

"I know who you are. I wouldn't go out with Mr. Smith."

"Suppose I were Jones?"

"I wouldn't go with him either."

"Then meet Mr. Grayson. Let's commence."

Over cool drinks and tiny sandwiches, he leaned forward.

"Now," he said, "let's have the story of your life. What are you doing in the Acme?"

"Making a living."

"Why?"

"Because ladies don't like to starve. Also because the only thing I knew in all the world was how to dance."

Someone stopped at their table and suggested an introduction. Apparently Doris' name meant nothing and he sought information. Ted said, "Friend from out of town." After the man had moved away Ted explained: "Louis Stanchfield — the columnist. And he's still curious."

The crowd was curious, too. It was interested in Ted Grayson and in the simply clad young lady he was squiring.

Doris Morgan was thrilled. She would have been less than human, else.

Jimmy Troop liked it, too, when she told him about it the next day. "He's strong for you," stated Jimmy. "And he's your kind."

She said seriously, "I think I'd better back out before it's too late."

"Why?"

"Because it isn't fair."

"To him?"

"To you. Believe me, Jimmy—I don't want to get a headful of crazy ideas. It might let me down too hard afterward."

He held her hand. "Listen, Doris. You take the breaks when they come along. But whatever you do, it's right."

She walked out of the office, and he sat there alone, toying with the stump of a pencil. He wasn't smiling now, and there were tired lines at the corners of his eyes and mouth.

"The guy's got class," he observed. "He's her kind."

Ten days later an exceedingly perturbed Gene Vardon sought Ted. He said, "Where you heading?"

"Riddles again?"

"I'm serious." Gene looked it. "The whole town's talking."

"About Doris and me?"

"You said it. Folks are curious. They've got to know something. So do I."

"Okay." Ted lighted a cigarette with a hand which was not quite steady. "First of all, I like her."

"Seriously?"

"Diamond ring and everything."

Gene groaned. "I was afraid . . ."

"Second," continued young Mr. Grayson, "there probably never will be a professional tie-up. She can dance but not well enough. She understands."

"It's gone that far, eh?"

"We've talked it over—sure. The dancing part, that is. The rest of it . . . well, a chap doesn't get to that so quickly. Now let's hear from you."

"You will." Gene's voice was edged. "Overlooking the fact that I'm your friend, I'm also your publicity agent. Broadway is asking questions and making up answers. We've got to spill the story right to keep it from being broken the wrong way."

"Meaning just what?"

"Publicity's like dope," explained Gene soberly. "A swell slave but a Simon Legree master. It won't be long before some of these smart guys will find out who you're running around with and where she came from. We've got to tell 'em ourselves. They'll go for it in a large way—our way."

Ted argued, but Gene was insistent and logical. There was a conference with Doris, and she agreed. Then Gene passed the word and Broadway columnists made much of it. There were paragraphs and pictures and stories. The incomparable Ted Grayson was squiring a dance instructress around town—a girl he had met casually one night. The idea of Ted enjoying a postman's holiday—taking dancing lessons—that was a wow.

THE broadside of publicity had swift and amazing repercussions. First, the most important, was the avalanche of success that engulfed the Acme Dance Studio. Part of it was simple curiosity, part was actuated by a desire to see Doris Morgan. But chiefly it became quite The Thing to take a lesson or two from the girl who was publicized—somewhat extravagantly—as having taught Ted Grayson to dance the Lindy Hop.

As a publicity story it had all the ingredients. The public loved it. Jimmy Troop was astounded—and happy. He bought a new suit and took Doris out to dinner. He ordered lavishly and spoke his piece.

"Listen, honey—I've got nine thousand dollars and an idea."

"Let's have it, Jimmy."

"Opportunity knocks once at every man's door," he stated, then added: "That ain't original with me. I read it somewhere. Anyway, I got this dough saved up. I been dreaming for years about a swell place. Over near Broadway where all the stuffed shirts will drop in and pay real money to be shoved around the floor. Well, now's our chance."

"For what?"

"The place I've been wanting. Prosperity is being flung at us in chunks. But before I go ahead I want to ask you two questions. First: D'yuh reckon you and Ted will ever be dancing partners?"

She shook her head. "Definitely—no."

"Then otherwise . . ." He hesitated for the fraction of a second. "Well, if it's any of my business: How do you and him shape up?"

"I like him."

"Nothing more to say at present?"

"No. Now let's have the rest of your idea."

"Well, how about a partnership between you and me? I fix up a swell joint and take a new name. Something classy. You and me become partners: me putting up the dough and you taking charge of the dancing."

"No partnership. But I'll stick, if that's what you want."

"Then it's off." His voice dropped and he leaned eagerly across the table. "I'm not figuring to talk like a sap, honey . . . but this partnership business would mean an awful lot to me. Playing fifty-fifty with you, what I mean. It's that or else."

"Haven't you done enough for me already, Jimmy?"

"Aaaah, I never done nothin'."

"Of course you didn't. Not a single, solitary thing. Nothing except practically picking me off the street when I was alone and hungry and desperate. Nothing except putting me in a job I wasn't fit for and taking care of me while I learned. Nothing except giving me a friendship that I needed more than anything else in the world. It's been terrible, what you haven't done for me. I'm ashamed of you."

Jimmy Troop fidgeted with embarrassment. "Stop that. You know I don't like it. Do you gimme the chance with this dance place, or don't you? Are we partners or not?"

"Is that what you really want?"

"Most."

She stretched her hand across the table. "It's a contract."

"Oh, boy!" Then his face fell. "Will this be okey-doke with Ted?"

"Why not? It was his idea in the first place, and his own man put out the publicity. I think he'll be in favor of it."

And he was. Ted Grayson was even enthusiastic. He made suggestions and played with the idea like a kid with a shiny new toy. The Troop-Morgan Dance Studios in the West Fifties had a gala opening: baskets of flowers and a good band and Ted present in person . . . which assured the attendance of half of Broadway plus a heavy sprinkling of Park Avenue. The tariff was steep enough, the novelty intriguing, and Jimmy perspired freely in the new atmosphere and new dinner coat—trying to adjust his Third Avenue manner to swank surroundings.

The Troop-Morgan Dance Studios were worth lots of space, and got it. Pupils came. "My dear, our lessons are being supervised by the girl who taught Ted Grayson to dance."

Jimmy Troop was making a great effort. He talked frankly only to Doris. He said, "Gee! I been dreaming of a joint like this for years. But running it ain't anybody's cinch."

"I know. . . . Sometimes I feel like a monkey in a zoo. They only come to look me over."

"So does Ted. He's smart."

Doris said, "I like him plenty."

"None of my business how much, is it?"

She tried to make her laugh sound gay. "Get those ideas out of your head, Jimmy."

TED GRAYSON showed up at the studio one night shortly after the gala opening, and insisted on taking her out to supper. He was as gay and bright and eager as a kid. She knew there was something in the wind. Jimmy Troop knew it, too. He didn't say anything, but he was subdued and thoughtful all that evening.

Ted took her to a big quiet place where they lost themselves in a corner. He insisted on ordering champagne. Then he said, "I'm going to England."

"When?"

"Next Wednesday. Four months' dancing in London. Got leave of absence from Hollywood."

She experienced a curious, sinking sensation, but managed to smile. "I suppose I should congratulate you."

"I suppose so." He pulled a long envelope out of his pocket. "Look. A grand suite on the Normandie. And early tomorrow morning you and I are going to have our pictures taken together."

"For what?"

"The new passport."

Her lips were dry. "You're a thoroughly irresponsible person . . ."

"Didn't I explain? We're getting married. This'll be our honeymoon."

The big, quiet room faded off in the mist which came before her eyes. She said, "Ted! Don't . . ."

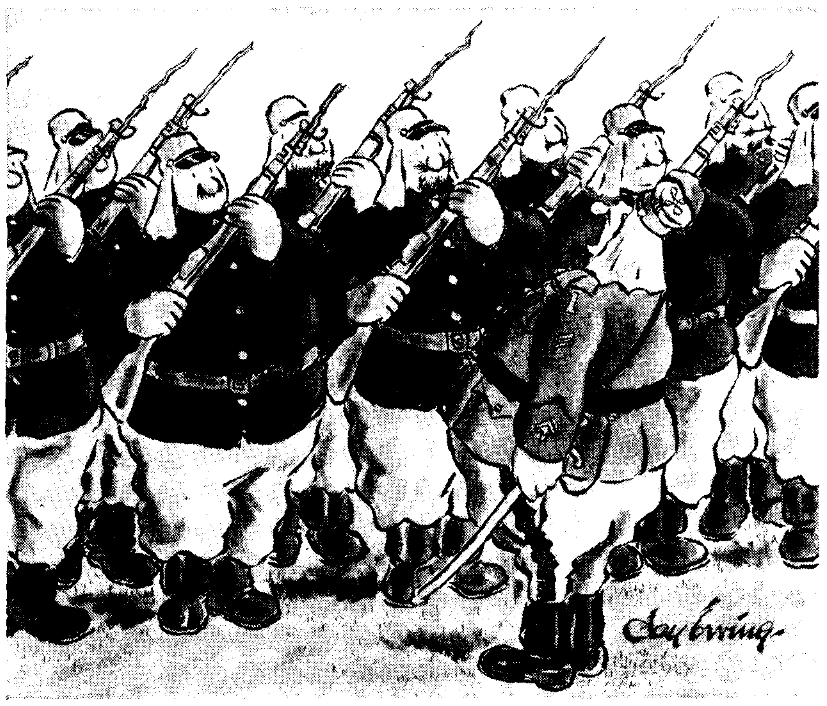
"Don't what?"

"Don't talk that way."

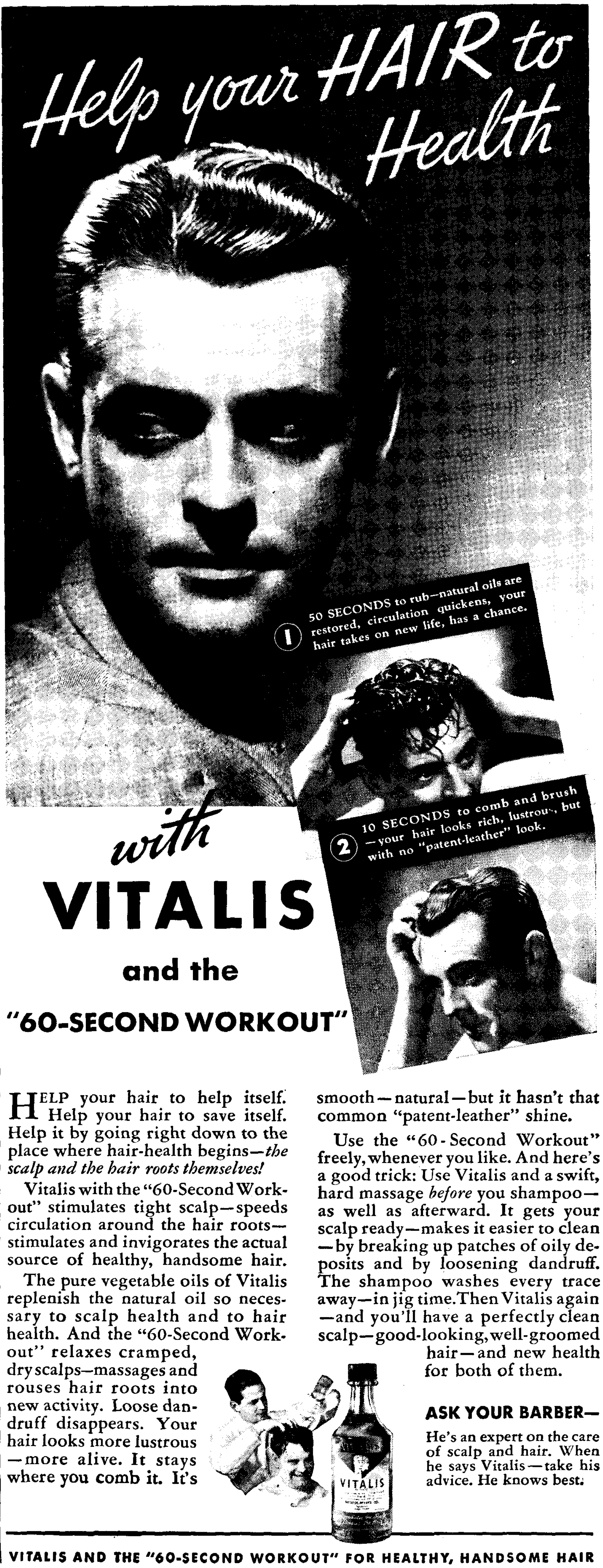
"Try this then: I love you. I thought that was taken for granted."

She looked away. Then she said gently, "You know how I feel, Ted. It's wonderful—and I love you—and I'm so choked up I can hardly talk. But it's impossible. I can't leave New York now."

(Continued on page 58)



"So! You have been playing mumblety-peg again!" JAY IRVING


Help your HAIR to Health
① 50 SECONDS to rub—natural oils are restored, circulation quickens, your hair takes on new life, has a chance.
② 10 SECONDS to comb and brush—your hair looks rich, lustrous, but with no "patent-leather" look.
with VITALIS and the "60-SECOND WORKOUT"
VITALIS

HELP your hair to help itself. Help your hair to save itself. Help it by going right down to the place where hair-health begins—*the scalp and the hair roots themselves!*

Vitalis with the "60-Second Workout" stimulates tight scalp—speeds circulation around the hair roots—stimulates and invigorates the actual source of healthy, handsome hair.

The pure vegetable oils of Vitalis replenish the natural oil so necessary to scalp health and to hair health. And the "60-Second Workout" relaxes cramped, dry scalps—massages and rouses hair roots into new activity. Loose dandruff disappears. Your hair looks more lustrous—more alive. It stays where you comb it. It's smooth—natural—but it hasn't that common "patent-leather" shine.

Use the "60-Second Workout" freely, whenever you like. And here's a good trick: Use Vitalis and a swift, hard massage *before* you shampoo—as well as afterward. It gets your scalp ready—makes it easier to clean—by breaking up patches of oily deposits and by loosening dandruff. The shampoo washes every trace away—in jig time. Then Vitalis again—and you'll have a perfectly clean scalp—good-looking, well-groomed hair—and new health for both of them.

ASK YOUR BARBER—

He's an expert on the care of scalp and hair. When he says Vitalis—take his advice. He knows best.

VITALIS AND THE "60-SECOND WORKOUT" FOR HEALTHY, HANDSOME HAIR

Make it Merry

PREPARE FOR CHRISTMAS IN FOUR SECONDS ★ ★ ★

Chill a bottle of The Club Cocktails in the refrigerator — or just pour them over ice . . . Presto! Perfect cocktails *every time!*

Or give The Club Cocktails as a Christmas present. Presto! Grateful friends *every time!*

Phone your dealer and order your own supply and your gift supply . . . Presto! You have prepared for Christmas in just four seconds!

And how regally you have prepared . . . Money cannot buy finer ingredients than those that make The Club Cocktails so mellow and smooth. Time honored recipes are used by taste experts to make them full strength and flavorful. Yet The Club Cocktails cost no more than the kind you mix. And they keep indefinitely after opening.

FIND OUT why thousands are saying, "Give me The Club Cocktails, the kind I had on the train."

★

Eight kinds: Martini, Dry Martini, Brut Martini (*very dry*), Old Fashioned, Side Car, Bronx, Manhattan, Sloe Gin Cocktail. G. F. Heublein & Bro., Hartford, Conn. Also makers of Milshire Dry, Sloe, and Old Tom Gins . . . A. 1. Sauce, another famous Heublein product, makes food taste better.

A HEUBLEIN PRODUCT

The Club Cocktails

Taste as you always hoped yours would

The Club
MANHATTAN
Cocktails

(*Continued from page 57*)

"Why not?"

"The studio. Jimmy."

"What about Jimmy?"

"He needs me. He's just getting under way. I'm the attraction, and if I left, it might ruin the studio."

"Forget it. Jimmy will be looked after. I'll give him a check for twice his investment. I'll finance him for a year. The important thing is that I've got to have you—now."

"No . . ." She was looking straight at Ted. "Money won't do it. Not with Jimmy. It's the idea."

He said, "I'm afraid I don't understand."

"For years Jimmy has dreamed of this sort of a place. Now he's got it. If he should lose out, it would do something to him."

"What, for instance?"

"It would be like . . ." she hesitated. "Suppose you lost a leg and couldn't ever dance again."

"I see . . . but, gee! What'll happen to me if you don't come along? Doesn't that mean anything to you?"

She said, "It means more than you know—but I can't let it mean that much. Jimmy stood by me when I needed help."

Ted said, "But I can't postpone my trip. And it seems that marriage should be more important—"

"But not now, Ted. I'll wait, if you want."

He mantled himself with a dignity created out of disappointment. She couldn't seem to understand that he, too, had a dream. Or she wouldn't see, which was irritating. They were young and in love and talking at cross purposes. He was quite formal when he told her good night, and even more formal when she went to the pier to see him off. She visited the suite which she might have shared as Mrs. Grayson, and she hoped that he couldn't see that she was crying when the great ship backed into the stream and headed toward the Narrows. There was an empty feeling inside, a terror that she might never see Ted again, and that her loyalty to Jimmy Troop had destroyed something which never could be re-created.

She tried not to sentimentalize, or to dwell too much upon the step she had taken. She did not admit that it had been a sacrifice. She worked hard—and harder. There were a few letters from Ted: pleasant and affectionate, but remindful of the hurt she had inflicted. And there was a brief item in Louis Stanchfield's column: " . . . London gossip has it that Ted Grayson, the stepper, has become partial to blondes. . . . She wears a title and diamonds, and they seem to be that way. . . ."

THINGS were not going well at the studio. Novelty cannot last forever. After the first few brilliantly successful weeks, the Troop-Morgan partnership settled down to serious competition with old, established, conservative schools. They didn't quite satisfy Park Avenue, and succeeded only in overawing such of their old Acme clients as were bold enough to give the new place a trial.

Jimmy Troop was worried. He was pale, and there were hollows under his eyes. But when the time came to talk seriously with her, he was his old self again, gamely trying to make light of it. He said, "Listen, Doris. You've had a dozen offers from other schools. Grab one."

"Why, Jimmy?"

"Because we're through. Busted. Broke." He gestured toward the elaborate decorations. "This ain't up my alley. I belong where I started from. I've taken a lease on another Third Avenue dump. The Acme is readying a new start."

She said, "We'll do well over there."

"Not 'we.' You belong at the top, and you're sticking."

"Stop wasting breath. When do we move?"

That was when she lost her last regret over the Ted Grayson decision. At last she was in a position really to help Jimmy Troop. She knew how desperately he needed her. She loved his courage when they reopened the Acme, its dinginess accentuated by a few bits of decoration salvaged from the wreckage of their west-side studio. She laughed, "Home again. It feels grand," and he said, "It sure does." Then he turned away suddenly and walked out of the room.

THE Acme picked up pretty much where it had left off. It wasn't the same studio, but it seemed the same. The same traffic roar from outside, the same scratchy records, the same awkward, shuffling young men who plodded earnestly about the room seeking to perfect their public dance-hall technique. Dollar per half-hour. Ten dollars for a guaranteed course. Hard, grinding work. Long hours. Headaches. Tired feet and aching legs. Illimitable patience. The whole Ted Grayson affair a nebulous interlude, which became vivid only at night after she was in bed, struggling futilely to sleep.

She heard from Ted infrequently now. He learned of the return to the Acme, and offered to help financially: a graceful, sporting gesture. She thanked him formally. . . . And then one night just before nine-thirty—when her last pupil had gone and she was leaning wearily against the wall—she heard the door of Jimmy's office open.

There was Ted Grayson. He said, "Good evening," and Jimmy said, "Good evening. What can I do for you?"

"I want a dancing lesson."

"Name?"

"Smith. Or Jones. Either one."

Mr. Troop solemnly entered the name Smith. "Any special kind of dance?" he inquired.

Ted Grayson nodded. "Lindy Hop," he said. "I always thought that would be fun."

Mr. Troop talked swiftly and graphically. He guaranteed the Lindy Hop for ten dollars.

"I'd better take a trial lesson," said Ted. "Here's the dollar."

"Okay," said Jimmy Troop. "I'll give you Miss Morgan."

He conducted Ted into Doris' cubicle. He said, "Miss Morgan's the best teacher in New York. She'll learn you the Lindy Hop in no time."

Doris hoped that Ted could not hear the pounding of her heart. Her slender figure was taut, her lips tremulous. But she spoke calmly enough.

"Do you dance at all?"

"Just a trifle," answered Ted.

"Better try a rhythm test." The door closed behind Jimmy Troop as she slipped a record onto the disk of the wheezy phonograph. Ted put his arms around her tense figure and they danced. She said, "You seem to do very well."

"Well, I've always wanted to . . ."

"Now, you start the Lindy Hop this way. . . . It's a sort of tap step. . . ."

"This way?" Then his arms were tight about her. "Oh, Doris," he said chokily, "I had to come back."

She had no defense against this. She didn't want to have. It was so natural and so right. There was a touch of hysteria in her voice. "This sort of thing isn't allowed. . . ."

He held her closer. "Will you marry me now? Tonight?"

"Oh, Ted! You know I will. But—"

"But what?"

She nodded toward the closed door. "I—I wouldn't know how to break the news to Jimmy."

Ted Grayson laughed. "That'll be easy," he said. "Jimmy knows all about it. He sent for me."

Trail Smoke

Continued from page 28

"That's all right." Surratt walked his horse across the meadow and stopped at its northern edge. The river murmured sibilantly along its sightless bottom. Far below, the lights of Carson's Ford were winking through a thin fog mist. Torveen had followed. He remained beside Surratt, indecisiveness plainly controlling him. He scratched a match and lifted it to his cigarette; his cheeks were strained, with none of his old laughter visible. When the match died the darkness was a deeper thing. He watched the lights of Carson's Ford.

"They make a pretty show," he murmured.

"It's a land that gets under your skin," said Surratt.

"Yeah," murmured Torveen. He turned away. "I'll bring some grub up to you first thing in the morning."

PERRIGO'S voice came across the meadow, curt and quick. "What you doin' over that way, Sam?"

Torveen stopped. He said, "What?"

Perrigo's tone ran up the scale: "Surratt—that you?"

Surratt spun on his heels. Torveen grunted, "Surratt's here with me." The sheep were shifting in the meadow, as they had been before; but they were recoiling from the far trees, spreading gently and uneasily this way. It was a sign. Surratt's eyes swept that darkness with a risen vigilance. Perrigo's challenge slammed across the darkness.

"Then who's walkin' in that yonder corner?"

Torveen became a hunched, moving shape. His voice was low; it snapped back to Surratt. "Get out of here, Buck." He went charging toward Perrigo. Surratt stood fast, identifying a shape over on the southern edge of the meadow; it moved away from the trees, and blended with that darkness—and became distinct again. There was a pressure yonder, pushing the sheep steadily. He lifted his gun. He called: "Sing out, you over there," and stretched the barrel on that shifting figure. There was no answer. But Ferd Bowie's voice rose unexpectedly on his right—where Torveen was.

"That you, Surratt?"

"Shut up, kid." Surratt let a long moment run by; and fired.

The shadow wheeled away; it faded and he saw no more of it. But the long echoes of his gun struck all the surrounding trees and woke a disaster latent and crouched on that southern side. A voice, as calm and as sure as fate, said: "Push 'em over," and riders slashed from the brush in one broadside rank and rushed deliberately against the sheep. Dropped to a knee and coolly sighting his target in the gloom, Surratt saw the wool-white tide break toward him, body jammed to body, a senseless bleating lifting up. He fired then and discovered no break in that wall of advancing riders. Torveen and Perrigo and Bowie and Ed let go a solid blast. It rocked that line of riders; it broke that rank's solidarity. Horsemen streamed tangentially against Torveen's position and the night pulsed with the abrupt, opening explosions of a general answer. One shot withered past Surratt. But then another bullet sliced the ground in front of him and its sound was on his right hand where he had no reason to expect hostility to be. He swung that way, trying to penetrate the black. Dropping alertly back on his haunches he saw the pale bloom of muzzle light flash up in the trees, not far from where Torveen should be standing.

A sheep struck him and rolled him over on his elbows. He swung himself to his feet, at once involved in this pale stream rushing at him. He made three long jumps, was caught in the tide and carried with it; and dug in his feet and lunged again. There was a sapling pine at hand. He got behind this and put his arms around it, and braced himself there. Looking behind him, he saw the end of Sam Torveen's woollies; they were at the lip of the canyon and the leaders were falling over as the mass struggled forward, confused and blind and witless, pressure throwing them out into that space. He braced himself by the tree and spotted roving shapes in the meadow. He fired and struck; a horse went over in a sailing circle. Torveen and Torveen's men were drilling away with their guns and the attacking crew now was scattered and withdrawing. An even, controlled voice rallied that crew, in the trees.

"Back here—back here."

The voice bothered him, until his memory supplied a name. It was Bill Head over there, faithful to his own stubborn intentions. A few stray sheep ran the meadow in circles; and dropped and struggled as they were shot down by the Crow Track men. A bullet struck the tree behind which Surratt stood, shivering it. Powder smell began to roll with the wind; Torveen's furious calling sought out Bill Head and damned him and blasted him. But the sheep in the meadow were nearly all dead and the rest were at the bottom of the canyon, sending back no complaint. Head's men remained screened by the far trees, taking desultory shots at the darkness. They were moving around the brush and Surratt thought they were swinging aside to have a try at Torveen's position. Then Bill Head's voice came casually into the clearing: "There's your sheep, Sam. It should be a hint to you. If it isn't, I'll make it a little stronger in the near future."

A round blast rushed from Torveen's position by way of reply. Then Crow Track's firing suddenly ceased and the party retreated through the timber. Listening closely, Surratt heard the bunch reach some nearby trail and go along it without haste. In a little while silence came fully to the meadow.

Torveen called out anxiously: "Surratt?"

SURRATT left his tree, mind narrowing around the meaning of those two shots thrown at him from the right flank, where no Head rider had been. He walked across the meadow slowly and reached his partners and identified the three dissimilar shapes of Torveen and Ed and Perrigo vaguely grouped there. He couldn't see Ferd Bowie at all. A long, prowling anger was in him then, but he held his voice to softness as he called: "Kid."

Ferd Bowie answered, ten yards away. Bowie's feet were moving along the brush, unevenly. "Yeah?" he said, and continued to shift position.

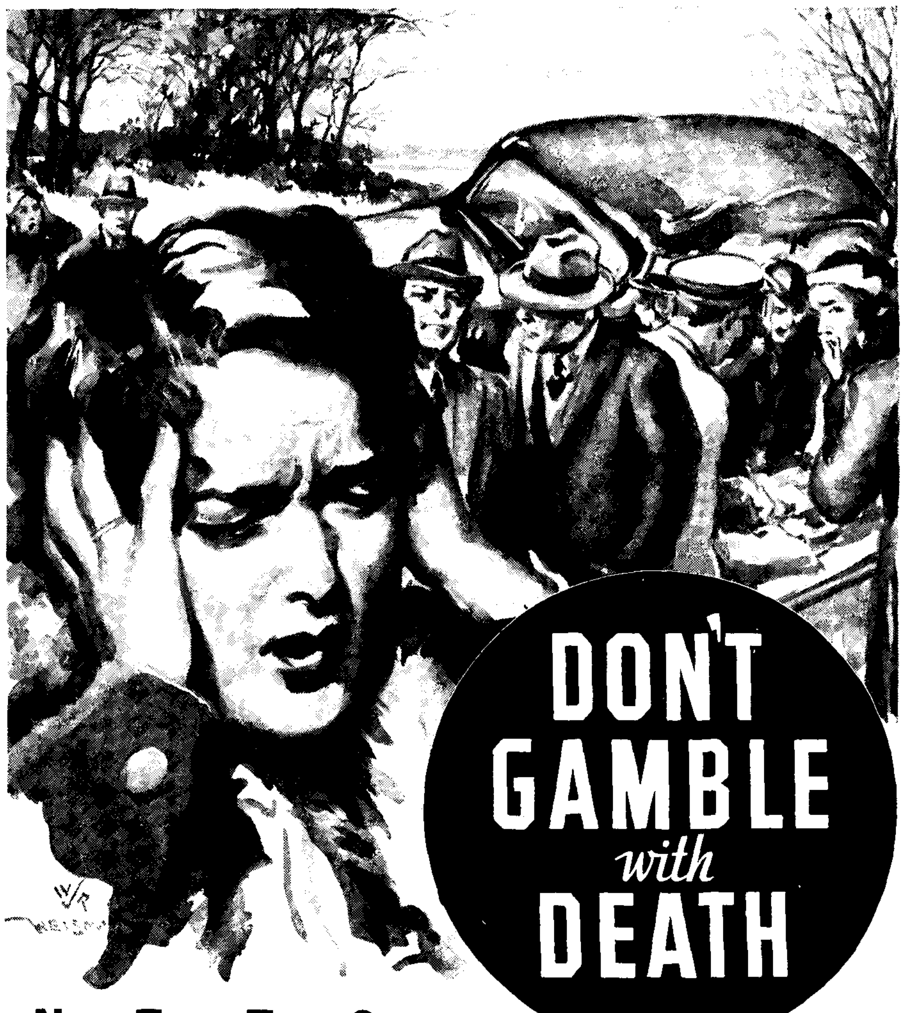
"What was your idea of callin' to me just before the ball started?"

Torveen murmured: "What's this?" Surratt saw him turn and step nearer; Perrigo and Ed were swinging up, the sound of his voice seeming to attract them. Ferd Bowie's feet were still fiddling; his body remained out of sight. His answer was flat, it was sullen.

"I didn't want to go throwin' any lead till I knew where you was, Surratt."

"So," murmured Surratt. The others were listening carefully. They were waiting for him to speak again. But

(Continued on page 60)



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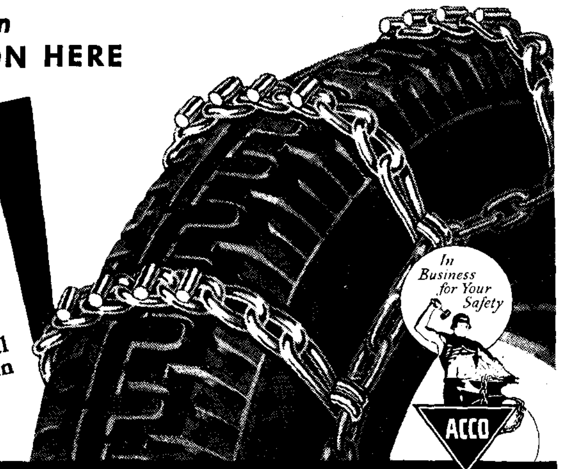

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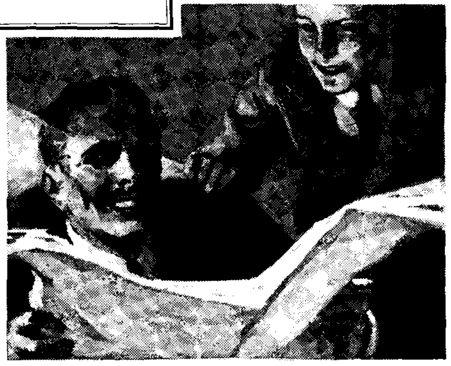

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(*Continued from page* 59)

he didn't speak and the silence began to carry a strain. Perrigo softly retreated.

Torveen rolled a cigarette in this stillness and struck a match, which was pure carelessness; for the light made a plain target out of him. Surratt saw the man's face to be loose and discouraged then. In the following darkness Torveen spoke as though all his energy was gone. "Well, we lost the sheep."

Surratt's tone ran out, easy and gentle. "I told you this was a wolf's game, Sam."

"What's left now?" said Torveen.

"Turn wolf."

"What?" said Torveen.

In this darkness was a puzzle. Surratt's voice was changing; it was amused now, seeming to catch the tune of a laughter he felt. The group came nearer him, closely listening. "I told you," he murmured, "that this was a game no man learned except in sorrow and when he learned it he wasn't the same man any more. I'm telling you, because I know. Which road would Bill Head be taking home?"

Torveen said: "He went down the hill, so he'll cross the ridge and go around by Cameron's bridge."

"There's a closer way," Surratt remarked. He was smiling, though they could not see that. "We'll ride a little."

SURRATT pushed ahead of Perrigo and, thus leading them, came into the Crow Track yard. The doorway of the ranch house was open, a yellow beam flushing out of it; and Surratt saw a man sitting there on the porch. It was, he realized, the cripple he had seen in Morgantown—old Martin Head. But at the moment he was searching the yard for deceit, his senses reaching swiftly out. On the right stood a bunkhouse, vaguely showing its lampshine through the windows. One solitary man walked forward from that direction.

"Keep him under your wing, Ed," murmured Surratt.

Martin Head's body swung forward in the chair. His challenge rapped them taciturnly. "Who's there?"

Ed had gone over to the advancing puncher. Ed's voice was a murmur, soft and easy. Surratt's straying impressions came back to him, with no discovered trouble. The place was unguarded. "Go to the bunkhouse and drag out everything you can move. Put it all in a pile. You'll probably find a kerosene can there. Dump it on the pile."

Martin Head called: "Who's there?" He did not need to speak again, for they crossed over the beam of light from the house, plainly in his view. Surratt dropped from his horse and walked up the steps.

"Your son," he said, "just paid us a visit and we're poorer for it by a band of sheep gone over the cliff. Your ways are severe."

"You've got the nerve of a better man," growled old Martin. His hands lay above the blanket covering his legs. The big, square torso lifted and thickened. Even in a chair he was impressive, with a quality of savage authority flowing from him; it was easy to understand why other men feared him. One voice rose from the bunkhouse area in bitter protest. The sound of things being smashed came distinctly to the porch. Old Martin said:

"I'd judge you better, Surratt, if it wasn't for the dog you keep in your company."

Surratt had not known until then that Perrigo stood behind him. The little man had crept quietly up the steps. Turning, Surratt saw a queer and mortal hatred pouring from Perrigo's eyes across the interval to old Martin. It was a strange thing to see—the heights to which a man's passion could go. The temper of this little man threw its toxin through him; it shook his throat when he spoke.

"I don't forget you kicked me off this ranch once."

"Perrigo," stated old Martin brutally, "I have ordered you to be shot. Sooner or later my son will do that."

The quick swing of Perrigo's shoulders was something Surratt expected and waited for. He threw his body against Perrigo and reached out and caught Perrigo's lifting hand. He drove his knee into the man's stomach, and got the lifted gun with a wrench of his arm. Perrigo fell off the porch; he landed on his knees and crouched that way, sucking back the breath Surratt had knocked out of him.

"No," Surratt said evenly.

Ed came around the corner. "You want that pile lighted now?"

"Go in this house and find Bill Head's room and drag out his personal belongings."

He was watching old Martin Head, and there was an admiration in him for the bulldog qualities he saw on that rocky face. Old Martin's stare had a force that was like a physical blow.

"I thought you had nerve. What's a bonfire of personal belongings? If I was in your shoes it would be man for man."

But Surratt was smiling and he was reckless and laughter came out of him softly. "This is your ranch, I take it. Well, it is your son and the men he led that I'm payin' my compliments to. Not you. There's no point in this little visit—except a warning to them."

Old Martin lifted his hand and pointed a heavy finger at Surratt: "This was not your quarrel in the beginning. Why is it now?"

Surratt looked at him, slow and soft with his answer. "Torveen did me a favor."

"So," grunted old Martin. The sharpness of his glance was an interesting thing. "I saw you smile in Morgantown. I see you smile now. Is there that much fun left in life? It is no idle question. I have long wondered."

Ed came from the house carrying a load of Bill Head's clothes. And presently the plunder from the bunkhouse made a high, broad blaze in the night.

SURRATT sat at the foot of the porch, under the late afternoon's hard sunlight, with his pipe bitten between his teeth, with the smoke rolling up from its bowl. Idle thus, his mind kept returning to Ferd Bowie and his glance lifted to the far skyline and remained enigmatically there. The kid was twenty, but all the evil ways of the world were known to him. There was an excuse for this—for a wild life that knew no gentleness—but nothing could excuse treachery. It was Surratt's slow decision. He had a job to do here and hated it.

Torveen came from the office and squatted in the yard. He said: "I still don't get the reason why you went to Head's last night."

"An experiment."

"Did it work?"

"We'll know more about that later."

Torveen frowned. "They got rid of the sheep—and I'm busted. That's the end of the story."

"You sure?" asked Surratt. But he shook his head and explained himself. "We can do one of two things. We can strike back or we can wait out Bill Head's next play."

"How'd we strike back?" demanded Torveen.

Surratt smiled in a tight, narrow way. "Turn Indian. In three days, if we were industrious about it, we could tie up the roads in these hills so tight nobody'd care to use 'em. Drop a shot in front of a man ridin' along the trail and you make that man pretty nervous."

"So, why not?" suggested Torveen, who always liked quick results.

"Better to wait," opined Surratt shrewdly. "Have no fear. Head will not let it stand like this. He's played his hand well. But it is my observation that when a man wins one jackpot he never has sense enough to quit tryin' for another."

"You don't know Bill Head."

"Maybe—maybe not. But if he's as cool a fellow as you suggest he'll lose no time catchin' on to the meanin' of his junk burned in his own yard. I meant that as a little reminder of what four stray men can do. It was a way of tellin' him that he didn't win any battle by driving a band of sheep over the cliff. As long as we stay in the hills neither he nor any man in his crew is safe. It's an experiment, like I said. The experiment is to see how long it takes him to find that out for himself."

"Then," said Torveen vigorously, "we've got no business hangin' around here where he can hit us."

Surratt smiled a little. "When you set a trap, Sam, you got to have bait. We're the bait."

WANG walked from the ranch kitchen, slamming the door behind him. Surratt didn't pay much attention to this tall Manchurian until he saw Torveen square around. Wang had a bundle wrapped in burlap under his arm; he wore his good clothes. He stopped by Torveen.

"I go and not come back. You pay me now. Head boy die. Osblook die. By'm by more boys die. Too bad. You pay me."

Torveen stared at Surratt. "He seems to have it figured for himself." He went over the yard to the office. Wang turned his glance on Surratt.

"You," he intoned, "you watch."

Torveen came back with a small stack of silver dollars. He put them into Wang's reaching hand. He said, "All right, Wang," briefly and crouched in the dust again. Wang watched him a moment, purely expressionless. Then he said, "G'by," and walked across the yard, toward the Morgantown road.

"First China boy I ever knew that wasn't loyal to his outfit," muttered Torveen.

"He's playin' his hunch," said Surratt. "No Chinaman likes to fight a white man."

He had his eyes on Wang, watching that stolid shape trudge into the trees; and he saw a rider come forward from the trees at a gentle trot and immediately afterward draw up to a discreet walk. Surratt stood up. His pipe stiffened between the set of his teeth. Torveen had his back to the newcomer, but the sound of the man's travel reacted instantly on his high-strung nerves and made him instantly rise as the newcomer crossed the bridge and entered the yard. He was, Surratt thought, a cheerful young man with a very matter-of-fact face. His eyes went around the yard observingly. After a moment's pause he said: "How, boys," and remained in the saddle, his manners keeping him there until an invitation came to get down. Surratt studied Torveen to discover what the situation meant. He saw Torveen relax a little and show friendliness. "Mornin', George. What you doin' over here?"

George gave Surratt a square, frank look. "You're this Buck Surratt?"

Torveen said: "This fellow's name is George Bernay, Buck."

"I keep a few cows over south of Morgantown," Bernay explained to Buck, as though he wanted himself fully explained. "That is, when I can find 'em. This fellow"—indicating Torveen—"and me used to do our scrappin' together at the Saturday dances."

"You can get down now," said Torveen amiably. "What's in your craw?"

Bernay got out his cigarette materials and built himself a smoke, squinting at his finger tips. "I'll stay in the saddle. Your yard's full of fleas anyhow."

"Hell with you, George."

"Sure. Understand you lost a couple sheep." He was, just then, licking his cigarette together, but his glance darted to Torveen to catch the redhead's reaction.

"Yeah."

"What next?"

"Look in your crystal globe," grumbled Torveen, "and see if you can tell us."

George Bernay lighted his cigarette and took a deep drag, and seemed satisfied with his handiwork. He punched back the brim of his hat; there was a white scar irregularly marked across the sun-bronze of his forehead. "Something always comes next. That's the kind of a country this is. Funny thing. Billy Temple and me and Jud Horsfall was a-talkin' about you last night. Poor topic of conversation, but we was. We sorta decided sheep wasn't much of a crime."

"Your moral support helps a lot," said Torveen ironically.

"It ill beseems a sport like you to be a-talkin' of morals," chided George Bernay.

"So, what was it you come here to borrow?" demanded Torveen.

"Listen to him," remarked George Bernay. "Fact is I just wandered in to have a look at Surratt. Kind of captured my fancy, that Morgantown business. Any man," he concluded idly, "who can run his hand into a nest of bees and not get stung must have a pretty skookum brand of personal medicine." He threw his cigarette into the dust. He rubbed the scar with a slow finger. "See that, Surratt? I got it one time when I almost licked Bill Head. Some years ago when I thought I was fast enough to dodge anything. Well, that's the size of my politics. If you see me again at any time you'll anyhow know who I am. I'll report to the boys that you look like you could fight. So-long." He turned and went off at a rocking canter and vanished behind the yonder trees.

"The scoundrel always did talk in parables," complained Torveen. "It'll take me a couple hours to get at what he was tryin' to say."

Surratt was gently smiling. "He reminds me of a man I used to know—a fellow you'd regret to leave."

"It's odd," observed Torveen, "that something always seems to remind you of something you knew before."

SURRATT gave Torveen a quiet, shadowed glance. "Where's the boys?"

"Went below Morgantown to have a look."

"Let's have a little scout toward the high meadow."

"Company again," said Torveen and stopped his walking. A rider came from the northern trees, out of the ridge that held this meadow away from Cameron Valley. He kept a steady gait all across the meadow, but his arm lifted as he approached. Torveen's manner turned at once unfavorable. "I don't get this," he muttered.

The rider came up, a dark-jawed man with the accent of nervousness about him. He stared briefly at Torveen and then threw his attention toward Surratt. He produced a folded note, bent down and gave it to Surratt.

Surratt opened the note, his head bowed seriously over it a moment. Afterward he stared up at the rider. "Yes," he said without expression and closed his fingers around the paper.

(To be continued next week)

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He Makes Anything Go

Continued from page 44

California, the advance man departed the show with the week's receipts. They were stranded. In desperation they sent another man ahead to the next town. When they got there, they found he had put up no paper, had failed to announce that there was going to be a show and had also left for parts unknown. There was nothing to do but advertise the performance as well as they could and young Moore peddled handbills up one street and down the other. By such methods they managed to get back as far as Pueblo and Leadville, Colorado, where they ran into fortune. It had been a hard winter, the towns had been snowbound for months and the Callahan company was the first on the spot. They cleaned up.

When the Moore fellow wasn't acting, he was fishing. He got it from his father, who had certain faults as a businessman but who could always keep the family alive by taking a day off and snaring the elusive perch or something.

"He used to save up a buck, give mother a quarter to run the house for the day and go off. He always came back with enough fish to make us sick of fish by the end of the next week. I've been doing the same thing ever since."

His next job after coming back East was in a stock company at Peoria, Ill. They changed bills twice a week and the actors were either acting or studying or rehearsing nineteen hours a day. Occasionally the stock company laid off a night while a road company took a fall out of Peoria. On those nights Moore went back to suping. He remembers nothing of Peoria except the night when Richard Mansfield had a battle with a lady super who chewed gum furiously through one of his dramatic scenes in Cyrano. The lady looked admiringly at the great man and her jaws kept pace with her enthusiasm.

"Mansfield never missed a word of the scene," says Mr. Moore. "He went over and took her by the arm and pushed her firmly toward the side of the stage, acting the role marvelously all the time. When he got her to the wings, he gave her one last shove, depositing her against the side wall backstage in a rumpled condition. Then he came back to the middle of the stage as if nothing had happened. Great man, Mansfield."

Sixty Weeks a Year

After Peoria, Moore played stock in Newark and at the American Theater in New York. When the latter company closed for the summer, he decided to go back to Newark and run his own company. He opened in the hottest week of June.

"We had $13.10 to split between the company when it was over," says Moore. "That was my last managing."

About that time he developed his famous vaudeville act. It was billed as Moore and Littlefield in Change Your Act, or Back to the Woods. It ran on for something like a hundred years, or until vaudeville folded up and breathed sadly and expired. It was the first of the backstage acts. When the curtain went up, the audience saw the stage empty to the back wall. Moore was the ham actor and he was being told by a stagehand that the manager said he was through. The Littlefield of the act was Mrs. Moore. They could play the thing three ways, according to the audience—dumb, middling, sophisticated. Sometimes the audiences didn't get it at all, thinking it was a tragedy and that Moore *was* a poor hick who was honestly trying to make good and was being thwarted by the cruel management.

"Used to play that act sixty weeks a year," says Moore. "Sure, sixty weeks. Pay no attention to the calendar. We could play the Riverside and the Palace any time in New York, hopping up and back by cab between shows. We ran it up to $1,500 a week and were broke at the end of every year."

They were broke because Mr. Moore would buy anything anybody brought into the dressing-room. He was in on the ground floor of every phony scheme America ever knew. He owned coal mines in Illinois and oil wells in Texas. By a very bad break of luck, he just failed to be another Woolworth. Something went wrong with a 5 and 10 cent store idea. He never knew what. He was almost an airplane magnate. If the ship could have stayed up twenty minutes more, the company would have had a big war contract from the British. It didn't stay up. He had an excellent thing in a mausoleum project but people stopped dying during the years the company was having its worst struggles.

When Fish Were Friendly

He was the most persistent and steadiest-losing poker player ever known on the Western Hemisphere. He arranged matters so that he would have a game going at the theater, a game going at his hotel and a game going at the Lambs Club. He dashed back and forth between them, leaving checks wherever he appeared. At the theater the act preceding his on the bill would be half through and there would be no Moore in sight. His wife would be waiting tearfully in the alley by the stage door.

"Never missed an opening," says Moore. "I had them worried but I never missed."

In one year he lost $82,000 in gambling and bum investments. He lost $50,000 another year at the race track. He was colossal. He *never* won. He had stock in the Long Island Good-Hearted Thespian Society and, although that went sour, he had a fine life out there for years.

"If I'd known then what I know now about fishing, I'd have dragged them in by the millions," says Mr. Moore. "The fish were friendly in those days."

His only good investment was forced on him. He had a friend who was selling real estate on Long Island. Moore was getting cagey by this time. No real estate. No nothing. But the friend was a gambler also.

"Look, Victor," he said. "Will you do this? If I give you a winner in the second race at Belmont today, will you buy the lots?"

When it was put in that way, it was different. Victor took a few of mamma's remaining jewels and raised $300 on them. When he got out to the track he smelt a rat. The horse was quoted at 10 to 1 and he got cold feet. Instead of plunging with the $300, he put $50 on the nag. The horse won by something like half a mile, and Moore had to buy the lots. They cost him $8,100 and he was paying them off in installments for ten years. They turned out to be in the center of Jackson Heights, Long Island, and are now worth $250,000.

His other winning venture was also an accident. He bought a piece of wooded land on Long Island and paid taxes on it for years without ever seeing it. When he finally got round to it he found that it was a nice piece of woods but he would have to buy more land to get a road into it. It is now the site of the Victor Moore poultry farm, run by his adopted son. The chickens are treated like invited guests. They start in a brooding cage, progress to a developing cage and finally have single cages of their own, presumably with special attendants. The farm produces 800 chicks every month.

He uses almost no make-up on the stage and looks exactly like Victor Moore when seen on the street or behind the footlights, even to the hats. He did most of his drinking back in the days when he was trying to get some sleep on a Pullman. He did it by taking a half-pint of whisky, holding his nose firmly and downing it at a gulp. Then he slept very well. He is such a punk at rehearsals that for years they kept a bevy of comedians around to stick in the cast after his first-night flop. He acts all right when the play once starts, and the other comedians go home mad. His ambition is to find a play like Lightnin', which will combine tears and comedy and be something he will be remembered for when he is gone. He isn't thinking of going for a long time. He has too much fishing to do. His son, Bob, aged fifteen, can fish rings around him. His daughter, Ora, aged seventeen, is going to school in Los Angeles and shows promise as an actress. He has played blackface, German, Jewish comedian parts. He has played Nero and a man who hunted all over the world for the gent who stole his wife. He found the guy.

Off the Ground Floor

His pal and assistant is Maurice Galbreath Elliott, better known as Red. He's been with Moore for thirteen years. He was the property man at Wilmington, Del., when the Moore-Littlefield act played there. He was the stagehand who came out and handed Moore the manager's telegram. When the week was up he wanted to join the act but Moore couldn't see it. Any stagehand would do for the part and there was no sense in paying a salary for it. In addition Red insisted on being an actor. Instead of being a tough guy who had just tossed his cigarette into the alley and come on in his overalls, he approached like Sir Henry Irving riding to the Crusades. In short, nothing doing.

Next week in Washington, Mr. Elliott was waiting for Mr. Moore at the stage door in an automobile. He had just got a legacy from an aunt and he wanted to drive the great Moore around town. Midway in the trip he made his new proposition. Would they take him in the act if he paid his own way? Moore broke down and Red has been with him ever since. He played Moore's part in Forty-five Minutes from Broadway for three weeks in Denver when Moore had the measles.

Moore played in such musical shows as O. K., Hold Everything, Heads Up and Funny Face. After that came Of Thee I Sing, when he became a national figure. The scene where Vice-President Throttlebottom wanders into the White House with a group of visiting firemen and is shooed out into the cold world with the rest of them is symbolical of the nation's thinking about the position. It was comedy when Kaufman and Riskin wrote it; it was high satire when Victor Moore got through with it.

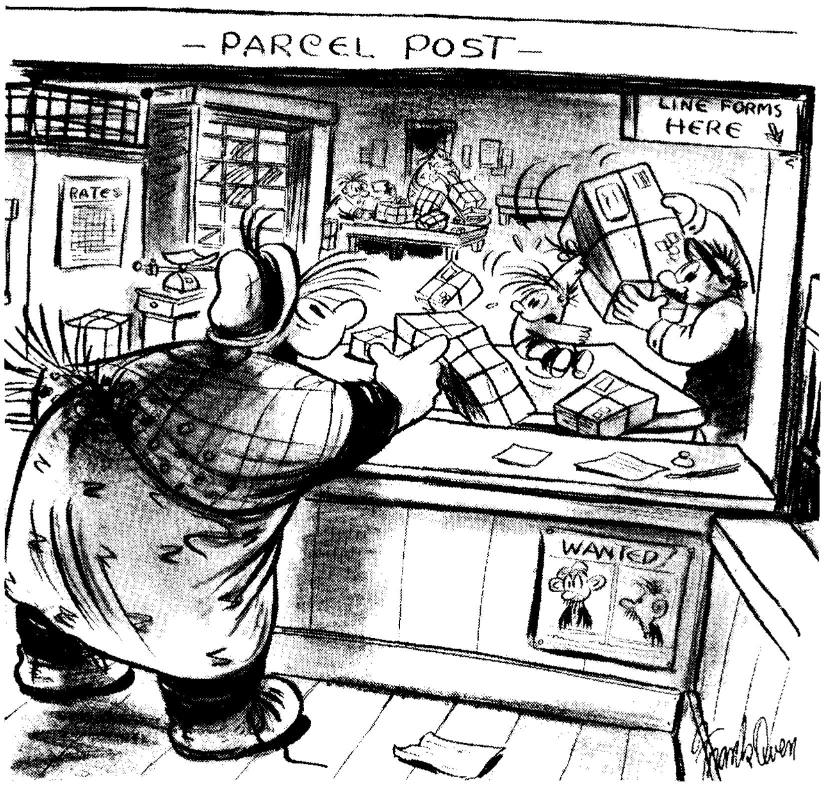
In his present show, Anything Goes, he is again playing with William Gaxton. They have been together since Of Thee I Sing. Originally the ebullient Ethel Merman was in the company singing You're the Top and I Get a Kick Out of You, but the show has persisted in running so long and bringing such wealth into the coffers of Vincent Freedley that the Merman lady finally had to depart to keep engagements previously contracted in Hollywood. Moore, as Public Enemy Number 13 who is trying desperately to raise his rating, appears in the disguise of a gentleman of the cloth, a mild fatherly figure who wears his collar backwards as if born to it and wins a clay pigeon contest on shipboard by using the machine gun he bears with him in his innocent-looking black suitcase. It is another great satiric portrait.

He hasn't bought a share of stock in years or got in on any ground floors. He has stopped playing cards.

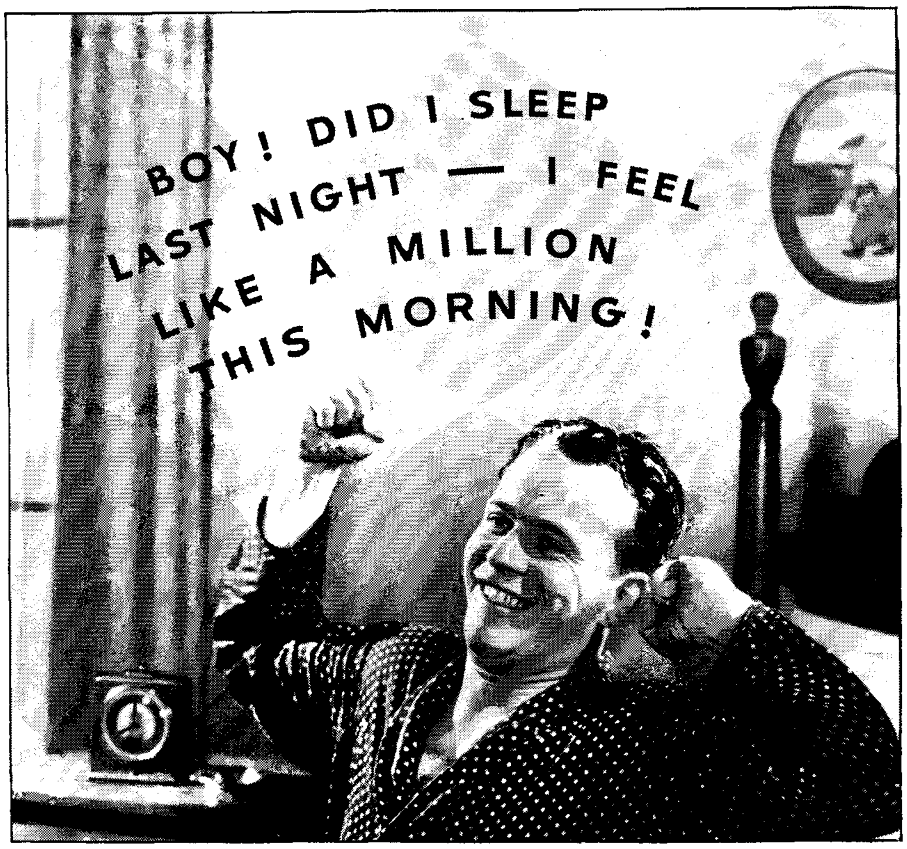
"Finally gave it up," he says. "Never could understand why I couldn't win. I held my cards close to my chest, raised on aces and stayed out when I didn't have anything. I tried bluffing and laying 'em down. I tried everything. They always told me luck was sure to even up. It didn't in thirty years. I suppose it might if I lived to be 112 and was taken in as a Morgan partner."

Philbert By FRANK OWEN

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



"That's him! I remember now, he held his finger on the knot when I tied up the package!"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Great numbers of letters from delighted users of Ovaltine are regularly reported. For example, R. C. Baxter, 2903 Post St., Jacksonville, Fla., says:—"*I could not sleep more than two hours without waking at night, and was generally run down. Then I tried Ovaltine with excellent results. I now sleep like a top and feel like a different person. Believe me, I'll never be without Ovaltine from now on.*"

Another user, Mrs. J. A. Bronnock of Mt. Airy, N. C., says:—"*For years I had been so nervous that I could not go to sleep until around midnight. But after I began drinking Ovaltine, I could sleep like a baby. I cannot say enough in praise of it.*"

These letters cover, of course, only two individual experiences. Naturally, we do not claim or guarantee that similar results will occur in *every* case where Ovaltine is used. But these statements are so typical of thousands we have received, that we believe a thorough trial of Ovaltine is justified by every intelligent person in cases of "nerves" and sleepless nights.

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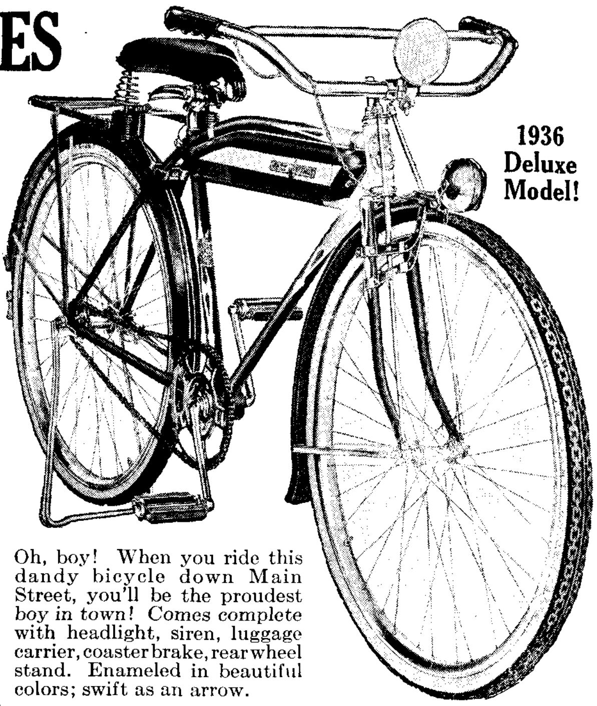

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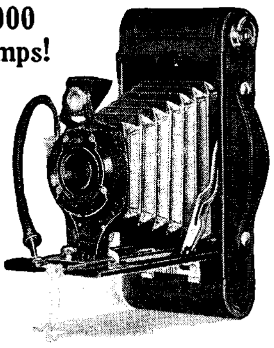

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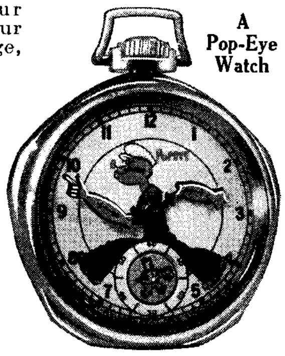
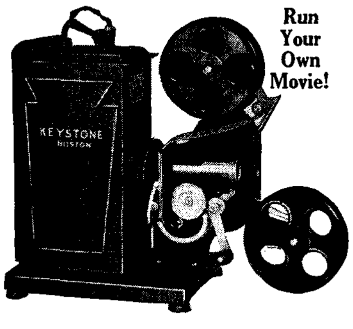


A Pop-Eye Watch



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Turkish Delight

Continued from page 25

throughout his native land as Kemal Ataturk—his new title signifying, in rough translation, Father of Turkey.

He still wields, in greatly enlarged form, the dictatorial powers which he wrested from the Turkish Parliament in 1921, on the eve of Sakarya. Hence he is the dean of Old-World dictators, one who has held in his hands the destinies of a whole nation twelve years longer than Hitler, three years longer than Stalin, one year longer than Mussolini. Kemal Ataturk is the new Turkey, the new Turkey is Kemal Ataturk. More than Soviet Russia, more than Nazi Germany, more than Fascist Italy, the new Turkey is One Man's Land.

The prestige which came to Kemal when he staked his last chip on the banks of the Sakarya still envelops him. And he needs every bit of it! For the blows which he has struck at old Turkish institutions and beliefs and traditions are of such ruthlessness and brutality that even Hitler or Stalin or Mussolini, had they been in his shoes, would scarcely have dared to strike them.

First, he abolished the Sultanate, *around which centered all the drama* and pageantry of Turkish history. For centuries the Sultans of Turkey had ruled the land despotically. In their heyday their realm had embraced most of the Balkan lands of Europe and enormous territories in Asia and Africa. Their armies once battered their way to the very gates of Vienna, sending a shudder of terror through Christendom. Yet Kemal deposed the last Sultan with the curt declaration: "Power must be conquered; it cannot be delegated. In the past the Sultan conquered for himself his power. Today the Turkish people have conquered it from him."

Next he moved the Turkish capital from Istanbul (the new official name for Constantinople), throned in glamour and beauty beside the Bosporus and the Golden Horn, in European Turkey, to Ankara, deep in the heart of Asia Minor, deeming the former a mere *memorial to the corruption of the old Turkey,* the latter a symbol of the new Turkey's aspirations.

Off with the Old

Next, he suddenly announced at a dinner party: "Tomorrow Turkey will be proclaimed a republic." The guests gasped. But when, next day, the heralded proclamation was made, they and the rest of the Turks bowed to the inevitable. Ever since, Kemal has been the Turkish Republic's President-dictator.

Then he abolished the Caliphate. Under the Turkish Empire the Sultan and Caliph had been one, the former title being the monarch's designation as ruler of the country, the latter as the spiritual head of Mohammedanism. After the dethronement of the Sultan, a prince of the imperial family, Abdul Mejid, had been allowed to remain in Istanbul with the now shadowy title of Caliph. But Kemal's opponents flocked around him, in the hope of making him the nucleus of reactionary rebellion. So the dictator peremptorily ordered him out of the country.

Next he ordered Turkish men to give up wearing the fez, the headgear which was almost a part of themselves, and to substitute the hat, looked upon by them as the sign of the despised "Giaour," or Christian.

He followed up that drastic step by the abolition of the veil, which had, for centuries, hidden the faces of Turkish women.

He then suppressed the old Turkish legal code, in favor of a blend of modern Swiss, Italian and German law. Next he swept away the old Arabic alphabet, in which the Turkish language had been written since time immemorial, substituting for it the same Latin letters that we use. And he forced Turks to adopt distinctive last names—which they had never had—to the utter bewilderment of all concerned. When I was in Turkey a little while ago, an American residing there told me that, soon after this last edict, a visiting card was presented to him by his secretary.

"Don't know the man," said the American. "Tell him I'm too busy to see him."

"But—" protested the secretary.

"Never heard his name in my life."

"But he has just adopted it. He was always known before as—" and the secretary whispered the visitor's former name.

"Show him in!" gasped the American—for the visitor was not only an old Turkish acquaintance but one who wielded much influence in Kemalistic Turkey.

Contrasting Qualities

Another Turk, foreseeing similar complications, hit on the scheme, when he went visiting, of sending in two cards, one bearing his former name, the other inscribed with the name forced upon him by the dictator.

Not even Kemal's prestige as the hero of the Sakarya, not even the fact that he wisely put through his sensational reforms one by one, could make all his fellow-countrymen swallow them without a struggle. The abolition of the Caliphate caused a serious revolt among the Kurds, fanatical Mohammedans, which was suppressed by Kemal with ruthless severity. The edict ordering the wearing of hats instead of fezzes also aroused violent opposition. Whereupon Kemal, in a fury worthy of the despots who had reigned in the old Turkey, *commanded that objectors be im*prisoned, whipped and even (in some cases) hanged. In terror the Turks rushed to comply with his commands; the waters around Istanbul, in the words of an eye-witness, "ran red with fezzes."

Kemal Ataturk is fifty-four years old. He has cold blue eyes and pale yellow hair. Between his eyes his face is furrowed into a menacing scowl; though, when he wishes, he can smooth it into a pleasant smile.

He looks at those before him with a fixed, frigid stare; and the line of his mouth is straight, hard and cruel. He is slightly above medium height, with a sturdy, thick-set body. He alternates between long, sinister silences and a flow of talk which—especially when he indulges in drink, which he often does—becomes positively torrential.

He delights in dressing like the men of the Occidental world. Sack suits are his regular daytime wear, with derby or felt hat or Panama; varied by morning coat, striped trousers and high hat for formal daylight functions, and full dress in the evening. So characteristic of the Father of Turkey have these costumes become that Turkish sculptors almost always show him wearing them. All over Turkey you can see bronze Kemals in bronze full-dress ties, with their bronze ends carefully evened, and bronze trousers with nice bronze creases—which may be history but are certainly not art!

When, by his order, Turkish women

discarded the veil, many of them sought to compromise with the shocking new custom by keeping their hair covered, a matter held almost as important in the old Turkish Empire as hiding the female face. Kemal, instead of following his usual ruthless tactics of reform, resolved to try a bit of Oriental diplomacy. Walking up to an unveiled woman, he would remark:

"Surely one with such a pretty face must have beautiful hair." And after persuading the coy lady to remove her head-covering, he would exclaim: "Of course! I knew it. Beautiful, beautiful!" As a result of these tactics unconcealed female tresses became a drug on the Turkish market.

He also showed Oriental astuteness when he was introducing the new alphabet. Conservative Turkish women were even more unwilling than male die-hards to go to school again. So the dictator issued this edict:

"The new alphabet must be learned by all Turkish men and women *except those over forty-two years of age*." At once the schools became swamped with eager female students.

Since his early days in the Turkish army Kemal has led a wild life. Even nowadays, undeterred by the cares of transforming his country from a medieval survival into a vigorous modern nation, he takes part in orgies of drinking. Often he picks his companions on these from his bodyguard, a tough lot of daredevils; and the women around him on such occasions may include those from the dives of Istanbul and Ankara.

Yet, even at his wildest, he can pull himself together with incredible swiftness. It was from a debauch of this sort that he turned to the winning of the great Sakarya battle; and his crushing defeat of the Kurdish revolt against him followed closely upon a series of wild parties.

Women, all his life, have been to him mere instruments of pleasure; of all those whom he has known only one seems to have touched his heart.

She, Latifeh by name, daughter of a rich merchant of Smyrna, met him when he entered that city on the heels of the routed Greeks. Her scruples swept away by patriotic enthusiasm, she offered him the hospitality of her father's house, where, at the time, she was dwelling alone with her servants. But when Kemal made love to her, in the manner which had brought him easy conquests in the past, Latifeh, to his amazement, repulsed him.

"If you love me," she said, "you will marry me."

He protested, sneered, threatened. But she stood firm. Finally, in a fury, he left her house, rushed back to Ankara without a word of farewell. For weeks he sulked. His temper became infernal. Those around him jumped in terror as he stormed and raged at them. Then, suddenly, without explanations to anyone, he rushed back to Smyrna, straight to Latifeh's house.

"I want to marry you," he told her.

"When?"

"This minute."

When he returned to Ankara, she went with him as his bride. For some time they were happy. Then Kemal, tiring of her as of so many before, divorced her. He has never married again.

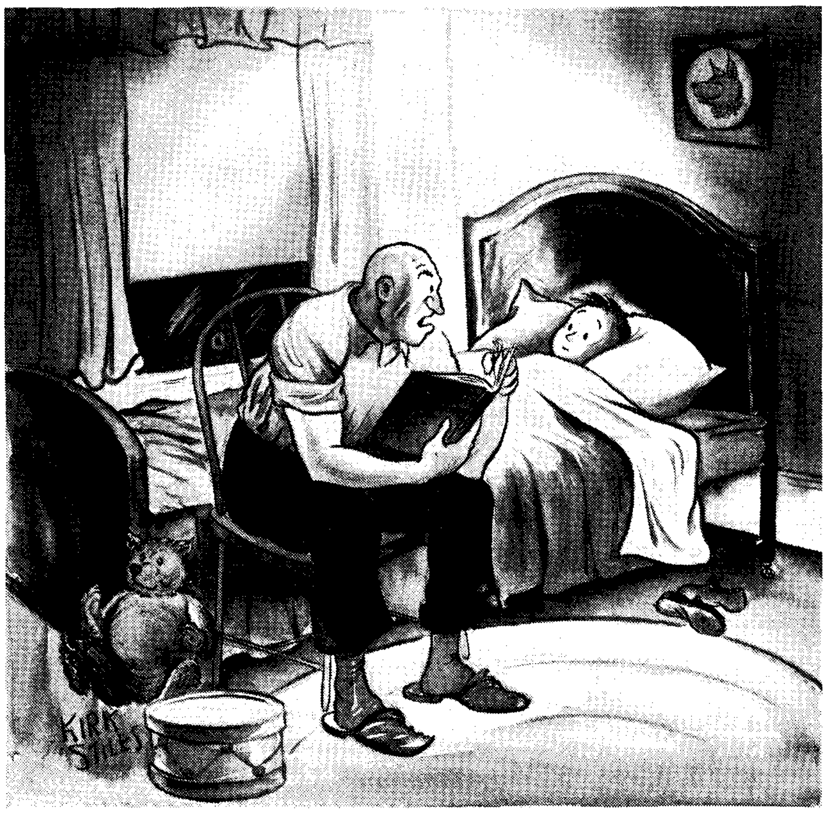
Backing the Wrong Horse

The master of the new Turkey was born in the old city of Salonika, which now belongs to Greece. His father was a petty Turkish official, his mother a woman of character and personality, who lived to see her son acclaimed as Ghazi and Ataturk, yet never ceased to look upon him as a small boy who needed frequent scolding. In early boyhood he ran away from school because the teacher gave him a thrashing; nor would he return except as a cadet in a Turkish military academy.

When the World War broke out, he was an officer in the regular Turkish army. He had always been against having his country join the Central Powers against the Allies; but when it did, he swallowed his objections like a good soldier, and fought so well as to earn outspoken praise from the officers whom Germany sent to help the Turks parry Allied attacks on the Gal'ipoli peninsula. Indeed, Liman von Sanders, the German commander-in-chief there, called Kemal the best of all the Turkish officers.

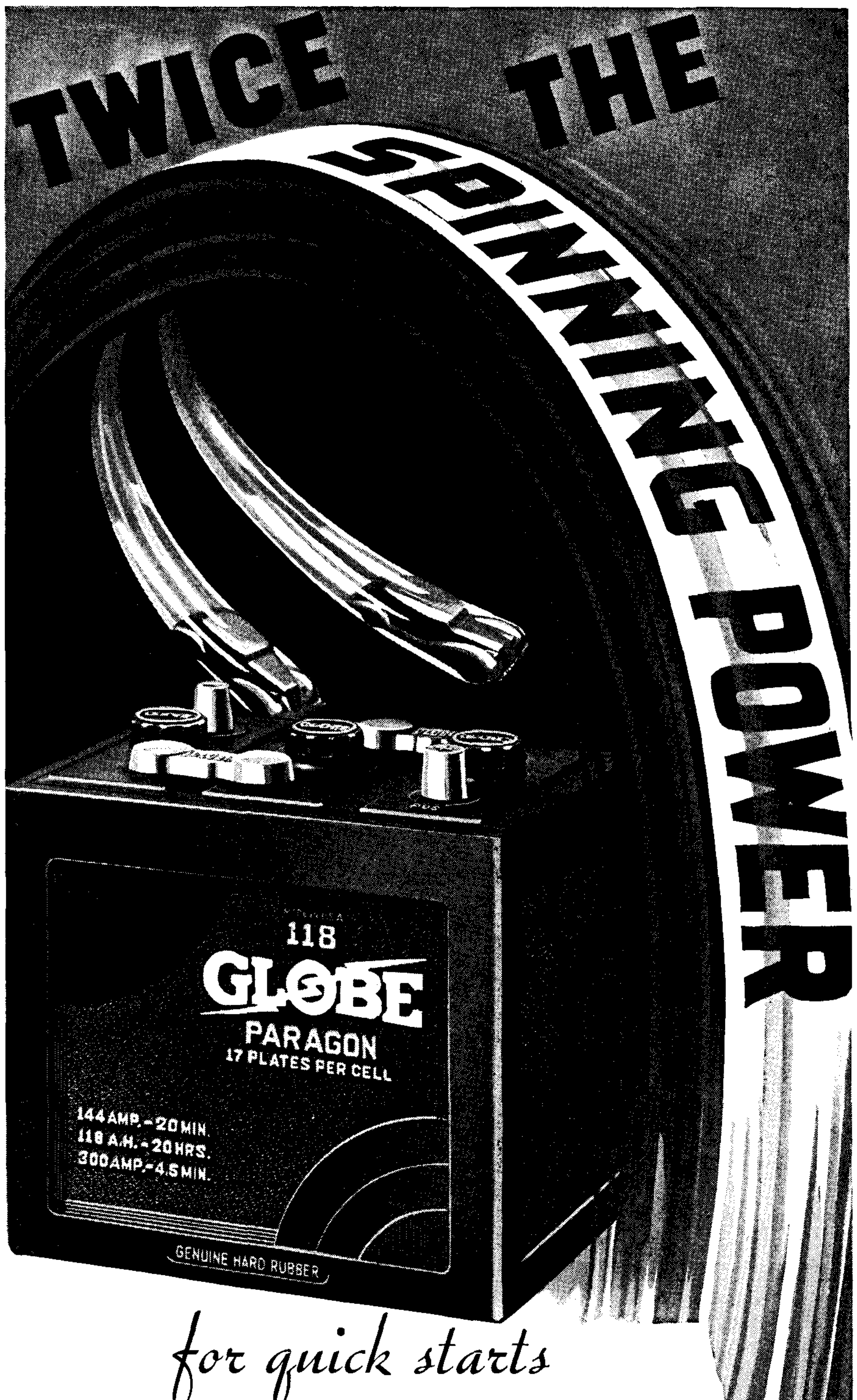
On Gallipoli, the future dictator of

(*Continued on page* 66)



"'And the good fairy'... Listen, do you like this kinda stuff?"

KIRK STILES



When you step on the starter these cold mornings do you ***know*** the battery will ***spin*** the engine to a quick start—or do you dread the tell-tale "groan" of weak cranking power? . . . With a GLOBE Battery you ***know*** you'll start. The new GLOBE "118" Battery gives ***twice*** the ***Spinning Power*** of the Official Standard of the battery industry (standard set by Society of Automotive Engineers).

GLOBE "118" *Spinning Power* compared to the old type battery of minimum size specified in the S.A.E. Standard*

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Summer heat robs a battery of its power by causing rapid wear of plates and separators. All too often the battery fails at the first cold snap . . . Loose or worn parts of the electrical system also waste the battery's power . . . Look for the GLOBE sign and take advantage of "Winter Driving Clinic" inspection service this month.

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YOUR NYAL DRUG
Nyal Calendar 1936
NYAL SERVICE DRUG STORE

WORTH LOOKING FOR

(*Continued from page* 65)

Turkey showed not only military efficiency but also astonishing personal bravery. Once, when the dangers of assailing a strong British position were such that a Turkish regiment hesitated, he went down into its trenches, and remarked, as if there had not been the slightest hesitation, but quite the contrary:

"Steady now, men—don't be too eager. Don't go over the top too soon. Let me go forward alone, and tell you when the right moment for attack has come."

Climbing over the parapet, he took a number of paces forward, risking death every second; and, after a while, he waved his hand and shouted: "Now!"

As one man, the whole regiment surged over the top, charged up a steep ridge, swept the British from their position. After it was all over, Kemal showed Liman von Sanders his watch, badly dented by a bullet.

"That watch saved my life," he said. The German general whipped his own gold watch from his pocket.

"Take this one instead," he requested.

Kemal was always skeptical about German chances of winning the war. After a trip to the western front—in the course of which he put embarrassing questions to the Kaiser, Hindenburg and Ludendorff—he became convinced that Turkey had backed the wrong horse.

Soon he was proved right. The Germans and their Turkish comrades-in-arms lay prostrate before the victorious Allies. Constantinople was occupied by Allied troops. Woodrow Wilson and Clemenceau and Lloyd George, busy in Paris meting out punishment to the vanquished, decided that Turkey could wait. There would be time enough to divide up her territory.

But Kemal (who meanwhile had reached the rank of general) did not see it that way. He resolved to head the fight for the preservation of Turkish independence—which certainly looked hopeless.

Stealing out of Constantinople, where his activities had already begun to arouse Allied suspicion, he went to faraway Ankara.

From there he audaciously defied the Allies. At first they hardly noticed him; when, finally, they did, they looked upon him as a madman. Greek statesmen, who had long dreamed of a great Greek Empire to be formed largely at the expense of the Turks, proposed to Lloyd George that the Greek army should crush the insolent Kemal. Lloyd George agreed.

Then came the battle of the Sakarya.

Modern Magic

Since then, both the Greeks and their powerful backers of fourteen years ago have left the Turkish dictator alone, to rebuild his country as he sees fit.

If you want a perfect picture of Kemal's Turkey go not to Istanbul but to Ankara. Istanbul, with its marble mosques and palaces, its crooked streets and crumbling walls, is a relic of dead centuries and dead Sultans; ramshackle and dilapidated, a place of faded memories and vanished glories. Ankara, though, is quite another story. All the new Turkey's go-getters seem to have gathered there.

It has an old city, to be sure, built on two bold ridges, set squarely in the midst of the bare Anatolian uplands—a city of narrow streets, lined with jerry-built houses, dotted with slender minarets, surmounted by an ancient ruined citadel. But, just outside, Kemal Ataturk, just as if he were a magician of the Arabian Nights, is creating a complete modern city. He has left Old Ankara severely alone; the broad, tree-lined boulevards of his new capital have not been cut through its moldy precincts. Instead, they point away from it, leaving citadel and minarets to their dreams.

In this new city, rising, at the behest of the new Turkey's magician, out of the heart of the steppes, are enormous modern buildings, practical without being ugly, simple without gauntness or rawness. One part of it is proudly called the "Quarter of the Ministries." There, in a cluster of up-to-date temples of efficiency, are housed the dictator's various governmental offices—the Ministries of the Interior and of Defense, of Economics and of Agriculture. At their doors is a grand boulevard, of a sweep and boldness worthy of Paris or Washington, with two strips of green running its full length, and four rows of trees (very small yet, but the new Turks are confident that they will soon grow up, even in the bleak air of Anatolia).

From the big square, with its equestrian statue of Kemal, on the edge of the old city, the new city sends out its modern avenues to all points of the compass. One of them climbs, over rolling uplands, to Chan Kaya, the dictator's official residence, a sort of overgrown bungalow, painted pink and most pleasing in appearance.

Another leads to Kemal's model farm, where he is bent on proving that, even in bare Anatolia, the application of modern methods of irrigation can turn a brown desert into a verdant paradise.

The New Ankara

Twelve years ago Ankara had about 10,000 inhabitants. Now it has around 70,000. Within a decade or so, those helping Kemal to create it proudly declare, it will have 300,000.

Steam rollers go crunching along its broad thoroughfares, most of which are still as free from houses as one of our real estate "developments" in the first weeks of its existence. Along these boulevards of tomorrow are heaps of big stones for making sidewalks and curbs, heaps of small stones for surfacing. Squads of workmen are everywhere, putting up villas or putting down roads. They go at their jobs with a vim that has nothing of Oriental languor in it. And, when noon brings a bit of rest, they throw themselves on the ground, in the shade (such as it is) of Ankara's trees of the future. There they hurriedly scoop their midday meal out of pots and pans, or take long swigs out of bottles, which—when they resume work—they nonchalantly park on spots that within a few years (if the hopes of Kemal and his cronies come true) will be like Broadway and Forty-second Street.

From the windows of that pleasant house of his at Chan Kaya, Kemal Ataturk can gaze his fill at the new Ankara, springing into being below him, to the crunching of steam rollers and the rat-tat-tat of electric drills—at Ankara, symbol of his peacetime achievement. And, after he is gone, the great statue erected to him will still stand, with the Ankara of yesterday behind it and the Ankara of tomorrow in front of it, flanked by the bronze figure of one of those Turkish peasant women of fourteen years ago, staggering under the burden of the munitions she is carrying to the firing-line, and by the figures of two typical soldiers of Kemal's army, plunging forward in the exultant moment of victory. And, above them, Kemal himself, bestriding his bronze battle-charger, will continue to gaze—as if in eternal admonition to all Turks—out over the tawny uplands of Anatolia toward that river on whose banks he won freedom for his country and fame for himself, toward that river whose name must ever remain, to the people of the new Turkey, thrilling and glorious and sacred—the Sakarya.

Wild Man from Sugar Creek

Continued from page 31

word. "Plowing up cotton and importing cotton goods from foreign countries and cottonseed meal from China! Burning wheat, restricting the production of grain, piling on a heavy processing tax, and then bringing in corn and oats from South America, rye from Poland and barley from Czechoslovakia. Side meat up to eighteen and twenty cents a pound, and we get six or seven cents for hogs on foot!"

Strangely enough, considering his present passion for the soil, Gene Talmadge picked the law as a profession, and after finishing his studies at the University of Georgia in 1907, hung out his shingle in the little town of McRae, far down in the southern end of the state. Marrying in 1909, however, he gave more and more attention to his wife's properties, and law soon became a neglected sideline. It was as a farmer that he entered Georgia politics in 1927, asking the office of Commissioner of Agriculture in order that he might try out various radical ideas. That was when he began to be called the "Wild Man from Sugar Creek," for his attacks on the Chicago packers plumbed new depths of violence.

Elected by an overwhelming majority, Gene plunged headlong into a scheme of state pooling and selling that was to free hog raisers from the Armour-Swift "control." Unfortunately, a cold spell caught his shipments, and the venture lost $18,000. There was a strong movement to have him impeached, but the Wild Man stormed it down, and went into the governorship fight in 1932 by way of gaining further vindication.

After supper there was adjournment to the big living-room, and much talk with friends dropping in, gayly and informally. Frank talk, too, with no subject barred. As an example, the Talmadge opposition is virtually basing its entire attack on the following statement made by the governor at a press conference: "The greatest calamity in this country is that President Roosevelt can't walk around and hunt up people to talk to. He can only talk to those his secretaries and assistants allow to come in and see him, and ninety-nine per cent of the crowd is the gimme crowd. The next President who goes into the White House will be a man who knows what it is to work in the sun fourteen hours a day. That man will be able to walk a two-by-four plank, too."

"Not Personal"

"Yes, I said it," he admitted instantly, "but only a polecat will try to make out that I was taking a thrust at the President's physical infirmity. When I've got any important decision to make, I get in a car and ride around through the state, talking to farmers, field hands and small merchants. That's what I wish Frank Roosevelt could do. It's the only way to get at what folks are thinking and wanting. And as for walking a two-by-four, it's one of our commonest expressions, meaning to keep a straight line without wobbling off to the right or left.

"My position has never had anything of the personal in it," he went on. (In Georgia, however, he is famed for the tenacity of his friendships and the implacability of his dislikes.) "I esteem and admire the President, but I can't stand for his policies. Why, when the Hopkins crowd and the Ickes crowd first bustled down here, they wanted to establish an hourly wage of forty cents. Same way with Wallace, who insisted that $1,400 a year was the minimum for a road builder. Good Lord! Half of our farmers don't see two hundred dollars in cash for a year's work, and forty cents an hour would have taken every man out of the fields and out of the factories, for that matter. Of course I balked, and let me tell you that we built our own roads—good roads, too—for a maximum of thirteen cents an hour."

Not the least bitter of the governor's many battles was with Secretary Wallace over federal highway funds for Georgia, the allotment totaling close to $19,000,000. Before making the grants, the Department insisted that Governor Talmadge must agree to build the Ball's Ferry Bridge (in the district of Carl Vinson, Chairman of the House Committee on Naval Affairs), and that he must also form an "acceptable" engineering corps, the reorganization carrying an increase in pay and field expenses. Waxing explicit, Secretary Wallace set forth that "this Department will determine for itself whether the steps which may be taken by the State Highway Board to meet these requirements are satisfactory, and no approval will be given either to further highway programs or to new projects in Georgia until this Department shall find that such requirements are met."

Answering Washington

To quote Governor Talmadge, "They hung our money up on a hook like meat bait for hungry dogs, but Georgia didn't bite." He countered at once with the answer that his field force was already adequate, and that he would get out and build roads with his own pick and shovel before he would let Washington bureaucrats load down his pay rolls with a lot of useless men. More than that, he stood pat on the proposition that the Ball's Ferry Bridge wasn't needed and that he would not build it. The battle waged for months and the Wild Man from Sugar Creek won out.

"Ickes?" Somebody brought up the name of the Secretary of the Interior, and Governor Talmadge sank all of his teeth in the luscious subject. "He's so busy with his sleuths that he doesn't know what's going on in his own Department. Not long ago he came out with the statement that he'd canceled a University of Georgia System application for $2,691,800. Why, we withdrew that long ago, the state promising the University a million over a three-year period. And we'll get more out of the million than we would out of Ickes' $2,691,800.

"Would you believe it, the President himself actually told the people that a half million of state revenue, that should have gone to our schools, was diverted to pay Georgia's back debts? Also that I had never made any application for rural teacher relief for the period 1934-1935? I proved that our application had been on file since February, and that instead of diverting money from the schools, I had increased their appropriations every year.

"All of 'em down there in Washington act like people with a bad case of hives. Take the crazy business they call a Recovery Program." Quite evidently this was the governor's favorite subject, for the guests sat back in their chairs with folded hands and expressions of blissful expectancy. The speed and fury with which he rattled it off plainly indicated that most of the material had figured prominently in his speeches. "You can't recover prosperity from scarcity or by scaring all of your industries white," he declared, his eyes gleaming through a fall of hair, and teeth white against the brown of his face.

(Continued on page 68)

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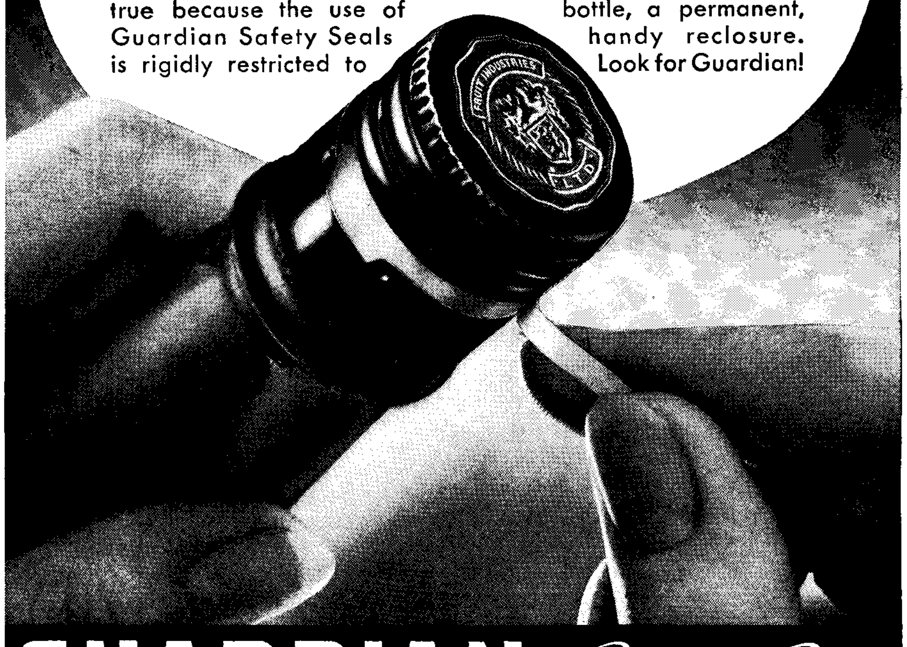
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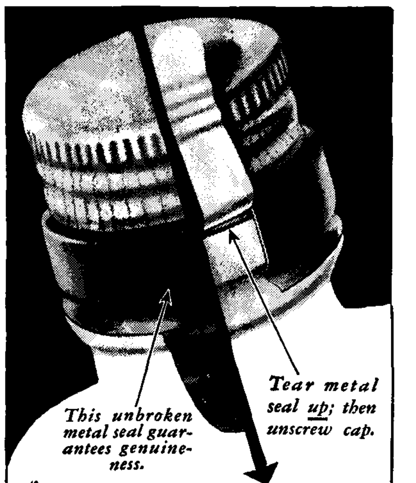

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(Continued from page 67)

"You can't get recovery by advocating idleness and waste, or by teaching that all of our business is built on incompetency and dishonesty. Why has the relief roll mounted to twenty-two million names?" The question was purely rhetorical. "First, private industries drew in. They laid off people. They cut down on production. They were afraid to reach out. Instead of putting their money into improvements, they bought tax-exempt government bonds. Curtailing acreage put millions of people off the farms because there was no job left for them to do. How can a farmer hire the same number of laborers for thirty acres that he formerly did on sixty acres?

"From July 19, 1933, to April 13, 1935, processing taxes amounted to $792,000,000. Add to this the great cost to industry in keeping books to report these taxes, and you will see where other millions were piled on top of the price of articles of food and clothing that the American public had to buy. This additional cost of living put thousands and thousands more on the relief rolls of this country.

Keeping His Campaign Pledges

"Washington says that we had starvation from plenty, and the only way to stop it was to produce scarcity and multiply taxes on people twentyfold. If this system is right, everything I've been taught from the cradle to now is wrong. If you can produce prosperity from scarcity; if you can encourage private industry to reach out by scaring it white; if you can make people want to own property and buy property by continually multiplying the taxes on it, then you can *make water run uphill, you can spend yourself out of debt, you can drink yourself sober.*"

No question about it being a quote from a speech, but the tremendous force and sincerity of the man gave the words vitality. Listening, one realized why he was able to sway crowds of twenty thousand, working them up to a pitch of camp-meeting fervor. There is this to say about the Wild Man from Sugar Creek, however: when asked to tell what he himself would do, he did not hesitate a second, or attempt any of the evasions of the politician.

"What would I do?" he repeated. "I'll tell you: Go back to the Constitution of the United States. Get the government out of all business in competition with private enterprise. Abolish the AAA. Let's don't have any more NRA. Cut out the PWA and the WPA. Take the four billion that Hopkins is now preparing to squander, and pay the soldiers' bonus. That will take thousands off the dole and put millions into circulation. Abolish all processing taxes, and use some of the four billion to pay up all outstanding contracts to the farmer. Why not? They've done their part, cutting down acreage and letting the land grow up in weeds. Pay 'em off, and swear never to curtail production again.

"Cut out all these boondoggling boards and bureaus in Washington that haven't got a single useful function. Let states collect the income tax. Starve the federal government down to its proper size and proper duties. Right now we're paying more in federal taxes here in Georgia than we do to the state, the county and the municipality. The only way to keep a government honest," and he hit the air with his clenched fist, "is to keep it poor."

Washington, to be fair, has instant answers for all of the Talmadge attacks. Stressing his bitterness against crop curtailment today, it is pointed out that in 1931 the Georgia governor joined with Huey Long in demanding a "cotton holiday," and that had it not been for the refusal of Texas, the South might well have been induced by the Wild Man and the Kingfish to adopt the "suicidal policy" of planting no cotton at all for a whole year.

Despite his shrill outcries, Georgia has received a good many millions from Washington for roads, for schools, for CCC camps and for relief, and there is the sharp intimation that his ability to cut taxes in Georgia, and make a showing of economies, is almost entirely due to the fact that he has sat back, like Governor Landon of Kansas, and let the federal government carry the load, knowing full well that the President stands pledged to reëmployment.

An inconsistent man, perhaps, and a headlong one, but let no one doubt his strength and driving force. When he arches his neck, spraddles his legs and starts a charge, nothing stops him. In his first campaign he pledged himself to establish a flat rate of three dollars for automobile license tags. As the prevailing rate ran from eleven dollars up, a handsome source of revenue, the legislature refused to pass the bill, and adjourned without action. Overnight Governor Talmadge simply issued an executive order setting up the flat rate of three dollars and gave the Motor Vehicle Department twenty minutes to start sales at that figure. The officials began selling in five minutes. The reduction saved Georgia car owners two and a half million in 1933 and more than three million in 1934. Loss of revenue was compensated for by an increase of 109,487 license tags, and a jump of $2,973,242 in gasoline tax collections.

Another campaign pledge promised reforms in the Highway Department, long the controlling force in Georgia politics. Out of first-hand knowledge gleaned by his own personal surveys, the governor ordered an instant reduction in personnel, and strict adherence to a budget figure that he laid down. When the commissioners, all elected officials, returned a contemptuous refusal, he ordered out the militia, kicked the commissioners over the edge of the horizon, and appointed new men to the vacancies. The reorganization saved $1,134,000 the very first year.

Still another promise was a drastic cut in all utility rates. With cotton at five cents a pound, he asked, why should telephone companies, power companies and railroads charge the same rates as when cotton sold at forty cents a pound? The Public Service Commission showed no disposition to act promptly, whereupon the governor suspended them, and with his militia looming ominously in the background, held a trial that lasted nineteen days. Proving to his own satisfaction that they were "dominated and controlled by the public utility companies," he gave them all the bounce, and appointed five new members.

"Handling the Red Pencil"

These men, all stanch in the faith, reduced power rates in Georgia $1,302,000 a year, telephone rates $719,000 a year, lowered freight rates and established a two-cent-per-mile railroad fare, good on all equipment, and a one and a half cent per mile fare for day coaches. Here again the governor received support in his contention that cheap rates meant more customers, for the business of telephone, power and railroad companies increased immediately.

Talk about a new broom! The Wild Man swept with a vigor that left no corner untouched. Some twelve hundred automobiles, owned and operated by the state for the benefit of officials, were sold at public auction. Useless employees and unnecessary outlay were both eliminated, and as a result, he reduced the operating expense of all state agencies by three and a half million in his first year. At the time he took office, Georgia's current debt—cash and appropriations—was $9,215,363. By June 1, 1935, it had been cut to $1,861,507, a saving of $7,353,856. More than that, the Talmadge administration has lopped $2,210,000 off the outstanding state debt. Federal contributions, of course, figure in this showing, but the fact remains that millions were saved to his people in reduced utility charges and in the reduction of state overhead.

In Georgia nobody ever dreams of asking, "Who's boss around here?" They *know.* Only in the last few months has revolt lifted its head, but even so, the impossible situation in which Gene Talmadge finds himself is of his own making. Holding firmly to the belief that a state, like an individual, should cut according to its cloth, spending no more than its income, the governor got through a pet law enabling him to reduce appropriations whenever in excess of revenue. "Handling the red pencil," he calls it.

A Stout Fellow

In order to take advantage of an offer of federal funds, the House, at the last session of the legislature, passed a public school appropriation $200,000 larger than the governor had recommended, and likewise provided that he could not scale it down. The Senate, undoubtedly at Gene's bidding, refused to concur, and as a consequence of the ensuing deadlock, the legislature adjourned without passing the general appropriation bill for 1936 and 1937.

A pretty how-de-do. A clamor rose at once for a special session, but the governor merely snapped the red suspenders, and intimated that he would die first. Already the state is convinced that the Wild Man plans another adventure in martial law, or something on that order, setting his own ad-valorem rate if need be, and collecting and disbursing through executive fiat. Asked to declare his intention, Gene only rocks back and forth on his heels, and remarks genially that he "reckons to get along all right." By way of explaining this confidence, a favorite story in Georgia deals with the meeting of a Talmadge supporter and a strong anti-Talmadge man.

"See where Gene's goin' to cut the price of auto tags down to three dollars," says one.

"He kain't do it. The law won't let him," replied the other.

Two months later the same men meet again.

"Gene says he's goin' to kick out them highway commissioners."

"He kain't do it. They was elected jes' the same as he was."

Two months more go by.

"Notice by the papahs that Gene's goin' to make all the utility companies come down on their rates."

"He kain't do it. The Public Service Commission's goin' to show 'im where he gets off."

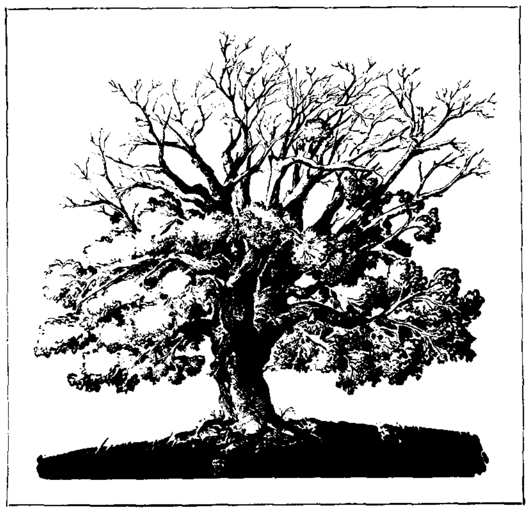
Another two months and a fourth encounter.

"Well, suh, what do you think?" beams the Talmadge man. "Gene's goin' to move Stone Mountain."

"That *so?*" The anti's face shows keen interest. "Whah's he goin' to put it?"

A stout fellow, the Wild Man from Sugar Creek. Make no mistake about that. Sublimely self-assured, utterly without doubt as to the justice and wisdom of his own judgment, decisions and actions, he drives to his goals with a headlong, headstrong impetuosity that takes no heed of obstacles or of the consequences of defeat. To use his own expression, he "goes the whole hog."

If he decides to dare the Georgia presidential primary next spring, it is a certainty that he will also put up his name in other states, already having an eye cocked on New England. The odds are against him, but one thing's sure: Mr. Roosevelt will know that he has been in a fight, and a rough-and-tumble one at that.



"Trees die from the top"

—and so do advertising agencies

When executives grow old, there is danger that the business may grow old with them. Every business faces this problem.

For the Life Span of a business tends to follow the Life Span of its management.

Even when executives remain physically and mentally fit, there comes an inevitable "hardening" of their outlook.

They lose the priceless *ability to create new ideas conforming to changed conditions.* Unless great forethought is exercised, business and management decline together.

For businesses, like trees, often die at the top—and none more quickly than personal services such as advertising agencies.

The Business is an "Organism"

The answer, of course, is "new blood." To avoid hardening of the corporate arteries, younger men must be taken in.

They must filter through the organization, adding energy, bringing the new insight of youth. Only by investing in youth can a business keep from "acting its age."

We of Lord & Thomas have had long experience in this art of keeping young.

We have learned to "fuse" the new with the old—to mold the business into a living organism that constantly renews itself, yet always maintains the fundamental qualities that built its success.

To do this, the experience of management must be balanced with the eager brilliance of youth.

Youth Reaches Upward

In our offices, all barriers are removed from the path of talented youth. The able ones climb high and fast.

Lord & Thomas are unique in being a seasoned and immensely successful business, conducted almost entirely by men who can still touch the floor without bending their knees.

The average age of our top executives is 37 years, the oldest being 55, the youngest, 30. The length of service ranges from 1 year to 38 years.

They came from many fields of activity. Several have risen to high position from groups selected yearly from leading universities.

Two outstanding writers came after winning early distinction as writers of advertising elsewhere.

One account executive made his mark as a brilliant sales manager in the grocery field—another in the drug field.

Still another won recognition in the publishing field for his ability to develop powerful merchandising tie-ups with national advertising.

From Roots to Topmost Branch

Not only in the executive groups, but at every level of our organization, these fresh talents and viewpoints are constantly being merged with the generalship and experience of older men.

In this way Lord & Thomas maintain our fundamental character — our devotion to basic principles of Salesmanship-in-Print. And remain ever a young organism—alert, courageous and aggressive.

In our 63 years of existence, we have invested $500,000,000 for clients in advertising. And more than one-third of that amount—*$180,000,000—has been placed in the past five years of depression.*

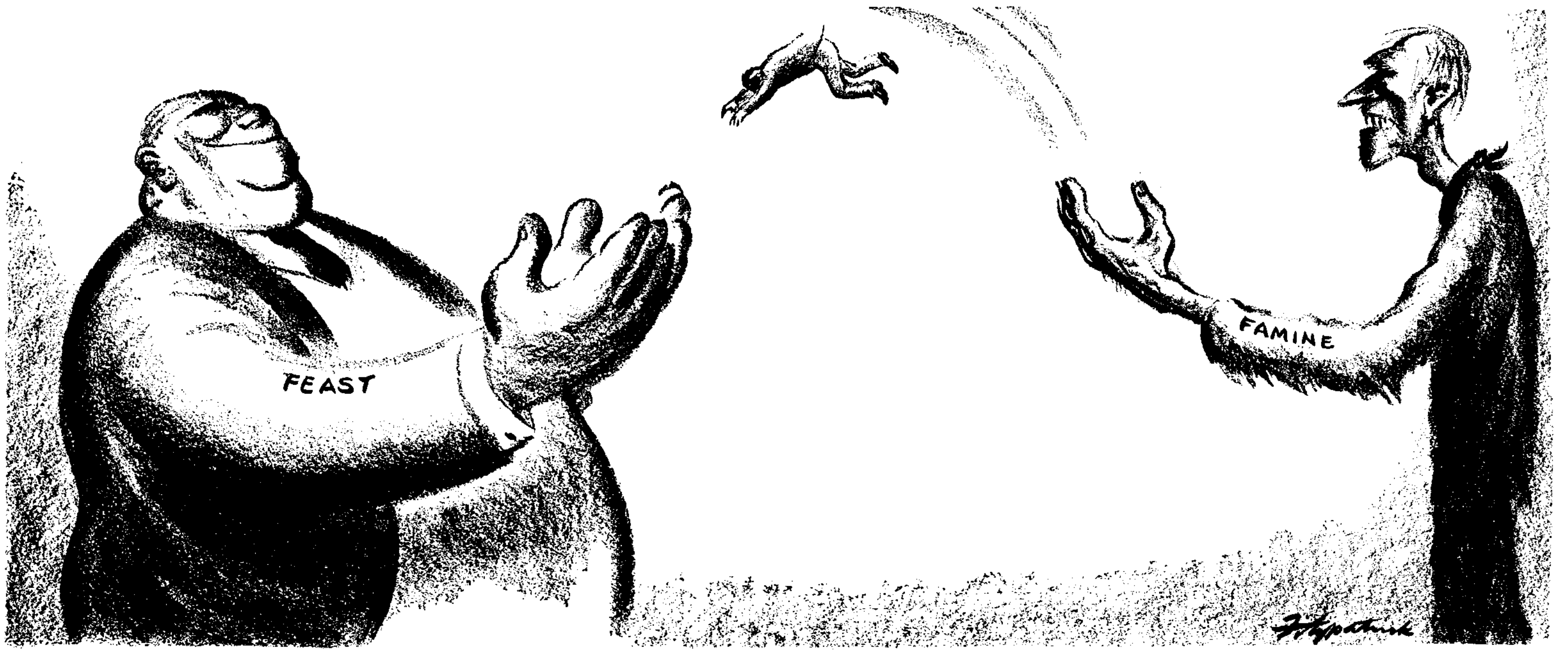
We are old and experienced in the art of keeping young.

LORD & THOMAS · *advertising*

There are Lord & Thomas offices in New York; Chicago; Los Angeles; San Francisco; Toronto; Paris; London
Each office is a complete advertising agency, self-contained; collaborating with other Lord & Thomas offices to the client's interest

Collier's

THOMAS H. BECK, *Editorial Director* WILLIAM L. CHENERY, *Editor* CHARLES COLEBAUGH, *Managing Editor*



The Road to Riches

THE enormous variations in our national income during these past six years ought not to be swallowed merely as a mass of large and unpalatable facts. It is useful to know that the country's income decreased 51% from 1929 to 1932, and that now it is increasing, chiefly if we intend to do something intelligent about it.

The fluctuations in our income as a people between 1929 and 1934 are, unquestionably, without precedent in history.

The last year of the boom period we produced commodities and services which the federal Bureau of Labor Statistics valued at more than 81 billion dollars. In 1932 our production was reduced to a point just above the 39 billion line. Two years later, 1934, the figures had gone above the 48 billion mark. This year unquestionably they will be considerably higher, though the records are still incomplete.

Because we live under a money system our productive labor is measured in dollars. Actually what we produce consists of goods and services.

Motorcars manufactured, newspapers and magazines written and published, teeth extracted or treated, operations performed by surgeons, treatments administered by beauty experts, games played by professional ball players—these are a few of the items which are added to the sum of productive labor expressed finally in the dollar signs of our national income.

There is much elasticity in our requirements for some of the commodities and services we produce and consume. During the lean years many surgeons reported that most optional operations were postponed.

Other requirements cannot safely be put off. Babies must consume milk daily, regardless of whether times are good or bad, if they are to grow normally. Everyone must eat a certain amount daily if health is to be preserved. Clothes and shelter are constantly needed.

The possible variations in our production of many kinds of commodities and services are small. We cannot reduce our general food consumption without disaster. Somehow the essential requirements of life must be met regularly.

Before we had learned how to make machines and to practice scientific agriculture, hard times were the result of droughts or floods or some other natural cause of crop failures. Our civilization has passed this point. In the poorest year we have enough accumulated stocks of food to feed all. We have learned how to produce enough to avoid any serious danger from the lack of physical goods.

We have not learned how to avoid tremendous fluctuations in money income. The situation in which we produce 81 billions in 1929 and 39 billions in 1932 is a challenge and an affront to our intelligence as a civilized people.

When falling income and personal insecurity first hit us, from every quarter came schemes of salvation. Most of these schemes were hastily improvised by those who had given very little study to the subject. The committees and other technicians who were assembled to think fast and find a sure remedy came back empty-handed. Those who knew less talked more confidently and we had the Utopians, the Share-the-Wealthers, the Townsendites, the Social Credit revivalists and all the other similar agitators.

The patent-medicine preachers are fading out of the picture now that production has been increasing and business is improving. The question of how to avoid tremendous fluctuations in our national income has not, however, been answered.

Nevertheless, we must have a concerted and continuing attack on the problem of how to avoid successive periods of economic feast and famine. Nobody knows all the answers, but everybody knows that a present increase in our national income will eliminate a great many difficulties in many fields.

Certainly a continued growth in national income is the one answer to the problems which government faces. A steady and a considerable increase in our national income will relegate questions of taxation, debts and credit to the background. With a large income we can pay large debts.

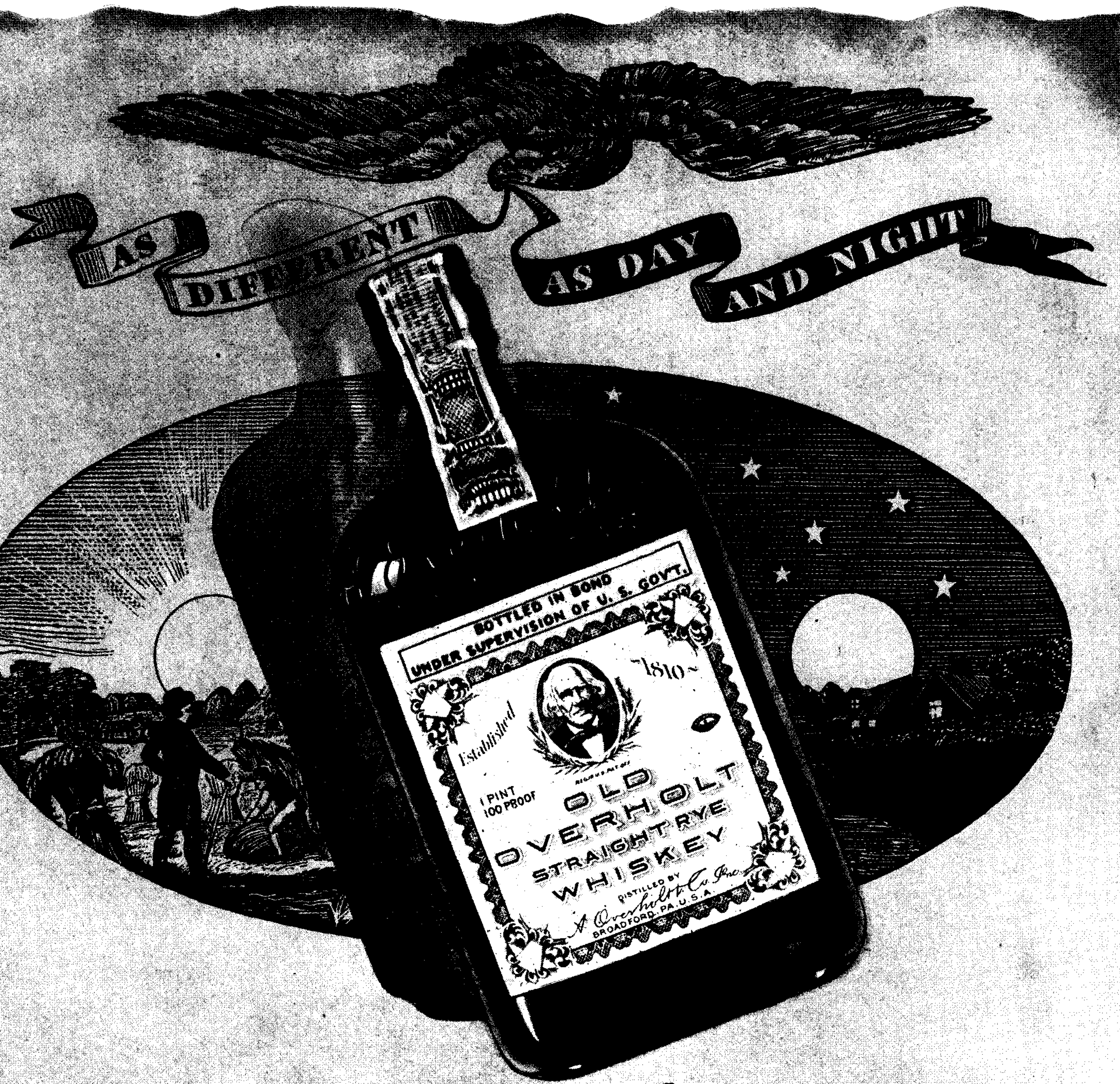
The immediate practical problem is to adopt policies reasonably calculated to stimulate the growth of business. Only the taxes paid by those privately employed will keep government solvent or in existence. The greater the number privately employed and the larger their total earnings, here and now and tomorrow in this country, the stronger the government in all its departments and activities and the happier the nation.

Up to now existing businesses have expanded, but few new enterprises have been established. The securities issued by investment houses during recent months have refunded old loans at the present low interest rates. Little new capital has been provided to start fresh ventures.

In spite of the remarkable recovery already accomplished, businessmen have hesitated to embark upon new adventures. Uncertainty concerning the attitude of the federal government toward business as to taxation, regulation and competition has unquestionably been a restraining influence.

Business will unquestionably expand rapidly once this uncertainty is removed. New ventures will provide more jobs. The burden of relief borne by the government will be lightened and the revenues obtained by the government will naturally increase.

The one effective step which the Administration and the Congress can take to enlarge our national income is to remove any lingering uncertainty concerning the actual intentions of the government. The "breathing spell" has been productive. The general conviction that honest business has nothing to fear from governmental hostility will be even more productive in restoring the unemployed to jobs and in increasing our national income.


AS DIFFERENT AS DAY AND NIGHT
BOTTLED IN BOND UNDER SUPERVISION OF U. S. GOVT.
Established 1810
OLD OVERHOLT STRAIGHT RYE WHISKEY
1 PINT 100 PROOF
DISTILLED BY A. Overholt & Co. Inc. BROADFORD, PA. U.S.A.

You Can't Be Fooled On *This* Taste

Whiskey men themselves will tell you that among all popular whiskey flavors, one in particular stands out alone.

That one is the real rye taste of Old Overholt, the straight rye whiskey bottled in bond under U. S. Government supervision.

Not all prohibition-jaded palates have yet been educated up to the rich, grainy smoothness of this full-bodied rye. But once you have learned it, you can't be fooled. Even with eyes blindfolded, you'd recognize Old Overholt by your first fragrant whiff.

Today this fine Pennsylvania rye is lowest in price since repeal. Every drop of it is distilled in the same unhastened way, with the same old-fashioned care, first set up as the standard by Abraham Overholt 125 years ago. Every drop is aged in the wood for 4½ years.

Try Old Overholt now and appreciate the delicious taste of real rye. Here is a rare and treasured treat for Christmas cheer, for Christmas gifting, for every time and every occasion.

A. Overholt & Co. Inc.

OLD OVERHOLT

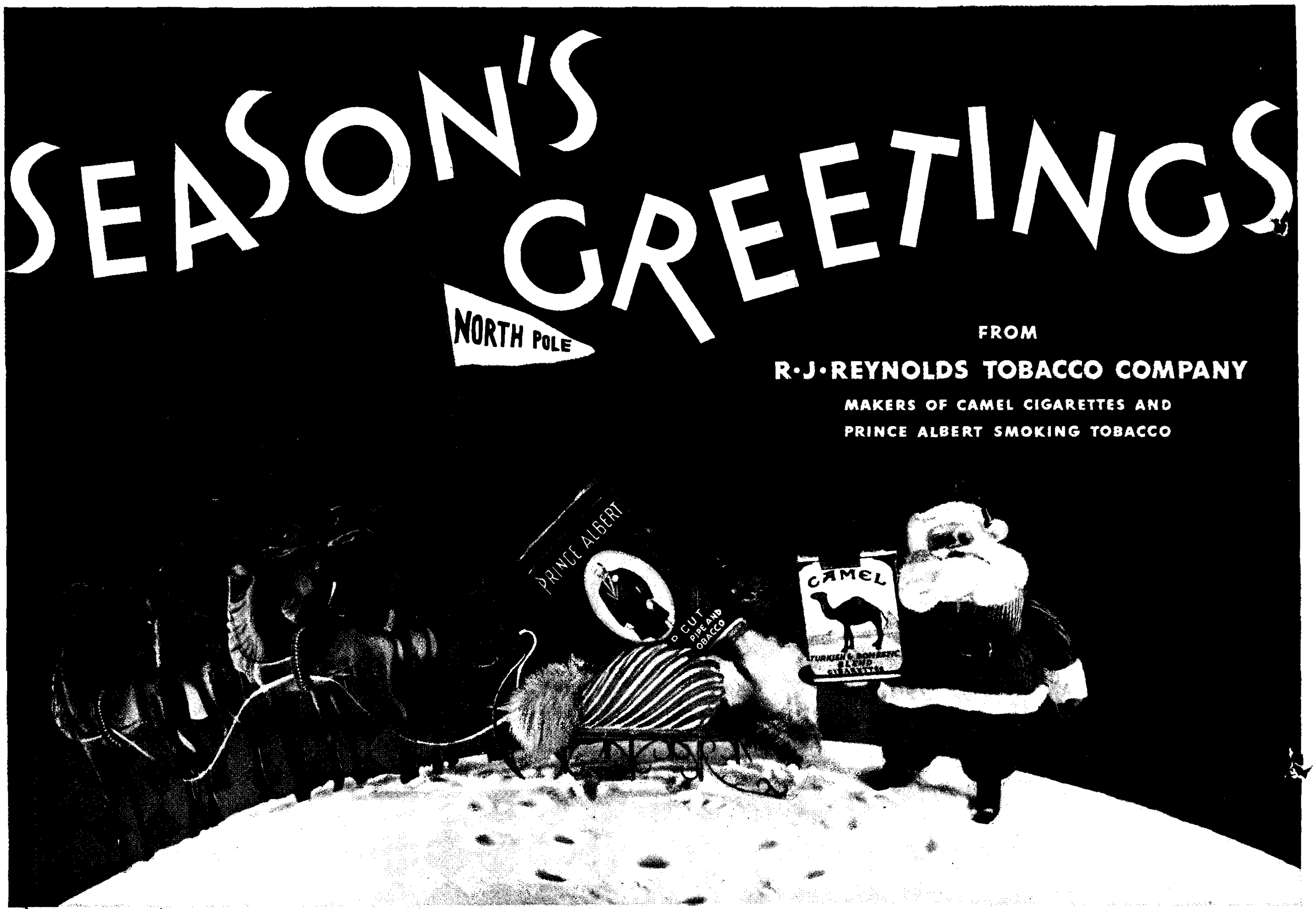
STRAIGHT RYE WHISKEY

BOTTLED IN BOND

UNDER U.S. GOVERNMENT SUPERVISION

NATIONAL DISTILLERS
A GOOD GUIDE TO GOOD WHISKEY

[illegible] The American Medicinal Spirits Corporation, [illegible]

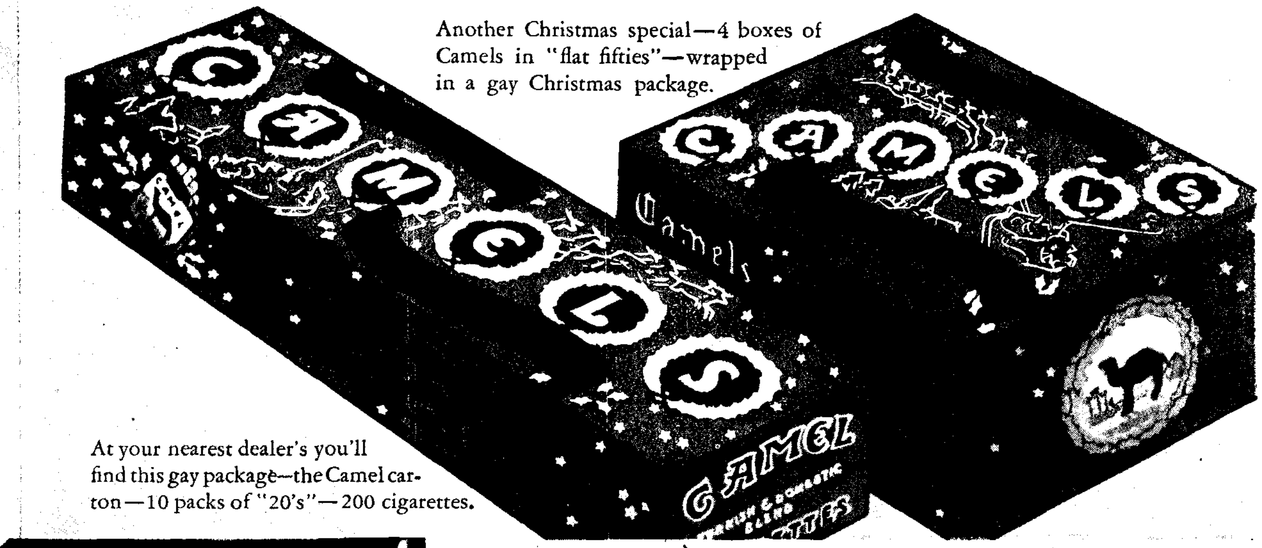


SEASON'S GREETINGS

FROM
R·J·REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY
MAKERS OF CAMEL CIGARETTES AND
PRINCE ALBERT SMOKING TOBACCO

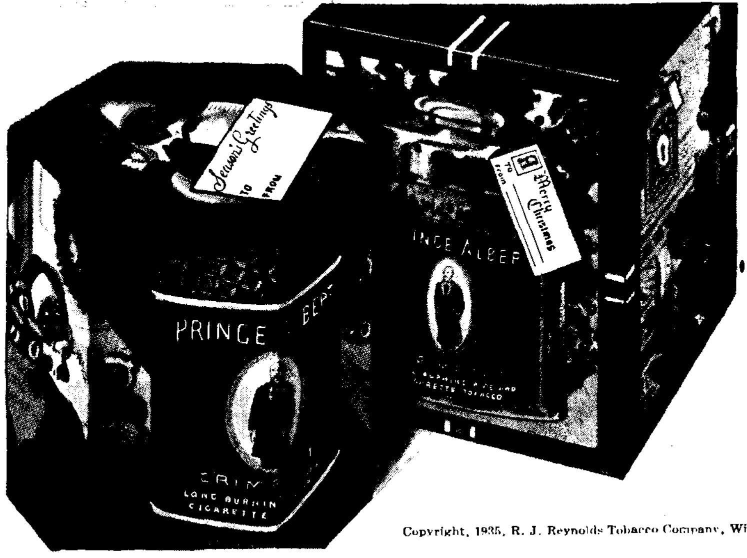
Camels

Of course you'll give cigarettes for Christmas. They're such an *acceptable* gift—such an easy solution of your problem. And Camels fill the bill so perfectly. They're made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS than any other popular brand. They are the accepted cigarette of the social, business, and athletic worlds. Their finer tobaccos give that pleasant "lift"—that sense of well-being so appropriate to the spirit of Christmas.



Another Christmas special—4 boxes of Camels in "flat fifties"—wrapped in a gay Christmas package.

At your nearest dealer's you'll find this gay package—the Camel carton—10 packs of "20's"—200 cigarettes.



One full pound of mild, mellow Prince Albert—the "biteless" tobacco—packed in the cheerful red tin and placed in an attractive Christmas gift package.

Here's a full pound of Prince Albert, luxuriously packed in a real glass humidor that keeps Prince Albert in perfect condition and becomes a welcome possession.

Prince Albert

Fine tobacco for Christmas. For more than a quarter of a century, the mellow fragrance of Prince Albert has been as much a part of Christmas as mistletoe and holly. So to the pipe smokers on your Christmas list give Prince Albert, "The National Joy Smoke." It's the *welcome* gift. For more men choose Prince Albert for *themselves* than any other pipe tobacco. Let every pipeful of Prince Albert repeat "Merry Christmas" for you.

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